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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

J. ROTTEN'S NEW BAND

← and page 63

JAM TOUR ON, TUBES OFF

Plus David Bowie's new trousers. P.7.

COLOUR ME JONATHAN

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE MODERN LOVER

JONATHAN RICHMAN: Photo by PENNIE SMITH.

LEO SAYER

New Single

'Dancing the Night Away'

CHS 2218

Available now

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending May 19, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
3	2	HELL RAISER	Sweet (RCA)
4	3	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
2	4	HELLO HELLO I'M BACK AGAIN	Gary Glitter (Bell)
6	5	BROTHER LOUIE	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
7	6	GIVING IT ALL AWAY	Roger Daltrey (Track)
13	7	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
8	8	MY LOVE	Paul McCartney & Wings (EMI)
5	9	DRIVE-IN SATURDAY	David Bowie (RCA)
9	10	NO MORE MR. NICE GUY	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending May 15, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
5	1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
1	2	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)
6	3	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
4	4	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	5	LAZY SUNDAY	Small Faces (Immediate)
2	6	SIMON SAYS	1910 Fruitgum Company (Pye Int.)
8	7	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	Herd (Fontana)
9	8	CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
7	9	IF I ONLY HAD TIME	John Rowles (MCA)
11	10	WHITE HORSES	Jackie (Philips)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 17, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
5	3	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	Andy Williams (CBS)
10	4	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
11	5	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET. Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)	
2	5	HOW DO YOU DO IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
7	7	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
8	8	TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS	Del Shannon (London)
4	9	NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
6	10	FROM A JACK TO A KING	Ned Miller (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending May 20, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	RIVERS OF BABYLON — Boney M (Atlantic)	4	2
2	(1)	NIGHT FEVER — Bee Gees (RSO)	6	1
3	(8)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT — Patti Smith (Arista)	3	3
4	(3)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE — Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams (CBS)	10	2
5	(5)	AUTOMATIC LOVER — Dee Dee Jackson (Mercury)	5	5
6	(4)	NEVER LET HER SLIP AWAY — Andrew Gold (Asylum)	8	2
7	(20)	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY — Darts (Magnet)	2	7
8	(14)	(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR... Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	8
9	(6)	LET'S ALL CHANT — Michael Zager Band (Private Stock)	5	6
10	(25)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU — Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	2	10
11	(7)	JACK AND JILL ..... Raydio (Arista)	3	11
12	(16)	SHE'S SO MODERN — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	6	11
13	(11)	EVERYBODY DANCE ..... Chic (Atlantic)	7	11
14	(24)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR — John Paul Young (Ariola)	2	14
15	(23)	THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAYGLO ..... X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	3	15
16	(22)	MORE THAN A WOMAN — Tavares (Capitol)	2	16
17	(27)	HI TENSION ..... Hi Tension (Island)	2	17
18	(26)	DO IT DO IT AGAIN — Raffaella Carra (Epic)	3	18
19	(21)	NICE 'N' SLEAZY — Stranglers (United Artists)	2	19
20	(10)	IF YOU CAN'T GIVE ME LOVE — Suzi Quatro (Rak)	9	2
21	(29)	WHAT A WASTE ..... Ian Dury (Stiff)	3	21
22	(12)	MATCHSTALK MEN & MATCHSTALK CATS & DOGS ... Brian & Michael (Pye)	10	4
23	(19)	TAKE ME I'M YOURS — Squeeze (A&M)	5	17
24	(—)	UP AGAINST THE WALL — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	1	24
25	(17)	BAD OLD DAYS — CoCo (Ariola Hansa)	4	16
26	(—)	A BI NI BI — Ishar Cohen & Alphabeta (Polydor)	1	16
27	(13)	SINGIN' IN THE RAIN — Sheila B Devotion (EMI)	9	9
28	(—)	ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES — Sham 69 (Polydor)	1	28
29	(18)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK — Wings (Parlophone)	7	7
30	(—)	CA PLANE POUR MOI — Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

PUMP IT UP — Elvis Costello (Radar); TAKE ME TO THE NEXT PHASE — Isley Brothers (CBS); ROSALIE — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo); BOOGIE SHOES — K C & The Sunshine Band (TK).

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending May 20, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	10	1
2	(2)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	7	2
3	(4)	THE STUD ..... Soundtrack (Ronco)	5	3
4	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Nat King Cole (Capitol)	8	1
5	(8)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Johnny Mathis (CBS)	5	5
6	(7)	ABBA THE ALBUM ..... Abba (Epic)	17	1
7	(16)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Frank Sinatra (EMI)	2	7
8	(10)	LONG LIVE ROCK & ROLL — Rainbow (Polydor)	4	8
9	(5)	LONDON TOWN ..... Wings (EMI)	7	4
10	(6)	CITY TO CITY — Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	12	4
10	(9)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	64	1
12	(18)	EASTER ..... Patti Smith (Arista)	4	12
13	(20)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A & M)	5	13
14	(11)	KAYA — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	9	6
15	(13)	BAT OUT OF HELL — Meat Loaf (Epic)	9	10
16	(21)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	16	7
17	(23)	HEAVY HORSES — Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	3	17
18	(22)	PASTICHE — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	12	13
19	(12)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN — Various (World Records)	5	12
20	(18)	THE RUTLES The Rutles (Warner Bros)	6	10
21	(26)	20 CLASSIC HITS — The Platters (Mercury)	5	21
22	(15)	PLASTIC LETTERS Blondie (Chrysalis)	12	7
23	(17)	THIS YEAR'S MODEL — Elvis Costello (Radar)	9	8
24	(15)	THE KICK INSIDE ..... Kate Bush (EMI)	12	1
25	(14)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	12	2
26	(30)	GREEN — Steve Hillage (Virgin Records)	4	26
27	(—)	ANOTHER MUSIC IN A DIFFERENT KITCHEN ..... Buzzcocks (United Artists)	6	16
28	(24)	A LITTLE BIT MORE .. Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	24
29	(27)	SHOOTING STAR Elkie Brooks (A & M)	2	27
30	(—)	LIVE—THE LAST WALTZ — The Band (Warner Bros)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

PLEASE DON'T TOUCH — Steve Hackett (Charisma); EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS — Darts (Magnet); APPROVED BY THE MOTORS —The Motors (Virgin), V2 — The Vibrators (Epic).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending May 20, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	WITH A LITTLE LUCK	Wings
2	(3)	THE CLOSER I GET TO YOU	Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway
3	(6)	TOO MUCH TOO LITTLE TOO LATE	Johnny Mathis/Deniece Williams
4	(5)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
5	(4)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
6	(8)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
7	(1)	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman
8	(10)	DISCO INFERNO	The Trammps
9	(11)	IMAGINARY LOVER	Atlanta Rhythm Section
10	(12)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
11	(13)	BABY HOLD ON	Eddie Money
12	(9)	COUNT ON ME	Jefferson Starship
13	(7)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
14	(16)	THIS TIME I'M IN IT FOR LOVE	Player
15	(15)	WEREWOLVES OF LONDON	Warren Zevon
16	(20)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
17	(17)	MOVIN' OUT (ANTHONY'S SONG)	Billy Joel
18	(19)	ON BROADWAY	George Benson
19	(21)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
20	(14)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
21	(27)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
22	(23)	EGO	Elton John
23	(26)	DEACON BLUES	Steely Dan
24	(29)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
25	(25)	LET'S ALL CHANT	Michael Zager Band
26	(30)	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith
27	(—)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
28	(—)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
29	(18)	DUST IN THE WIND	Kansas
30	(—)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending May 20, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
3	(3)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
4	(4)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
5	(8)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
6	(5)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
7	(7)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
8	(6)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
9	(11)	CHAMPAGNE JAM	Atlanta Rhythm Section
10	(10)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
11	(14)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
12	(13)	WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
13	(9)	SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR	Jimmy Buffett
14	(12)	EXCITABLE BOY	Warren Zevon
15	(18)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE . . .	Genesis
16	(20)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
17	(15)	AJA	Steely Dan
18	(26)	MAGAZINE	Heart
19	(17)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
20	(27)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
21	(19)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
22	(23)	INFINITY	Journey
23	(16)	VAN HALEN	
24	(30)	HEAVY HORSES	Jethro Tull
25	(24)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
26	(—)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
27	(—)	FM	Various Artists
28	(22)	BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT	Roberta Flack
29	(21)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
30	(—)	EASTER	Patti Smith

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

The Tubes' FEE WAYBILL in dock

Tubes blown

THE TUBES have cancelled the remainder of their sell-out British concert tour, after playing only five of their scheduled 26 dates. It was decided to scrap the rest of the itinerary after lead singer Fee Waybill fell from the edge of the five-foot stage at Leicester De Montford Hall on Tuesday of last week, breaking his right leg, ripping tendons and spraining his left wrist.

In what's been described by promoters Straight Music as "a jinxed tour", the opening two gigs at Bristol were called off because Waybill was suffering from a throat infection, and the following night at Brighton was halted by a union dispute. The Tubes appeared only at Southampton (May 5-6), Oxford (7-8) and Leicester (9), and among cancelled dates is their record string of seven successive nights at London Hammersmith Odeon (May 25-31).

The accident happened during the band's send-up of The Sex Pistols, with Waybill playing the role of Johnny Bugger. The routine calls for him to leap into the audience wielding a chain saw, but on this occasion he apparently misjudged the distance to the edge of the stage and crashed heavily to the floor. He was rushed to Leicester Royal Infirmary, while the rest of the group completed the show, and was put into a full leg plaster.

Various methods of continuing the tour were considered, inlcuding lowering Waybill to the stage by means of a cradle.

'JINXED' TOUR IS HALTED

But it soon became apparent that this would seriously jeopardise the show's impact, as he is such an essential part of it — with no less than 26 costume changes and numerous dance routines. So manager Rikki Farr decided to fly the whole outfit back to Los Angeles.

Farr said it was the only sensible course to take, although it was a financial disaster for all of them. Straight Music have also lost what they describe as "a fortune" in terms of theatre hiring fees, advertising, programme printing and other expenses — "but that's how the cookie crumbles", said a spokesman.

The only consolation is that The Tubes will definitely be returning as soon as possible to play a re-scheduled tour of equal length — though it won't be for at least three months, as doctors have told Waybill he'll be in plaster for that length of time. Straight Music are now thinking in terms of an autumn tour. Meanwhile, ticket-holders for the cancelled shows must apply for cash refunds from the point of purchase.

JAM SET 7 DATES

THE JAM, recently returned from their extensive Americar tour, headline a short seven-date tour next month. And their itinerary includes several specially selected "off - the - beaten - track" venues. Support act on all gigs is The Jolt, who will then have completed their current tour with The Motors.

They play Blackburn King George's Hall (June 12), Keighley Victoria Hall (13), Colwyn Bay Pier (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15 and 16) and Aylesbury Friars (17), before rounding off with a London date at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on June 18.

Currently writing and rehearsing new material, The Jam are the principal guests in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (23), when they're supported by Dutch band Gruppo Sportivo. And later in the week, they record a Radio 1 "In Concert" for transmission early next month. They'll also be filming a spot for Mickie Most's upcoming ATV series "Revolver."

● Advertising will also be playing a series of dates around the country next month, details of which are expected next week.

The Jam's PAUL WELLER

Kinks gig

THE KINKS, who cancelled their five projected provincial concerts because they hadn't had sufficient time to rehearse with their two new members, have now got themselves together and have decided to play a last-minute London concert tomorrow (Friday).

It's at Chalk Farm Roundhouse (8pm) and the venue will be fully seated for this gig, restricting attendance to about 800. Admission is £2.

THE DOCTORS: back to a trio

Vanian goes

LEAVING DOCTORS LINE-UP

THE DOCTORS OF MADNESS have parted company with former Damned singer Dave Vanian, after an association of only two months. They have no plans to replace him, which means the band now revert to their basic three-piece line-up of Kid Strange, Stoner and Peter DiLemma.

Explaining the move, Strange said that the Doctors as a trio form a strong stable nucleus, and any additional member tends to split the atom!

He added: "The experiment with Dave had run its course, and those people who saw him working with us have got plenty to remember. There are no further plans for him to record with the band, and we obviously wish him every success in the future."

Exactly what that future holds in store for Vanian hasn't yet been decided, despite reports that certain former Pistols are interested in his availability.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS have made five changes to their British tour itinerary reported last week. Three involve date switches, as follows: Hanley Victoria Hall moves forward 24 hours to June 15, they play Liverpool Empire on June 16 instead of 18, and Manchester Apollo is moved from June 19 to 30.

There's an additional date at Bradford St. George's Hall on June 19, and the Bournemouth gig on July 5 is switched from the Winter Gardens to the Village Bowl.

Plan for July 22 Charlton concert

BLONDIE will definitely not be appearing in an open-air concert at the Charlton Athletic football ground in South-East Landon on Saturday, July 22 — although it looks as though the event will be going ahead without them. A report in the London Evening News last week named both Blondie and Kiss for the show, and it's understood that Kiss have also said they are unavailable.

There have been two previous big outdoor gigs at the Charlton ground, both promoted by Harvey Goldsmith. But this year's concert is being lined up by a promoter new to the business, Len Sang, whose spokesman told NME that seven or eight names had already been earmarked for the event. Sang hopes to be able to announce full details of the concert in a week or two.

As recently reported, Blondie must remain in the States for the time being, while singer Debbie Harry negotiates her screen career. Their next major U.K. tour has already been put back to January, but their London representative said there's a good chance of the band undertaking a British mini-tour in the late summer.

APOLLO DOOMED —official

DESPITE all the petitions and protests, and irrespective of the enormous public outcry and uproar, the fate of Scotland's leading rock venue — the Apollo Centre in Glasgow — was finally sealed on Friday.

A committee of the city council voted in favour of a bingo licence being granted to the Mecca Organisation, which means that they will now clinch the purchase of the hall.

The approval of the conversion to bingo was a 6-4 split decision by the 18-member committee, with apparently eight members not even bothering to turn up. Mecca have said that they will try to continue presenting occasional live shows there, but this seems unlikely in view of the Gaming Board's statement this week, to the effect that they disapprove of live entertainment in gambling centres.

The Apollo's lease expires on July 15, and manager Russell Gilchrist says he will continue taking bookings right up to that date — so the Boomtown Rats' concert there on June 23 will not be its final concert, as previously announced. In fact, there is already intensive competition to stage the closing-night event.

As reported last week, the Rank Organisation were awaiting the outcome of the council meeting, to decide whether to convert their Eglington Toll Odeon (a mile from Glasgow city centre) into a rock venue. They are now pressing ahead with their plans, and the Glasgow public can derive some consolation from the fact that this alternative venue will be opening in the autumn.

Stranglers kept out of London by GLC

THE STRANGLERS will not, after all, be playing a major London date during their current tour. All efforts to secure a suitable venue have been thwarted by Greater London Council objections, and promoter Harvey Goldsmith finally had to abandon his attempts on Monday.

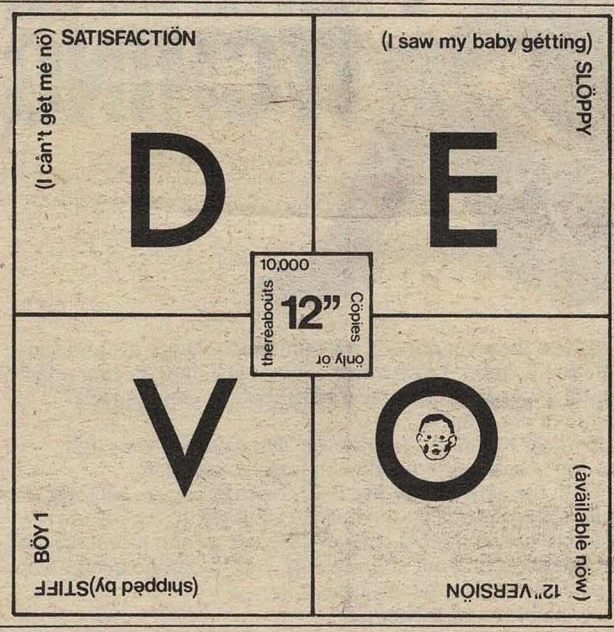
What has particularly annoyed the band is that, after originally applying for a licence in February to play two concerts at Alexandra Palace in June, the GLC has seemingly adopted delaying tactics on the grounds that no decision could be taken until after the recent local elections.

The GLC say they are opposed to the Ally Pally gigs on three grounds — (a) the incident at the Rainbow early last year, when Hugh Cornwell wore a T-shirt with a four - letter - word motif; (b) the band's alleged abuse of the GLC and (c) the safety problems that would arise with a standing audience of 6,000.

Other alternative venues, including the projected gig at Queen's Park Rangers football ground on June 10, have been vetoed by the GLC for similar reasons. And it became evident this week that the GLC, who refused to enter into any correspondence about the matter, are determined to prevent The Stranglers from appearing in the capital.

Commented drummer Jet Black: "Why us? "ELO and Dylan can play London, but The Stranglers can't. What's going on?" It's understood that the band now intend to take up the issue with Kensington MP, Nicholas Scott.

Meanwhile, Londoners wanting to see them in concert will have to travel to Brighton (this Saturday) or Stafford (May 30). Tickets for the Stafford New Bingley Hall gig are available from the Harvey Goldsmith Box-Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W.1 — and prices include a free coach trip to and from the venue, which has been specially subsidised by The Stranglers.



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BACK TO REALITY

HARVEST SHSM 2025

Who plan a 'secret' gig

THE WHO will be playing a secret unannounced gig at a location "somewhere in England" later this month, so that it can be filmed for inclusion in their movie "The Kids Are Alright", which traces their career over the past 13 years.

This will be the final filming sequence, before the picture goes into its editing stage. A double soundtrack album will be issued in mid-November to coincide with the opening of the movie, which consists of a compilation of rare film, TV programmes, promotional videos and material shot this year.

BRIAN JAMES and band emerge from the shadows — almost!

BRIAN JAMES FORMS BAND

BRIAN JAMES, who broke up The Damned earlier this year, has announced details of his new band. It's called Tanz Der Youth which, as liguists will know, is German for 'Dance of the Youth'. Line-up comprises former Hawkwind sideman Alan Powell on drums, Tony Moor (keyboards and synthesiser), Andy Colquhoun (bass) and James himself on guitar and vocals.

The band started rehearsing about a month ago, and have already been in the studios to record three new songs. Negotiations are under way with a major record company, and a deal is expected to be clinched shortly. Several low-key gigs in the North of England, plus a major London appearance, are also being arranged.

Speaking of the band's approach, James said: "Although the music is rock-based, it'll be aimed at people's minds as well as their bodies. It's very much the sound of the eighties, and if you had to stick a label on it, I suppose you could loosely describe it as 'trans-magical'."

RECORD NEWS

Clapton goes to war

"WHITE MANSIONS", a musical play about life in the Confederate States during the American Civil War, is released as an A&M album on May 26. Written and conceived by Paul Kennerley and produced by Glyn Johns, it features four main characters — Waylon Jennings as The Drifter, Jessi Colter as Polly Ann Stafford, and Ozark Mountain Daredevils John Dillon and Steve Cash as Matthew J. Fuller and Caleb Stone. Backing is provided by Eric Clapton, ex-Eagle Bernie Leadon, Dave Markee, Henry Spinetti and Tim Hinckley. The album, retailing at £4.49, comes in a gatefold sleeve with an illustrated 28-page booklet.

● To tie in with their newly-opened tour, a new **Black Sabbath** single is rush released this weekend by Vertigo — it's the title track from their upcoming album "Never Say Die", now due out in early June. The first 15,000 copies of the single include a special offer of an exclusively designed T-shirt for just £1.50.

● **Neil Young's** first new album since his triple retrospective set "Decade" will be issued by Reprise early next month. Titled "Comes A Time", it features Young with Crazy Horse and consists of ten tracks — all original except for a re-working of the Ian and Sylvia hit "Four Strong Winds".

● **Leo Sayer,** currently on the first leg of a world tour, has his sixth Chrysalis album released on June 9. Titled simply "Leo Sayer" and produced by Richard Perry, it includes compositions by Andy Fairweather-Low and Jackson Browne, among others.

● **Michael Chapman** has signed a long-term worldwide deal with Criminal Records, the new label launched by Geoff Jukes and David Simmons, who also manage Chapman. The company has also acquired his four previous albums from Decca. A single titled "Pride Of Erin" comes out this weekend, and his LP "The Man Who Hated Mornings" is being re-promoted by Criminal.

● The first 10,000 copies of the new **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett** album "Deep And Meaningless", released by Polydor on June 2, will include a free single featuring two tracks recorded live at London Roundhouse last year — "Racing Cars" and "Down The Road".

● To coincide with his British tour opening the previous day, **Gerry Rafferty's** new single "Whatever's Written In Your Heart" — a re-mixed track from his "City To City" album — is released by United Artists on June 2. Both the LP and his previous single "Baker Street" are climbing the U.S. charts, and look set to be big hits there.

● The latest **Sweet** single "California Nights" is issued on May 26 by Polydor, who on the same day release **James Brown's** "Eyesight" taken from his new LP "Jam/1980's".

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NEWS ROUND-UP

OYSTER CULT EXTRA

BLUE OYSTER CULT, the hard rock band with the world's most advanced laser show, have added another date to the second leg of their sell-out British tour. It's at Sheffield City Hall on Monday, June 5. This is the day after they play their final concert at London Hammersmith Odeon, and it now becomes the final date in their itinerary.

STEVE ELLIS COMEBACK

STEVE ELLIS is planning a major comeback and is looking for a personal manager, who can handle him full-time. He has a new album already in the can titled "The Last Angry Man", for upcoming release by Ariola — musicians on the LP include Roger Chapman, Henry McCullough, Brian Robertson, Henry Spinetti and Tim Hinckley. He's about to start gigging again and is considering a couple of acting offers. Managerial applications to Jane at 01-839 3527.

"REVOLVER" SCREENING

"REVOLVER", Mickie Most's new ATV rock show, makes its bow on the full ITV network this Saturday evening. The pilot show — featuring Kate Bush, Tom Robinson Band, Steel Pulse, The Rich Kids, John Dowie and Rikki Cool & The Icebergs — is being screened as a prelude to a full series starting in July. It's compered by Peter Cook, cast as a strait-laced dance-hall manager who dislikes today's new sounds, but has to book them to survive.

ROBERT GORDON ONE-OFF

ROBERT GORDON (left) and LINK WRAY

ROBERT GORDON and his band, featuring Link Wray, now seem almost certain to play just one British date next month. It was announced a few weeks ago that they would be coming in for a full tour, but they have apparently now decided to concentrate on Europe. They interrupt their gigs on the Continent to fly in for a one-off appearance at London Camden Music Machine on Wednesday, June 14. Advance tickets are available now from the box-office, priced £2.

FESTIVAL IN SUSSEX

THE BLADES (formerly Amazorblades), Roogalator and Method are among bands set for this year's Scaynes Festival at the Farmer's Inn, Scaynes Hill, near Haywards Heath in Sussex. It starts at 8 pm on Friday, June 16, and continues until the Sunday night (18). Also confirmed are The Dandies, Panama, Chubasco, Fair Trade, Roll-Ups and Visitor 2035. The festival also includes fringe events, jazz sessions, theatre groups, children's entertainment and crafts market.

LIZZY PROVINCIAL GIGS

THIN LIZZY are playing three provincial concerts, in addition to their two previously-reported shows at Wembley Arena on June 22 and 23. The extra gigs are at Glasgow Apollo (June 17), Manchester Belle Vue (18) and Newcastle City Hall (20). Admission is £3, £2.50 and £2 at all three venues, with additional £1.25 tickets at Manchester.

HARLEY OFF INTO EXILE

STEVE HARLEY left Britain on Monday this week to take up residence in Los Angeles. He travelled first to New York on the QE2 (as our picture shows) and was accompanied by his girl friend Yvonne Keeley. He says his exile is not for tax reasons, consequently he's planning a world tour — including Britain — later this year. Meanwhile, his first solo album since the split with Cockney Rebel is released by EMI in July, titled "Hobo With A Grin".

TV REPEAT FOR RUTLES

THE RUTLES' TV special "All You Need Is Cash", which attracted enormous interest when screened by BBC-2 at Easter, has been treated to a double-quick repeat. It's being shown again, this time by BBC-1, during Spring Bank Holiday weekend — on Saturday, May 27, at 10.15 pm. Conceived by Eric Idle and Neil Innes, it features guest appearances by George Harrison, Mick Jagger, Paul Simon, Ron Wood and Bianca Jagger, among others.

IAN GILLAN DATES SOON

IAN GILLIAN BAND will have its future product issued on its own label by Kingsway Recorders Ltd., until now a 24-track studio run by Gillan. The outfit's first release under the arrangement, which follows their split with Island, will be the album "Live At The Budokan, Vol. 1" in September. Currently visiting the States after touring Japan, the outfit will be undertaking a number of selected British dates in the early summer, before starting work on a new studio album.

CLEMINSON'S DILEMMA

ZAL CLEMINSON, the former SAHB member, has run into difficulties with his own band Zal which he launched at the beginning of the year. The outfit is temporarily out of action — Cleminson is writing at home, ex-Tube Leroi Jones has quit and returned to the States, and the other members are working as session musicians. A spokesman said that Zal have no plans for further touring, though the split is not irrevocable and they may re-unite at a later stage.

NEW BANDS' TV BREAK

GRANADA-TV are to network a new six-week rock series titled "Breakers", each edition providing a full half-hour showcase for a relatively new band. The series was conceived and is produced by Muriel Young, and it kicks off on Tuesday, June 27, with Alfalpha in the spotlight. Subsequent shows feature, in order, Jim & Ady, Child, Rosetta Stone and Linda Fletcher & Her Group, finishing on August 1 with The Pleasers.

GLADYS COMPENSATES

GLADYS KNIGHT and the Pips are being lined up for a British tour in the autumn, taking in the provinces as well as London. This is by way of compensation for the cancellation of their two projected London Palladium concerts earlier this month. Official reason for those gigs being called off is that Gladys was ill and unable to travel.

Bootsy coming to UK

WILLIAM "BOOTSY" COLLINS, the flamboyant character pictured above, is a member of two of America's biggest box-office attractions on the tour circuit — Parliament and Funkadelic.

But he's best-known as the leader of his own occasional outfit, Bootsy's Rubber Band, and they'll be coming to Britain next month for a short series of concert appearances.

Details are still being finalised and will be announced in a week or two, but they're known to include shows in Manchester, Birmingham and London. And WEA are planning a new album release to tie in with the band's visit.

MARLEY'S GIG: IT'S STAFFORD

BOB MARLEY & The Wailers' expected British gig next month has now been confirmed — and it's a rare instance of London missing out on a major one-off concert. The show will take place at the 8,000-capacity Stafford Bingley Hall on Thursday, June 22, and this will be their only appearance in this country on this occasion.

They had originally intended to play a London date, but plans had to be changed because a suitable venue wasn't available — and this, says promoter Alec Leslie, is mainly due to some hall managers being worried about trouble at Marley concerts. It seems they still harbour memories of the few incidents at Hammersmith Odeon two years ago, mostly involving pickpockets — even though there was no trouble at all when the band played the Rainbow last year.

Tickets for the gig are all at the one price of £4. They are available from May 20 at the Bingley Hall box-office, Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham, Sundown Records of Wolverhampton, Lotus Records of Stafford, Hime & Addison of Manchester, Virgin Records of Coventry, and Mike Lloyd Music at Hanley, Newcastle-under-Lyme and Tunstall.

The Wailers, whose new single "Satisfy My Soul" / "Smile Jamaica" is released by Island this weekend, now open their U.S. tour tonight (Thursday) — a delayed start due to guitarist Junior Marvin being refused a work permit. They play at New York's Madison Square Garden on June 17, then fly over for their Stafford show, which is the first of a string of European dates — including Paris, Scandinavia, Holland and an open-air concert in Ibiza. They then return for the second leg of their American tour, finishing in New Orleans on July 30.

SAILOR TOUR

SAILOR return to the British gig circuit next month after a lengthy absence, and headline a 13-venue concert and college tour. They play Salford University (June 9), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (10), Redcar Coatham Bowl (11), Plymouth Fiesta (13), Torquay Town Hall (14), London Camden Music Machine (15), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (16), Oxford Trinity College (17), Durham University College (19), Swansea Nutz Club (20), Coventry Warwick University (22), Birmingham University (23) and Sheffield University (24). Their new single "Runaway" is released by CBS on June 2, and their "Greatest Hits" album is out the same week. Although a new song, "Runaway" is included on the LP on the assumption that it will be a greatest hit!

SUICIDE TIME THIS SUMMER

SUICIDE, currently one of the hottest properties on the American rock scene, will be making their British debut in the summer to tie in with the official release of their first album — which is already one of the top selling imports. They begin a three-month tour of Britain and Europe at the end of June and, although dates in this country are still being finalised, it's known that they will include a residency at London Marquee.

This is the outcome of a newly-signed deal under which Bronze Records will distribute America's revolutionary label Red Star in Britain. Suicide, who comprise the electronics of Martin Rev and the demented vocals of Alan Vega, will be gigging all over the country. The Bronze-Red Star deal also involves The Real Kids, whose album and a single called "All Kindsa Girls" are due out shortly, followed by a British visit in the autumn.

Pirates head London show

THE PIRATES have added a major headlining London date to their current 'Skull Wars" tour. It's at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand on Sunday, June 4, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £1.75. A new single by the band, taken from the LP and title "Johnny B Goode's Good", is set for June 2 release.

THIS HEAT

tower of babel- swahili-it's all greek to me

ON THE ROAD

CHERRY VANILLA adds another date to her current U.K. tour — it's a late booking tonight (Thursday) at **Hanley** Victoria Hall, where she's the special guest of the Steve Gibbons Band in the Daily Mirror Pop Club awards show.

THE SOFT BOYS — the four-piece band newly signed by Radar Records, who release their single "(I Want To Be An) Anglepoise Lamp" on May 26 — are on tour at **London** Marquee (May 25). **London Kensington** Nashville (26), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (27), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (June 1), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (2), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (5), **Newport** Stowaway (7), **Leeds F Club (8), Manchester** Rafters (9). **Plymouth** Metro (15), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (17) and **London** Marquee again (18).

HI-TENSION, who made their NME Chart debut last week with their Island single "Hi-Tension", play their first major concerts as special guests on Heatwave's previously-reported gigs at **Birmingham** Odeon (June 15), **Manchester** Apollo (16), **Liverpool** Empire (18) and **London Hammersmith** Odeon (25). They also appear, together with Manu Dibango, in the International Soul Festival at **Slough** Football Stadium on June 24.

MUD have now confirmed most of the venues for their early-summer tenth anniversary tour, which will coincide with the release of their first RCA album, as yet untitled. They play **Brighton** Top Rank (June 2), **Ashford** Stour Centre (3), **Watford** Bailey's (4-10), **Birmingham** Town Hall (11), **Cambridge** University May Ball (13), **Durham** University (16), **Stoke** Madeley College (17), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (18), **Oxford** University May Ball (21), **Purley** Tiffany's (22), **Keele** University (23), **Meadowvale** Country Club (24), **Nottingham** Commodore Suite (25), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (26), **Cleethorpes** Bunny's Club (27), **Stockton** Fiesta (28), **Wakefield** Theatre Club (29-July 1) and **Bedford** Nite Spot (2). Other gigs are likely to be slotted in before they leave for a European tour.

STEEL PULSE extend their current tour through into next month with newly-confirmed gigs at **Cheltenham** Town Hall (June 2), **Bristol Yate** Stars & Stripes (8), **Liverpool** Eric's (9), **Manchester** Mayflower Club (10), **Newcastle** New Tyne Theatre (11) and **Doncaster** Outlook (12).

MEAT LOAF, announced last week for two British concerts next month, has brought his **Manchester** Apollo date forward by 24 hours to June 4. His show at **London Hammersmith** Odeon remains on June 6.

JETHRO TULL, who were forced to cancel a couple of shows during the early part of their current tour when bassist John Glasscock severed a tendon in his arm, have now re-scheduled them for the tail end of their itinerary — at **Birmingham** Odeon (June 4) and **Manchester** Apollo (5).

FISCHER-Z, the highly-rated new band from Windsor, have **London** gigs this month at Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (23), Speakeasy (25), Camden Dingwalls (26), Canning Town Tidal Basin (27), Hammersmith Red Cow (28), Stoke Newington Pagasus (29) and Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's (30).

BLACK SABBATH have added yet another date to their current extensive British tour, It's a third hometown gig at **Birmingham** Odeon on June 12, their previous two shows at this venue having now sold out.

THE ACCELERATORS, who will have a new single out next month on the Merseyside Rox Records label, play **Liverpool** Havanna (tonight, Thurday), **Leeds** Fforde Green (Friday), **Halifax** Good Mood (Saturday), **Manchester** Band On The Wall (May 22), **Hanley** Out Of Town Inn (24), **Manchester** Rafters (25), **Whitley Bay** Rex (28), **Sunderland** Old 29 Club (29), **Newcastle** The Cooperage (30), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (June 2), **Balckburn** Dirty Duck (3), **Oldham** Boundary Hotel (4) and **Stoke** The Inset (7).

FIVE HAND REEL go on tour this week to promote their new RCA album "Earl O' Moray". They visit **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (tonight, Thursday), **Aberdeen** University (Friday), **Glasgow** Queen Mararet Union (Saturday), **Chester** Gateway Theatre (May 22), **Nottingham** Playhouse (25), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (26), **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion (28), **Carlise** Crown & Mitre Hall (29), **Newcastle** City Hall (30), **Preston** Charter Theatre (31), **Birmingham** Town Hall (June 2), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (6), **Kempton Park** Festival (10), **Portsmouth** Centre Hotel (11) and **Broxborne** Civic Hall (14). They are also set for the **Cambridge** Folk Festival (July 28-30).

JASPER CARROTT has been touring extensively throughout the spring, following the huge success of his New Year TV series. His current already-reported itinerary takes in 35 sell-out dates, and he's now added two major **London** concerts as the climax to the tour — they're at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday and Friday, June 29 and 30.

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT have added two more dates to their British tour, reported last week — at **Penzance** The Garden (June 6) and **Plymouth** Fiesta (7). Their **Nottingham** gig is switched from the Playhouse on May 26 to the Sherwood Rooms on May 24.

JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS play **London** Speakeasy (tomorrow, Firday, and May 26), **London** University (Saturday), **London Hammersmith** Red Cow (June 1), **Leighton Buzzard** Hunt Hotel (9), **Brighton** New Regent (10), **Bracknell** Arts Centre (11), **London Canning Town** Tidal Basin (16), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (21) and **Chatham** Tam O'Shanter (30).

JOHNNY MOPED have added another four dates to their current tour — at **Swnasea** Circles Club (May 22), **Norwich** Peoples Club (23), **London Camden** Dingwalls (31) and **Sheffield** Limit Club (June 1). The band will continue working through June, with further dates to be announced shortly.

THIRD EAR BAND return to live appearances next month after a four-year lay-off. First two confirmed dates are **London** Downstairs at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse (June 4) and **Cambridge** Strawberry Fair (10).

J.A.L.N. BAND have added more dates to their extensive U.K. tour reported last week. They are **Plymouth** Top Rank (June 23), **Margate** Dreamland (29), **Sunderland** Annabel's (30), **Folkestone** Leas CLiff Hall (July 1), **Torquay** 400 Club (5) and **Bradford** Town Hall (7). Their gig tomorrow (Friday) is switched from **Manchester** Russell Hotel to **London Southgate** Royalty.

MATCHBOX have added another ten dates to their cyrrent tour, all in June — at **Wellingborough** Social Club (1), **Southend** Minerva (2), **Sutton-in-Ashfield** Golden Diamond (3), **London Wembley** Hopbine (4), **York** Oval Ball (8), **Wakefield** Newton House (9), **Cambridge** King's College (14), **Worcester** Bank House (15), **London Willesden** Bobby Sox (16) and **London Wood Green** Bumbles (27).

EATER have pulled out of their guest spot on the current tour by Slaughter & The Dogs, because of what they claim to be "tour mismanagement".

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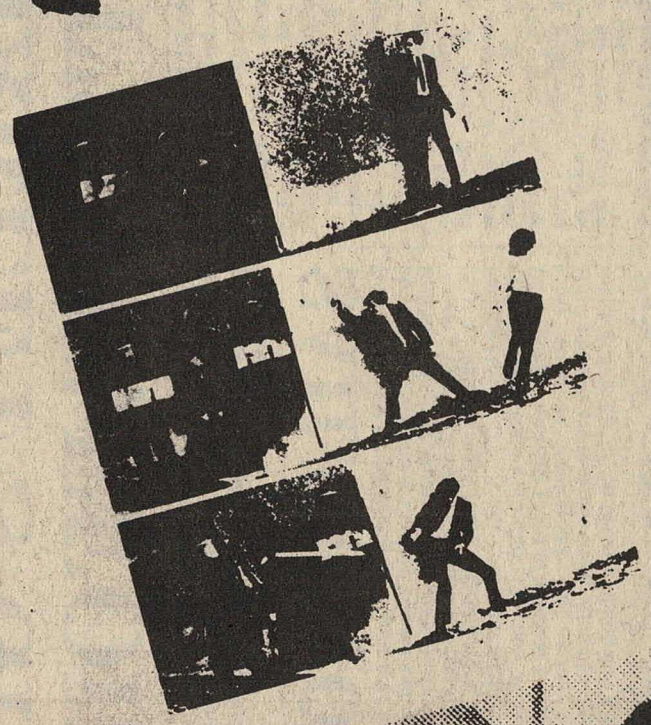

The Winter of '79
by Tom Robinson

All you kids that just sit an whine,
You shoulda bin there back in 79.
Say we're givin you a real hard time
You boys are really breaking my heart..
Spurs beat Cardiff.What a game,
The blood was running in the drains
Hit the city on the trains
and really took the place apart.
That was the year Nan Harris dies
An Charlie Jones committed suicide
The world we knew busted open wide
In the winter of '79.

I'd bin workin on and off
A pint of beer was still ten bob.
Me brand new Bonneville got ripped off,I
More or less give up trying...
They stopped the Social in the Spring
and quite a few communists got run in
In the winter of '79
When Marco s cafe gone up in flames
The Vambo boys took the blame.
The SAS took all our names
In the Winter of '79.

It was us poor bastards took the chop
When the tubes gone up and the buses stopped.
The top people still come out on top
The Government never resigned..
The Carib Club got petrol bombed
The National Front was gettin awful strong
They done in Dave and Dagenham Ron
In the Winter of '79.
When all the gay geezers were put in side
An coloured kids were getting cricified
A few fought back an a few folks died
Yes a few of us fought and a few of us died
In the Winter of '79.

DESIGN - "CHANGING TIMES"

Madison manoeuvres. Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

THE INCREDIBLE DISAPPEARING MAN

DAVID BOWIE has worn, and removed, a few masks in his time. So . . . what would be the personna at Madison Square Garden? PAUL RAMBALI saw the show. Right now he's waiting for our man to pull the final stunt.

Pic: PRESTON/KENT/LEVINE (yeah, all of 'em)

IT WOULD make a great parlour game were some enterprising company to formalize rules. A game this writer has been known to play over the years, often avidly, sometimes disinterestedly, but always his curiosity keeps him coming back for more. It used to be called "What will David Bowie do next?" Then it became "Guess who David Bowie is now?" But nowadays it's best known as, "Will the real David Bowie please stand up?"

David Bowie has a problem, which doesn't appear to be losing him any sleep, but is a problem nonetheless. Like the boy who cried wolf, our cracked actor now says this is the real me, and a lot of people don't believe him.

For a person of lesser mental stability, this might entail an identity crisis of soul-wrenching proportions — something somewhere between the classic nightmare themes of trying to take off a mask and finding that the glue has stuck fast, and taking off a mask only to find another underneath, and then another, and another, and so on ad infinitum.

In a recent, fairly illuminating, interview in *Phonograph Record Magazine* with the voluptuous Flo and Eddie, Bowie admitted that the series of characters he created for himself had reached a temporary end.

What began with "the archetypal Messiah rock star" Ziggy Stardust metamorphosed through the terrors and rigours of a first American tour into Aladdin Sane — "the rock star going through America in that very blinkered stream-of-vision." (Hence that album's overpowering feeling of mental turmoil and future shock, and the symbolic sleeve illustrations of Ziggy half-vanishing).

The came "Pinups", with the mask clearly defined by a line around his face on the cover. Then "Diamond Dogs", and from that he developed Halloween Jack, going out on tour as "a city boy who had to cope with a crumbling city, and who just didn't know where to run anymore."

By all accounts that particular American tour — which yielded the "David Live" album — was Bowie's most ambitious theatrical venture; a huge Broadway kitchen set-piece with skyscrapers leaning haphazardly and ominously over Halloween Jack's zoot suit.

Out of it grew "Young Americans", which was the kind of music Halloween Jack had been listening to, and "which had caused him and his society to become what it had become," says Bowie somewhat enigmatically. "I took a Polaroid of music in America as I saw it then and it became 'Young Americans'."

It proved to be a very good Polaroid in the sense that if people recognize a photograph then its function has been fulfilled because, aside from a minor splash in '73 with the re-issue of "Space Oddity", it gave him his first genuine U.S. hit single with "Fame", and gained him a large portion of his current American audience.

His final character was the Thin White Duke, whom he calls "an isolationist, very much on his own, with no commitment to any society." And who, if the lyrics to the songs other than the title track of "Station To Station" are narratives rather than individual statements, was also someone very much trapped by his own romantic desires. Hence, perhaps, the stark white light cages of the Station To Station tour.

"There were a couple of things in there that cried for my need to get out of the American environment. Once back in Europe" — he adds, in what is a telling statement of current and future intentions — "I could start getting involved with characters or narratives again. But before I could do that, I had to define a new form of musical language."

Which brings us up to Brian Eno and the trilogy begun with "Low", continued with "Heroes", and due to conclude with an album called "Fame" after the release of a live album recorded in Philadelphia on his current tour.

It can safely be concluded that Bowie has done what he wanted to do in an easily breathtaking and damn near stupendous manner. Certain other conclusions might be drawn from the fact that, having defined his "new musical language", "Heroes" became the first album since "Young Americans" to feature a fresh photographic image of himself. As a result my anticipation count ran high for his '78 world tour.

Yet I was nonetheless not without suspicions, born out of a vague mistruct of anything Bowie says. Bowie, you understand is prone to giving interviews not as David Bowie but as the person or character he is currently involved with. In the Flo and Eddie piece I've quoted from he unwittingly undermines the validity of his statements by admitting just that.

The outcome of this paradox is that what many of the American tour interviews and concert reviews had decided was the *real* David Bowie — foregoing elaborate stage trappings, outlandish costume, "maturing as a performer" — may not have been so at all. And what it boiled down to was that as always with Bowie more than anyone else, I was itching with curiosity.

ALL THIS is of little concern to the 40,000 young New York State residents who packed Madison Square Garden two nights

■ *Continues over page*

Explore the depths of Lake...

Dip into the crystal clear
sound of Lake, who appeared
on last week's Whistle Test.
Lake come from Germany, but their muscular,
powerful sound goes far beyond the clichéd
limitations of 'kraut rock'.
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Lake II. On CBS Records

■ *From previous page*

running for the final dates of Bowie's American tour. Nobody I talked to wanted to play the parlour game.

"Oh, I read in the papers he's gonna do *Ziggy*", squealed one rosy Granola-fed girl, in from New Jersey with two equally, almost obscenely, healthy looking 17-year-old friends. The extent of fan adulation for all three ran to a regulation tour badge pinned to well-laundered trucking shirts. No wedges, nor glitter, nor Bowie bouffants, hardly even any make-up.

This was a long way from that hallowed Hammersmith Odeon gig when every second person you saw was a Ziggy/Ronson clone. The sea of space-age transexuality and bright young things that was once a Bowie audience is no more, if indeed it ever was in America.

Everybody seemed, well, normal: high school kids talking about what happened at so and so's party, who went off with who, how drunk they got . . . Those who dressed up did so self consciously: Halloween Jacks with ill-fitting baggies and fox-furred girlfriends hanging loosly on their arms.

IMAGINE THE inside of the UFO that descends in the final reels of *Close Encounters* hollowed out and fitted with banks upon banks of seats and you'll have a good idea of Madison Square Garden. It's vast, circular, and has no features by which to gauge perspective. This, creates a kind of spatial distortion that leaves you unsure how far away anything is.

My suspicion that I had not landed the choicest of vantage points was confirmed by the fact that many people near me came equipped with binoculars.

Bowie began in the lowest of possible keys, playing synthesiser or perhaps koto stage-right while Carlos Alomar stage-centre conducted the band through "Warszawa", with the house lights dimmed but not quite down. Bowie's presence on stage was so diminutive — and not just through distance — that it seemed a review of his L.A. gig claiming he acted as if he were doing the audience a favour just by being there might turn out to be true.

Indeed, his demeanour throughout was strictly casual. He sang and moved comfortably to the groove, but there were no harsh action dramatics, no Kabuki gestures nor any elaborate mime.

But that's not to say the theatrical elements were entirely gone. As the show proressed it became obvious that a carefully staged performance designed to cater to the demographic average Bowie fan was being presented.

The music, lighting, and the intensity of Bowie's stage projection was keyed to build nearly over two hours to fever pitch without resorting to any specially cooked up flamboyance. It worked, which can only be seen as a doff of the cap to to Bowie's tenacity.

The first hour was the province of "Low" and "Heroes", his avowedly conscious and uncaring rejection of the commercial avenues he opened up for himself with "Young Americans" and "Station To Station". The actual song "Heroes" seemed to find a space in the audience's collective attention span but the rest of the songs left them plainly restless.

"What In The World" (relieved of its recorded hurtling intensity and slowed to almost reggae roundness), "Be My Wife" (without Anthony Newley), "Blackout", "Weeping Walls", "Speed Of Life", "Breaking Glass" (punctuated by shards of white neon light) and "Beauty And The Beast" were all greated politely. But the applause seemed to be directed at the thin, fashionably-attired presence on stage for being there and being who he is rather than for his music.

The latter kind of applause was reserved for "Jean Genie", and especially the closing "Fame" with its sly mime enactments. Americans weaned on AM Bowie may never guess the irony involved in that song being his biggest hit and major reference point for them.

Of course, that's not Bowie's fault, and the cursory and thoughtless renderings of the "Low"/"Heroes" songs were, in retrospect, only to be expected. Apathy, after all, is never the best creative stimulus. The luckless Bowie sounded almost like he was aplogizing for playing the stuff as he meekly thanked us for listening and promised to come back after the interval with earlier material.

. . . Material for which the pretzel merchants graciously consented to stop parading up and down the aisles and the kids ceased guzzling pop-corn and proceeded to go predictably and yet somehow very tamely bonkers.

"Five Years", "Soul Love", "Hang On To Yourself", "Ziggy Stardust", "Suffragette City" — all performed fluidly and expertly with some interesting voice substitutions from Bowie but inevitably lacking the exaggerated moon-age manners of the Spiders. The latter being, for my money the one and only proper context for those songs, it was my turn to get restless.

Then, out of very left-field, came the evening's surprise: a medley of the Brecht-Weill "Moon Of Alabama" song from "Mahogany" and "Show Me The Way To The Old Whisky Bar", with Bowie using four different voices and the band spinning through Utopia-like section changes. The significance of it all escapes me.

Once this puzzling little sideways excursion was over it was straight back into the mainstream and up for the jugular with a triple treat of "Station To Station", "Stay" — wherein ex-Zappa alumni Adrian Belew proved his weight with one monster guitar solo — and "TVC 15."

After which Bowie, white towel slung over his shoulders, exited like a prizefighter.

The encore was "Rebel, Rebel".

There was no second encore, The house lights flashed and the audience instantly — to a man — stopped cheering. It was if they were electrically wired and someone pulled the plug. To the foreign observer, a very odd phenomenon.

THE ACOUSTICS at Madison Square Garden being only slightly better than those of a large empty bus station, it's difficult to assess the individual contributions of Bowie's new band members. But taken as a unit, they are far removed from the cold, fierce, mechaniod disco of the '76 "White Light" tour. As with Bowie himself, there is far less tension, much more ease.

The unfiltered white lights are still in use, but only sparingly, and cued to the music rather than as a counterpoint to Bowie's stage moves — which were themselves almost a soft shoe shuffle compared to the yanking body contortions of before.

It's almost as though he were trying to take the low (profile)/blackout theme to its logical conclusion by performing as an amorphous, shapeless, near non-entity, although his presence is too tangibly fascinating to allow him to effect his illusion completely.

Maybe by the time he comes to Britain he'll have worked out a way to grasp his collar with one hand, pass the other gently across his face, and promptly vanish.

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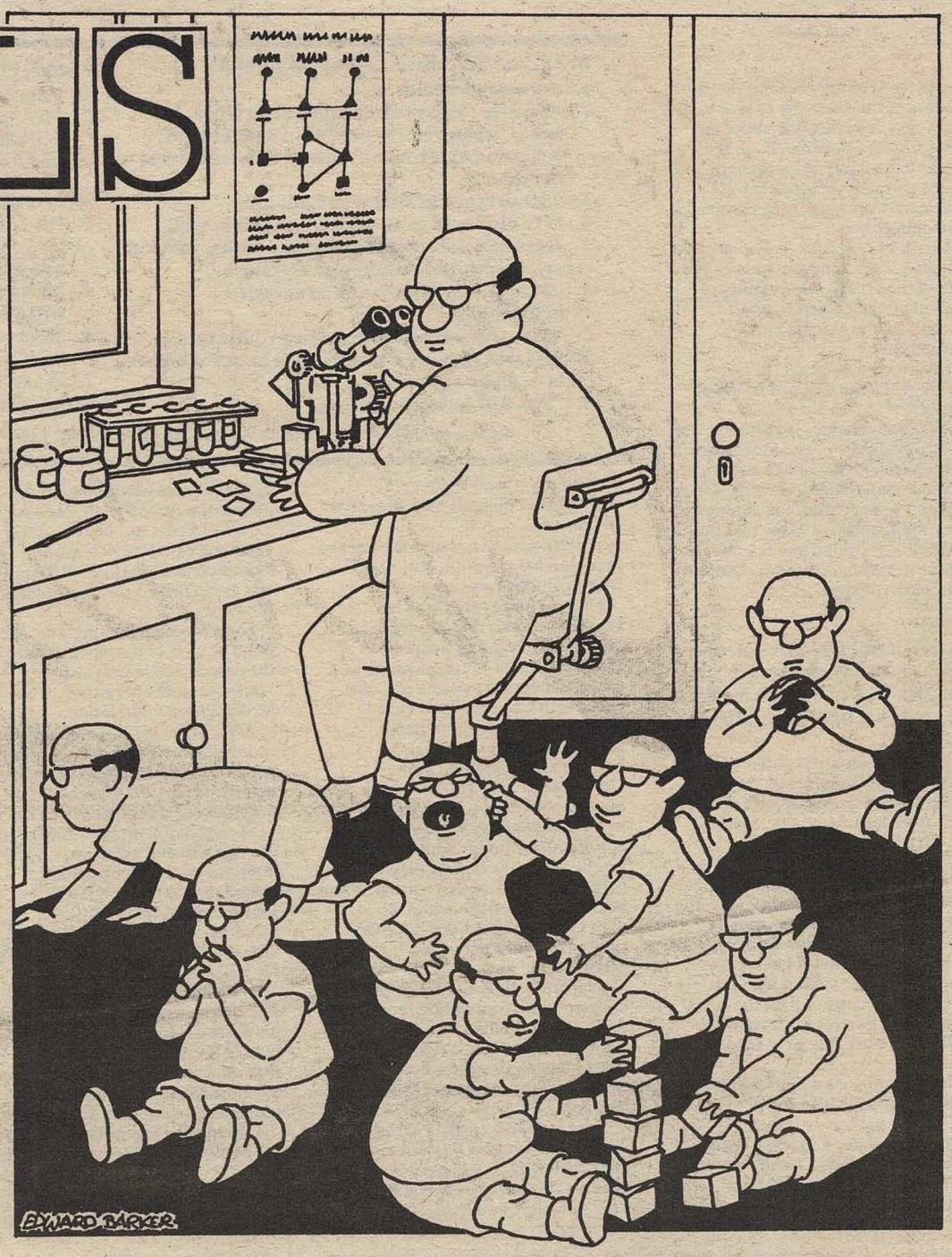

Illustration: EDWARD

FOR SOME WEEKS now the scientific world has been in an uproar over the publication of a book by science writer David M. Rorvik called *In His Image*, the story of the first human cloning.

Originally it was not due for release until June, but a lynx-eyed reporter spotted an advert for the book in a trade publication and before the day was out it was front page news.

Rorvik, in New York at the time on assignment for *Penthouse* magazine, was instantly beseiged by hundreds of reporters, who staked out his hotel until 5.30 the next morning — at which point Rorvik managed to flee to California, where he changed his phone number and went into hiding.

Despite the fact that the publishers label this book as non-fiction, no one is quite sure whether it is true or not, whether it's a hoax or a scientific breakthrough of the first order.

Rorvik has deliberately shielded the main participants in the experiment, which naturally has only added to the mystery. In the process Rorvik's stand has opened up the whole question of journalistic responsibility, plus a whole parcel of other complicated legal, ethical and moral issues.

In this article DICK TRACY explores the background to the book, and reveals Rorvik's connection with a controversial American millionaire who bears an amazing resemblance to Max, the man who had himself cloned in the book.

CLONING CAPERS

THE PLOT OF DAVID Rorvik's book is straight out of *Bionic Man* territory.

Rorvik, a scientific journalist of some standing, receives an unannounced call at his home on Flathead Lake, Montana, from a millionaire who asks whether the writer can arrange for him to be cloned.

Rorvik swallows this bizarre request, does some checking on the man, who he code-names Max, and eventually agrees to get involved in the project. He agonises over the moral and ethical implications of this decision, but goes ahead nevertheless.

Rorvik succeeds in finding a doctor, code-named Darwin, to perform the complicated operation and, in a medical clinic somewhere in the Third World, a clone of Max is produced and implanted in the womb of a local girl with a withered hand, code-named Sparrow.

The book claims that the resulting clonechild is now 16 months old and living happily with his mother.

The conditions under which Rorvik was allowed by the millionaire to write the book were strict and, he claims, meant that times, dates, places and details had to be changed.

Needless to say, a lot of people didn't believe him.

DAVID M. RORVIK, aged 34, had pretty impeccable credentials up to this point.

Having graduated from Columbia University's School of Journalism with the highest honours, he went on to become the first roving science and medical reporter for *Time* magazine, a job he held down for two years before going freelance.

In his career to date he has written eight books on various aspects of the frontiers of science, and has contributed articles to a wide range of major American magazines and newspapers, also winning a prestigious fellowship to investigate the politics of cancer.

This kind of solid background did not however save him from the critics; in many cases it inflamed them. Scientists involved in the controversial fields of gene research and embryology on both sides of the Atlantic dismissed the book out of hand as a hoax, claiming that the events described just weren't possible.

Many other critics found fault with the ethics behind publishing such a book as this as non-fiction. As the *Village Voice* pointed out, Lippincott — the US publishers, and an old respected firm — had, as a condition of taking on the book, foregone all *possibility* of checking out its claims to authenticity.

The article continued: "In recent times this has only happened once, with Clifford Irving's autobiography of Howard Hughes . . ." (Irving wound up with several years in prison after the book was discovered to be a fraud.)

Curiouser and curiouser. Reading Rorvik's book, you'd be

● *Continues next page*

CONTRARY to popular belief, Dick Tracy is not the pseudonym used for NME team efforts. Tracy is one man who works alone, albeit with occasional help from both inside and outside NME Central. The only journalist to unearth the covert activities of the Animal Liberation Front, the only journalist to present an alternative view of the Operation Julie acid purge, Dick Tracy now offers the most convincing theory to date about The Man Who Was Cloned. Another great Thrills exclusive.

WHAT IS CLONING?

CLONING, from the Greek word meaning 'twig' or 'cutting', is the process of producing identical organisms from the same body cell.

The earliest scientific experiments back in the early 1960s succeeded, by accident at first, in producing cloned carrots. Since then cloned frogs have been successfully produced. One Oxford scientist, Professor Bromhall, spent seven years trying to clone a rabbit but with no luck.

Rorvik's claims aside, no scientist has yet announced the successful cloning of a mammal.

The basic technique to produce a cloned frog involves taking an unfertilised egg and destroying the nucleus with ultraviolet radiation. This is then replaced with a body cell from a tadpole. If the surgery is successful, the egg will begin to divide and the resulting frog will be an exact duplicate of the cell donor.

This is possible, in frogs and humans alike, because all the information about our whole body structure is encoded in every single cell of our bodies, making it theoretically possible to produce a chip off the old block . . .

Nearly all the scientists working in this area seem to believe that it impossible to clone a human, but others believe that all the techniques exist — it's just a question of piecing them together.

If Rorvik's claims are true, the first human cloning is a major scientific breakthrough, possibly the most important ever.

BLACKMAIL CORNER

*ACHTUNG, pardners! Ve haff vays of makink you yip yippee aye aieee. From rambling roses to Ilsa, She-Wolf of the S.S. . . . **Blackmail Corner** reveals the hoedown 'n' saddle up antecedents of the painted princeling of punk Adam Ant.*

Yes, Annie Mae, these shots depict Mr Ant in his country 'n' western period, circa 1975 — or so claims photographer Lester Square, who sent the shots in. Judging by the garb of the guitarist on the far left, they do indeed date from Adam's days as a Slim Whitman clone.

Next week, Adam (that's him on the near left in the California sweat shirt as well as on the right) gets together with Jordan for a Wyatt Earp & Annie Oakley style liaison a deux. Adios, gringo!

THRILLS

● From previous page

hard pressed to fully believe the story. Because of the necessity to give away as few details as possible about the principal characters involved, they appear to be made of cardboard, and sport a seemingly endless list of bizarre motives for getting involved in the cloning caper.

Rorvik's book does, however, contain an excellent summary of the state of the art in a wide variety of fields of medical science, which strengthens the hammy plot considerably.

But is it true or false? Is David Rorvik really the Clifford Irving of Clones?

Searching for clues in the book was a frustrating task — and looking for grounds on which to make a rational decision on its validity even harder.

Then I noticed, nestling among the acknowledgments, a name that rang a loud bell in my mind and opened up strange new connections — Andrew R. L. McNaughton.

McNAUGHTON MAY not be very well known over here, but in America he is one of the most controversial figures in American medicine.

A larger-than-life reputed millionaire, he is currently the main backer behind a drug called Laetrile, made from apricot stones, which he and others claim is the cure for cancer.

The laetrile situation has led to a battle royal between, on one side, the cancer and medical establishment, who refuse to recognise the drug, and on the other, millions of desperate American cancer victims who buy large consignments of it on the black market or cross over the border to Mexico to get treatment in semi-legal clinics.

McNaughton has a kind of Howard Hughes charisma. The son of General G. L. McNaughton — the commander of the Canadian armed forces in World War II, and erstwhile President of the United Nations Security Council — Andrew McNaughton grew up in an environment of great men, research and money.

Widely educated, and a member of innumerable scientific institutes, McNaughton is also a rebel.

Even a cursory check on his activities reveals that he was once a gunrunner, shipping weapons to Israel and Cuba — for which he was made an honorary citizen of Cuba along with Che Guevara. During 1957-58, under the code name Esquimal (Eskimo to you), he became a double agent in the Castro-led revolt. He presented himself to Cuba's Batista government as a purchasing agent with good connections among Canadian arms producers, while doing everything he could to make sure that Castro, not Batista, received the weapons.

In Canada there were repeated rumours of links between McNaughton and the Mafia — which McNaughton does not deny. In the early days, his foundation received three gifts totalling 130,000 dollars from an alleged Mafia figure whose cancer-ridden sister was apparently kept alive for many years with laetrile.

Then in 1973 an article in the Canadian *Financial Post* attempted to link McNaughton and a company he once set up — International Biozymes Ltd. — with Joseph (Bayonne Joe) Zicarelli, who was imprisoned in 1971 at Trenton State Prison, New Jersey, on a 10-15 year rap on conviction for a gambling conspiracy. Zicarelli, identified as a "major mob figure", was also a principal share-holder in Biozyme.

Even more interesting from the point of view of the cloning book was the description in that article of the "purposes and operation" of the McNaughton Foundation:

"The McNaughton Foundation sponsors deserving research which promises breakthroughs in important new areas where sufficient professional acceptance does not yet exist to gain the support of the usual foundations and agencies . . . The attention of the McNaughton Foundation is focused upon transforming into reality new solutions to the problems of mankind, not on commercial developments per se."

In Rorvik's book Max is a millionaire with medical facilities at his disposal. Like McNaughton, Max lives in Southern California, is well-educated, late middle-aged — even bearded. The similarities seemed too neat to be dismissed.

I decided to find out more about the McNaughton/Rorvik connection.

I MET DAVID RORVIK at London's Brown's Hotel, its lobby decorated in plush mock-Edwardian style and peopled by a bizarre collection of foreign visitors straight out of the pages of Damon Runyan.

Rorvik turned out to be tall and gangly, immaculately dressed in expensive grey three-piece suit and shiny brown boots; pageboy haircut, aviator-style glasses and droopy moustache complete the picture of a guy obviously by now an old hand at dealing with the media.

Five floors up from the plush frontage he greeted me in a cluttered room the size of a postage stamp.

Our conversation was continually interrupted by phone calls from Norway and France — the book has so far been published in 15 countries. Then we had to break while we travelled in chauffeured style to Portland Place, where Rorvik did a quick radio interview.

It was only when we eventually got back to his room that I had a chance to get in my burning questions about McNaughton.

He was certainly surprised by them.

"Andrew McNaughton . . . I haven't been asked that question since I left the States."

He laughed a trifle nervously. "Let's see, when did I meet Andy? . . ." There was a 20-second pause while he did calculations in his head; maybe he was trying to think of a date that would tally with all the other stories he'd told to all the other newsmen searching for an angle. "It must have been 1975," he finally commented, "during my research on laetrile." So far so good.

I put it to him that there were a great many similarities between Max and McNaughton, and I read him out some of my research on the aims of the McNaughton Foundation. Finally, after some prevarication, I got an answer.

"I see what you're getting at — and of course other people have called McNaughton and said to him I see your name mentioned, but they didn't make the connection that you have.

"My answer is: pure coincidence. Over the years I've met several people who are Andrew McNaughton types, who have a lot of interest in what you might call unorthodox research and who make money available in some instances for this kind of thing. I agree there are some similarities, but there are also some dissimilarities."

But, I pointed out, that is only to be expected, as you claim to have changed dates, places, times and other details in the book. What exactly was McNaughton's role in the proceedings?

"His involvement was purely as a personal friend, as one who has been interested in genetic engineering. He found out after we met that I was working on this project, and expressed keen interest, and kept at me and kept at me — and finally I said, 'Well, look, you're so interested, why don't you act as my unofficial editor and read part of this book as we go along and make comments and suggestions if you like?'

"That was the base of it. He became so involved with it, did so much work, that I felt it only fair to mention him and give him some kind of acknowledgment — even though I recognised that by so doing, in a sense, I would possibly do myself harm in as much as he has become a very controversial figure, being associated with laetrile and so on."

Okay, but laetrile and cloning are both areas which exist on the

MAX, as described in Rorvik's book:-

1. **"A man of wealth."**
2. **"Said he could provide medical facilities, lab space, whatever was needed in a number of countries where he was conducting business at the time."**
3. **"Small ranch in Southern California."**
4. **"He displayed considerable erudition, with seemingly substantial grasps of politics, religion, economics, philosophy and literature."**
5. **"Max clearly saw himself as a rugged individualist."**
6. **"Max was interested in cloning whole forests."**
7. **"He was growing a beard which he described as 'a periodic aberration'."**
8. **"Aged 67 but still vigorous."**

McNAUGHTON, Rorvik's 'editor':—

1. **Reputedly a millionaire.**
2. **McNaughton Foundation has two factories and two clinics in Mexico and Europe.**
3. **Lives in Southern California.**
4. **His education included a 4-year classical course plus degrees in electrical engineering, geology and business administration.**
5. **McNaughton has a background of gunrunning and other maverick business pursuits.**
6. **McNaughton told *Thrills* he had "other ideas in the field of cloning".**
7. **Wears a beard.**
8. **Aged late 50s, early 60s.**

Additional research on the McNaughton connection: LEE TORREY (USA), JOHN TRUX (UK).

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unacceptable fringes of sciences, aren't they? And to find them linked so neatly in this way . . .

"Coincidence. Coincidence usually *is* interesting just by virtue of being a coincidence.

"He is interested in the subject — I don't deny that.

"He claims that he has no money, but I don't know whether that's true or not. As he says it I presume that it is true. Others say that he has millions salted away."

HAVING ESTABLISHED Rorvik's side of the story, the next step of the game was to talk to McNaughton direct.

After trying his office in California and his clinic in Mexico, I eventually tracked him down.

McNaughton professed himself delighted to speak to someone from his "old hometown", and confirmed that he had first met Rorvik in 1975. He went on to elaborate on the Rorvik relationship.

"My relationship with David Rorvik on that book was purely . . . I worked with him on his manuscript, kind of as a devil's advocate, reading it and making suggestions as to how the thing was going. I was not involved in any way in the actual operation of the cloning, but only as a friendly critic with David in the writing of the book."

I pointed out the similarities between him and Max, but his only comment was: "In the book Max is described as a millionaire — which certainly doesn't apply to me."

But what grounds were you given that made you believe the truth of the cloning story?

"I believed in Rorvik's story first of all because I have a high opinion of his integrity, and secondly because this problem of cloning is something I was very interested in and had studied deeply before I ever met David Rorvik. So that when he told me about his project it didn't come as a surprise."

He claimed to have been interested in cloning since 1970. Had his Foundation ever invested any money or research time into the subject?

"I wouldn't say that we have researched into cloning specifically, but I would say that some of the research that we've been involved in overlaps into the area of the problems of cloning. Obviously research into embryology has applications into the problems of cloning . . . They're all part of a broad area, and we are working in that general area.

What was his own opinion of the controversy aroused by the book?

"David and I had many discussions on that, and he was well aware that his cloned child is, of course, the first one in the history of the world. It's the first time that such a thing has taken place.

"Even Jesus Christ was not a clone, being a male born of a virgin mother. He would have had to be a female to be a true clone under those circumstances.

"So this is a first in history, and obviously touches very deep into the souls of many people. I expected that it would be an even bigger controversy than it apparently is."

You must have had some pretty good evidence to believe that the clone tale was true.

"I came to the conclusion that the book was true for three reasons, not necessarily in order of priority.

"First of all, I know David Rorvik very well and I know that he's quite a wealthy man from his real estate investments and he doesn't need to do this for the money.

"Secondly, having worked with him on the problems of the politics of cancer, I know that he's a man of high integrity. And he's written a large number of articles on the subject of the frontiers of science — and obviously, during the period of collaboration when I was assisting as a critic in the writing of the book, a lot of information came into my possession that isn't in the book.

"I don't feel that it would be proper for me to say to you what information helped me decide that this whole thing was true which isn't presently in the book, because if David chose not to put it in, I think I have to regard it as confidential." Shame.

"Lastly, I believe the book is true because my own study of the subject leads me to believe that it's very much talking about state of the art and very little, if any, is a big breakthrough. It's just a question of bringing all that experience together without having to solve any major scientific problems."

So do you know who the principal people involved are?

"I'm not aware of the identity of the principal people involved in the book, like Max and Sparrow and Darwin. I'm aware of other identities but not the principal ones."

But don't you think that in time the identities will leak out?

"My own feelings are that the Darwin identity will become known . . . Darwin will not be able to hold still from saying, 'I did it.'

"He will sit by and watch what David's book does and how the world accepts it. If they consider that what Darwin did was a big crime you'll never hear from him. But my impression is that the world is going to take a very different view and that, in a way, he will be a scientific hero. So under that situation I can't see him remaining ever incognito."

Finally, would you be cloned if you had the chance?

"Certainly. I'm not just answering off the top of my head. I have other ideas in the field of cloning which I'm discussing with David, but which I'm not prepared to discuss now. But you asked me a very limited direct question and the answer is in the affirmative."

THE McNAUGHTON / Rorvik connection is thus firmly established.

It remains to be seen, though, what the truth of the matter really is.

If Rorvik's story is a hoax, then what is his motive? He himself suggests one in the book — that he was so worried about the dangers of what one scientist has dubbed "fiddling in our genes" that he felt he had to alert the public in this dramatic fashion.

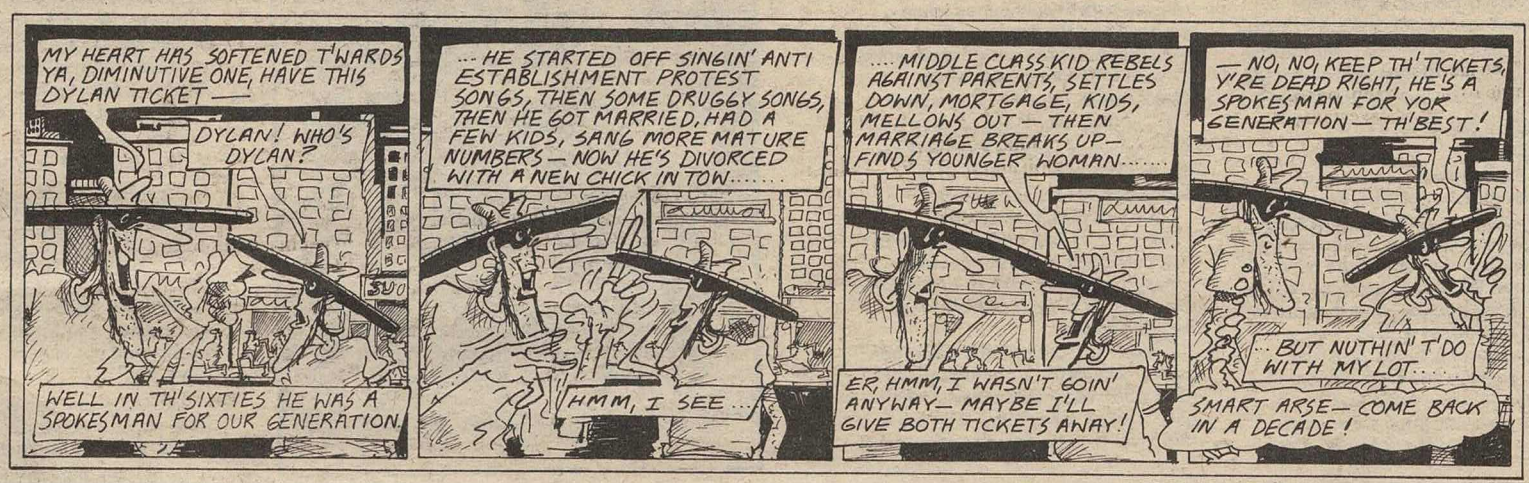
Even so, for Rorvik to put his ten-year reputation on the line in this way seems an extreme step to take. Rorvik will earn a great deal of money from this book, but then, according to McNaughton anyway, he's wealthy already.

McNaughton's involvement must be a key to a further understanding of what is going down here. It seems conceivable that either McNaughton *is* Max, or that he was the model for Max. Despite the smooth denials, it is quite possible that McNaughton either financed the whole thing, or helped to construct the hoax.

One thing is for sure. These are just the first links in what promises to be a long chain of circumstance.

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON


MY HEART HAS SOFTENED T'WARDS YA, DIMINUTIVE ONE, HAVE THIS DYLAN TICKET —
DYLAN! WHO'S DYLAN?
WELL IN TH'SIXTIES HE WAS A SPOKESMAN FOR OUR GENERATION.
... HE STARTED OFF SINGIN' ANTI ESTABLISHMENT PROTEST SONGS, THEN SOME DRUGGY SONGS, THEN HE GOT MARRIED, HAD A FEW KIDS, SANG MORE MATURE NUMBERS — NOW HE'S DIVORCED WITH A NEW CHICK IN TOW.....
HMM, I SEE ...
.... MIDDLE CLASS KID REBELS AGAINST PARENTS, SETTLES DOWN, MORTGAGE, KIDS, MELLOWS OUT — THEN MARRIAGE BREAKS UP — FINDS YOUNGER WOMAN.....
ER, HMM, I WASN'T GOIN' ANYWAY — MAYBE I'LL GIVE BOTH TICKETS AWAY!
— NO, NO, KEEP TH' TICKETS, Y'RE DEAD RIGHT, HE'S A SPOKESMAN FOR YOR GENERATION — TH'BEST!
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UK (L-R): Holdsworth, Bruford, Wetton and Jobson. All pix: ROB HALL.

HANKY IN THE U.K.

FOR THOSE who had extensive record collections in the early '70s, the names Bill Bruford, Allan Holdsworth, John Wetton and Eddie Jobson should bring back a few memories.

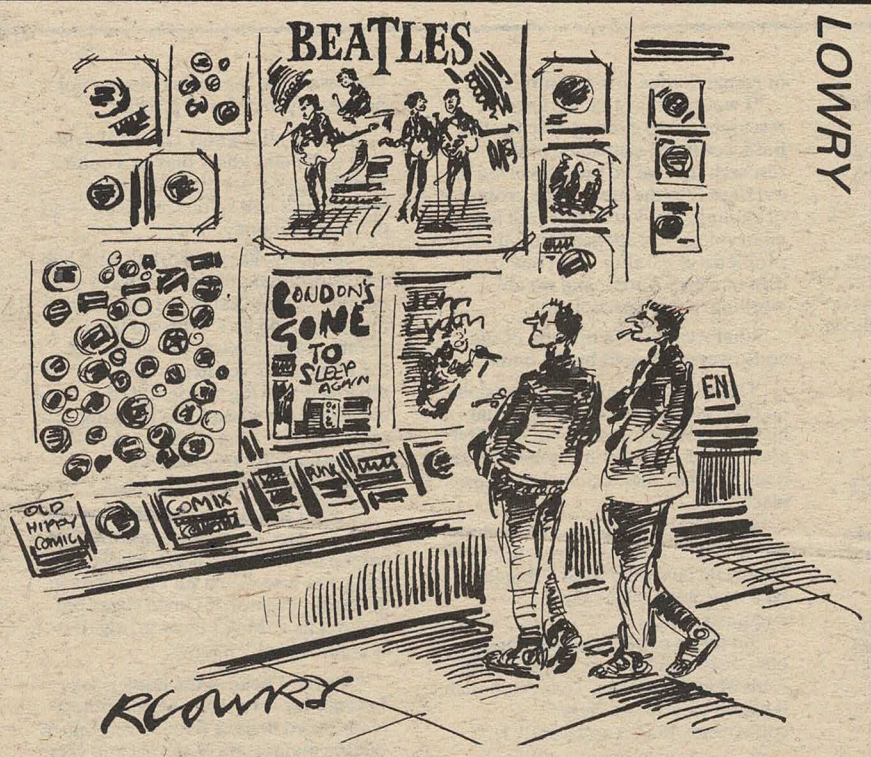
Bruford, apart from being a founder member of Yes, drummed with such latter-day outfits as King Crimson and Genesis — and he it was who first had the idea of the band UK with John Wetton a year ago. Wetton (bass/vocals) played with Bruford in King Crimson, as well as being a party, at various times, to Bryan Ferry, Family, and Uriah Heep.

Eddie Jobson (violin and keyboards), one-time stalwart of Curved Air and Roxy Music, was touring with Frank Zappa when Bruford and Wetton asked him to join their ranks. Three months later they formed UK, along with Allan Holdsworth, late of Soft Machine.

Inevitably, this endless list of past associates has already earned them the 'supergroup' tag, and all the added pressure that involves.

"It's a shame," says Eddie. "There's very bad associations with that particular tag. The previous supergroups have usually just bombed out. Most of them didn't come up with the goods."

"We're just a band like any other band," Bruford states emphatically, "but we're older musicians, and all have a lot of experience. The same thing will be happening in a few years — everyone will be ex-Sex Pistols, ex-Damned . . ."



"It looks as though the discredited gang of four have been reinstated by our cultural leaders."

Most of UK's music is written by Jobson and the lyrics by John Wetton, with no emphasis at all on one particular frontman. The advantage of working in a leaderless unit is supposedly that they all have the individual freedom to play the kind of music they are interested in—though when the band was formed, people tended to label it as being Bill's band. "It's supposed to be a democratic band — a corporate band," says Jobson. "Everyone theoretically has an equal say."

"Take a group like Chicago," says Wetton. "They have no leader as such. They all take turns to sing and be the spokesman. And what about The Rutles . . ."

So what do they hope to achieve with UK that hasn't already been done in their various past bands?

"For me," says Jobson, "it's the first time I've ever had any responsibility. I've been in quite a few bands, but most of them have had some sort of leader. In Curved Air, Sonja was definitely a centre figure. Roxy obviously turned into being Bryan's band. With Zappa there were the same restrictions as being in an orchestra: you were stretched technically, but at the same time you didn't have any freedom.

"It's the first time I've ever laid my cards on the table and said: 'This is how I play.' In the past I've always been able to say, 'He made me do it'."

How people are going to react to their music, after the effects of the Tidal Wave, will be very interesting. As Eddie says, "No one's been going around playing this sort of music for quite a few years."

The songs are long, complex, and mostly instrumental, and although each theme is carefully structured, there is still a lot of freedom for improvisation.

They involve as much sound-effect equipment as they demand enormous technical skill. John uses a moog foot-pedal keyboard to play harmonies with his bass guitar, Eddie has recently acquired an extremely flash custom-made perspex violin, and the Bruford drum kit has enlarged into racks of percussive ironmongery.

The name UK was especially chosen, apart from emphasising that they're an all-British band, because it was a symbol. It was nondescript, and it had no implications.

"We just hope people will come along and listen to the music, and not expect anything."

There are obvious echoes of their past influences in UK's music. It's very likely that the natural reaction of most, initially, will be to analyse the development of the individual members, before they'll be prepared to register any musical progression made as a band.

"King Crimson has been mentioned a lot," says Eddie. "It's not something you can avoid. Bill and John were two-thirds of King Crimson, so therefore we're bound to sound a little like them."

One thing's certain — of all the past heroes who've joined forces in the name of our glorious Motherland, few of them have displayed the unparallelled patriotism of this lot.

In the words of Eddie Jobson, "It's obvious that there's a big gap. Everyone's waiting for the next 'good music' English band to come along, and instead they're getting the new wave, which most of them don't want to know about.

"I realised my strength was in English music. One of the main reasons I came back to England was to form an English group, and play English music."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

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MAYHEM IN MAJORCA

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A TYPICAL DARTS GIG — it was just that things had a tendency to go over-the-top sooner than anticipated . . .

Like the rest of the Darts team, drummer John Dummer was travelling light. To expedite the change-over of acts, the organisers of the Annual Majorcan Song Festival (staged in Palma and televised completely live), had arranged for a house kit to be on hand for the use of. And, true to their word, it was. A bright shining silver job, with plenty of skins to slap and an array of cymbals to tickle.

Here's an action replay.

All cameras were on Darts as, towards the end of their impressive set, they swaggered into "Daddy Cool". Suddenly, without warning, the Spanish drummer with the Festival Orchestra (later quoted through a fat lip: "The Englishman ill-treated my cymbals!") began dragging said cymbals out of Dummer's striking distance.

A disconcerted Dummer bellowed: " 'Ere, leave 'orf" (or words to that effect), but, oblivious to a viewing audience estimated at 25 million (a video was transmitted to an even larger South American population two days later), the Spaniard refused to desist.

Enough was enough. And, the next time the drummer grabbed at the hardware, Dummer didn't wack the cymbal but, without dropping a beat, caught his tormentor with a sabre-like slash across the mouth with his hickory stick.

First blood to Darts, and the signal for the Spanish brass section to commence bombarding Dummer with seat cushions.

Thankfully, one horn-player was restrained from following through with his chair, but his cohorts were less passive. By now there was some fancy Real Madrid footwork going down on Dummer's spine.

Stage-centre, the demonic Den Hegarty achieved lift-off. Leaping over the flowered footlights and hurdling hell-for-leather over the first few rows of the black tie and corsage audience and growling "I'm mad," the bug-eyed Mr Bass Man tumbled into the motley assortment of Festival judges — stars of stage, screen and porn — and right into the lap of the near-hysterical wife of *The Untouchables'* Elliott Ness (Robert Stack). He then attempted to "befriend" the prima-donnaish seldom-seen-clothed *Emmanuelle* skinflicker Sylvia Kristel . . .

As Dummer continued to fend off his attackers, Kristel frantically fought off Hegarty.

Ole! The crowd was on its feet.

The house lights were on.

The camera crews irised-in on the impromptu action.

Back behind the footlights, the suave Bob Fish and the foxy Rita Ray were ploughing through "Make It" and Griff Fender was preparing to dash to Dummer's assistance. Hegarty was now diving into an ornamental floodlit waterfall.

Pandemonium erupted as Hegarty emerged, soaked to the skin, playfully flicking one wet sock at the front row. As a parting gesture, he drained the last remaining drops down the neck of one of the jabbering presenters.

Shocked, but far from silent, the capacity audience responded with a standing ovation punctuated with estatic cries of "Fantastico!!"

Like I said, a typical Darts gig!

Backstage, the fun was far from over. Four pistol-packin' mustachioed Federales had stationed themselves outside Darts' dressing room. Somehow, it wasn't clear whether their presence was supposed to protect Darts from the blood-lustin' Spanish orchestra, or to prevent the Stars Of The Evening rolling up their sleeves and settling the argument 'amicably' in the car park.

On second thoughts, nobody relished the prospect of an indefinite stay as the 'guests' of the local constabulary. So, with his usual tact and diplomacy, Darts' manager Bob England ("That's may name, not where I'm from!") placated a couple of Feds in mufti who flared their nostrils and mumbled on about assault charges being filed. As a result of such detente, the possibilities of Britain breaking off all diplomatic ties with Majorca or sending a gunboat were averted, and Darts given a police escort back to their digs.

The following day, Dummer, Den 'n' Darts were hailed as local heroes.

MUSICAL MALLORCA, as the event was sub-titled, is typical of innumerable tourist board-sanctioned cultural (!) knees-ups. Just make sure a small contingent of internationally-known performers is imported to detract from the sheer awfulness of the actual song contest, thus rendering the event palatable for home viewing, and there's reason aplenty for the local press to proclaim — and I quote — "Majorca is now the music capital of the world."

Oh really?

As the Eurovision Song Contest perennially proves, such events have tenuous links with the true reality of the music industry. You only had to take one glance at the three extremely rude-looking Spanish disco-chanteuses (Acuario) who won to realise what merits they were judged on.

As for the panel of judges —a herd of Euro-media celebrities and porn stars more concerned with transforming the shindig into a veritable orgy of self-glorification — the preening never ceased.

As one Spanish observer commented, "Since Franco's death, everyone is beautiful, everyone likes porno." Quite. So nightly at a local and dreadfully expensive disco, anyone bestowed with a famous face or body was the grateful recipient of either a decorative clock or a plaque, whilst a plethora of photographers hovered inches away capturing every posture, kiss-on-the-cheek, passing of hotel keys and dance floor jiggery-pokery.

Count Darts out. No way were they prepared to be seduced by such shallow trappings of success. Indeed, they went to great extremes not only to send up the whole embarrassing charade, but also to make their own entertainment just so long as it had been approved by the notorious Darts Committee — a fraternity whose direct lineage can be traced back to both the Bonzos and The Who as instigators of near-legendary acts of lunacy.

There's the tale of guitarist George Currie — a man who packs a mean screwdriver. And how, quite recently, Currie removed every nail, bolt and screw from his hotel room, with the result that when an unsuspecting chambermaid closed the door the entire room collapsed around her in true Hollywood disaster movie style.

This time around, Currie was a prime motivator in the newly discovered wheeze of Dunkin' Dagos. A simple participatory sport, played late at night, it involves emptying buckets and draws filled with water from the tenth floor of a hotel balcony on night-owls. The ultimate in gamesmanship is to claim the same victim twice. Currie was to achieve this distinction.

However, not all apres-gig activities are of such a cloak-and-dagger nature.

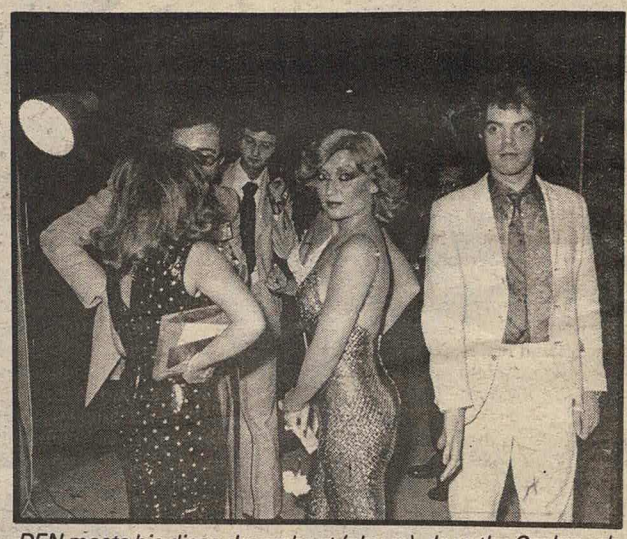
TAKE THE NIGHT when Darts descended upon the Broadway — a local flamenco-disco-porn parlour. The flamenco was off. The hard-core porn games flaccid. The real action ws to be found in the disco-cabaret.

Have you noticed how, on American TV music shows, it's become *de rigueur* for an entertainer's every gesture to be accompanied by persistent outbursts of uncontrollable applause and adulation? . . . Well, the minute the singer at the Broadway minced up to the mike and painfully began crooning "On A Clear Day" in pigeon-English, he was received by Darts with a tumultuous standing ovation from beginning to end — so much so that he became inaudible over the cheering. The Star left the stage dewy-eyed, and thoroughly overwhelmed by his reception.

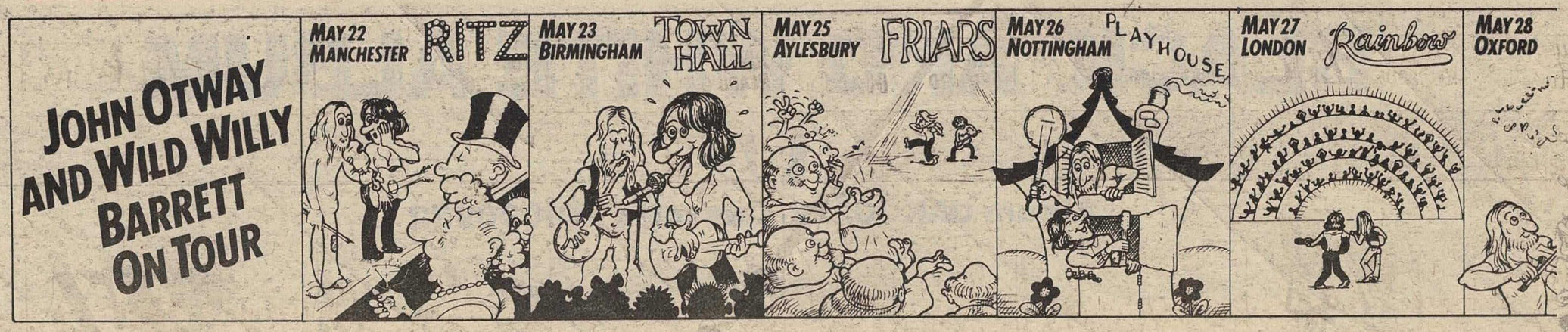
Suddenly, it was time to flex the old feet muscles.

And, come summer, the island could be shaking to the Cockroach (La Cucaracha). A new dance craze devised by Darts and given its Majorcan debut at the Broadway.

All that is required, is for the dancers to lay flat on their back and, with uncontrollable fervour, frantically shake all four limbs in time with the music; a terpsichorean breakthrough



DEN meets his disco dreamboat (above), does the Cockroach (below), inflates trousers (left).


JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT ON TOUR
MAY 22 MANCHESTER RITZ
MAY 23 BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL
MAY 25 AYLESBURY FRIARS
MAY 26 NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE
MAY 27 LONDON Rainbow
MAY 28 OXFORD

SHOWADDYWADDY (L-R): Bob Fish, John Dummer, Griff Fender, Rita Ray, Hammy Howell, George Currie, Horatio, Thump Thomson and Mad Den Hegarty.

that offers both salvation and dignity to those who've drunk themselves legless.

But then, as you must be aware, fancy footwork is as much a part of Darts' appeal as their music. However, when Darts go on the rampage, getting a relatively straight answer to any question often takes some doing. Isn't it a recorded fact that when our own Monty Smith interrogated Dummer on how they managed to coalesce their choreographed arrangements onto wax, he was informed: "We kept the dancing on the album to a bare minimum." End of interview.

Employ hit and run tactics and, in between gettin' 'em in, you might make some sense out of the wall-to-wall mayhem. For instance, bassmen Den Hegarty (voice) and Thump Thomson (string) both affirm that it's Dart's intention "to personalise doo wop in precisely the same way as The Rolling Stones did with R&B."

Says Thump, "There was no way the Stones could play the blues like their idol Jimmy Reed, but what they did have going for them was their enthusiasm and their ability to pick up on what was then an almost forgotten form of popular music, streamline it to suit their individual personalities, take it back to the States, and turn it into a huge success. So why can't we do it with doo wop?"

"Darts are Darts. We don't attempt to re-create the '50s . . . we're not part of anyone's nostalgia trip." The fact that it is impossible to distinguish Darts' own material from thse obscurities which they've resuscitated bodes well for their future.

When not writing material in anticipation of the first Euro-Smut Song Contest, yaketty sax man Horatio Hornblower expounds on how he sees Darts as possibly the tip of a very large musical iceberg. In much the same way as, in the '50s, the more sophisticated complexities of doo wop ran concurrent with the raw minimalism of rockabilly and eventually proved to have the most staying power, Horace reckons that today a similar parallel can be drawn between doo wop and punk.

"Doo wop," explains Horace, "is quite probably the only kind of music where you don't need a stack of expensive instruments to perform it — just voices — and therefore any bunch of kids can get together, like they did in the '50s, and form a good group and become successful."

This point was brought home quite recently when, after a gig in Liverpool, hundreds of fans gathered around the stage door and performed a note-perfect rendition of "Come Back My Love".

"All you need is four-part vocal harmonies, but you need the bass voice to give it that authentic sound," says Thump. "All that we're doing is writing material for four singers — with the emphasis on the bass — and a five-piece band."

As it transpires, Magnet was the only label in town prepared to accommodate such a large aggregation.

"Every other label turned us down," Thump reveals. "It had absolutely nothing to do with doo wop. They liked the music, just that they all felt that a nine-piece band would break up easier than three or four musicians.

"But haven't we proved that our collective strength is in our number?

"Sure, having hit singles has given Darts amazing confidence, but that's just a bonus. What's happened is that we're now getting paid to do something we're all been doing together for fun and no profit for ages — and we didn't break up then.

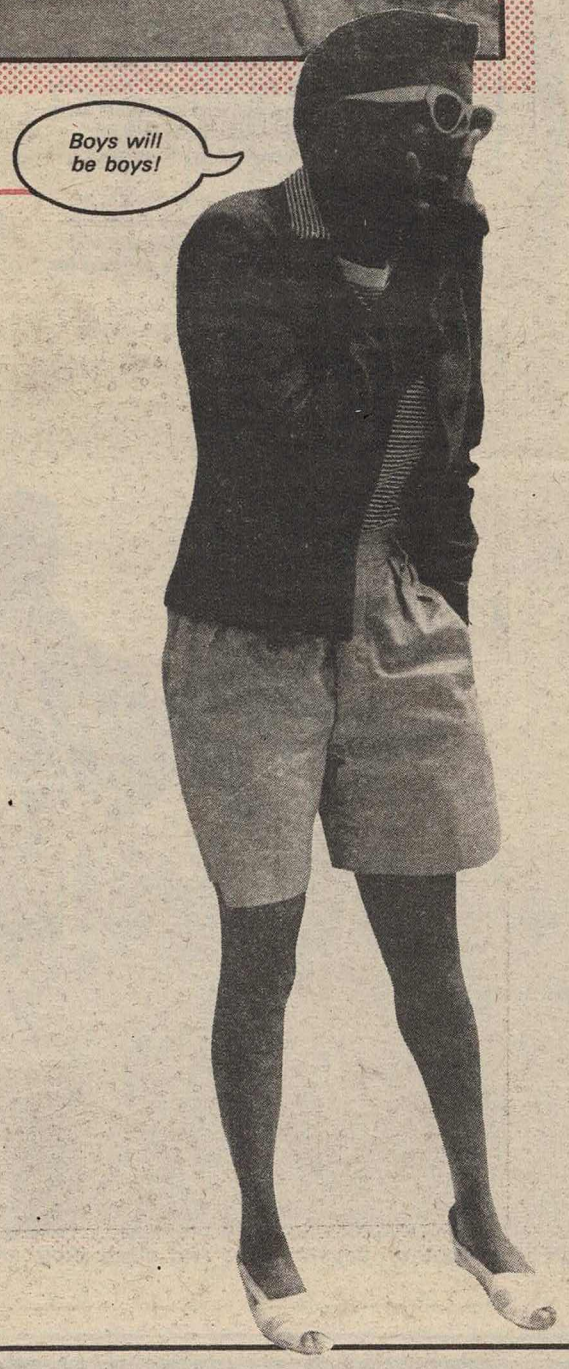
"Can you tell me of any other band where everyone gets up in the morning and looks forward to spending the rest of the day together?"

As most flights out of Majorca seem to leave at dusk, the last thing that most visitors recollect in a beautiful Mediterranean sunset. For me, it was a full moon at midday!

As my cab sped away from the hotel en route for the airport, Darts turned their backs and, as a farewell gesture, dropped their strides to half-mast.

"Oh, los Darts", the cab driver muttered casually to himself.

News travels fast. But then, the band that moons together, stays together.



JET GOES HUNGRY IN SWEDEN

THE STRANGLERS last week cut short their Scandinavian tour after failing to see eye-to-eye with local hotel staff, having hassles with promoters, and once again running foul of the Regeri — Sweden's answer to Hell's Angels.

At one point Jean Jacques Burnel was so frustrated with the inability of an Oslo hotel to provide him with a meal that he pulled down his jeans and flashed his bum at a not terribly amused receptionist.

Police were called in, but Burnel, hiding beneath a bed in Jet Black's room *(The bounder —Ed)*, avoided arrest, and the group made it to the following night's gig in Oorebro, where it was Black's turn to ruffle the feathers of the local rozzers.

Arrangements had been made, claims Jet, to provide the band with a hot meal on their return from the gig. Arriving at the restaurant, however, the drummer was informed that, prior arrangements or not, The Stranglers were not getting any eats there.

At which point Jet — who, hours earlier, had already expressed his opinion of the hotel's food by sending a meal back to the chef — lost his cool and hurled a table through a plate glass window.

The table was followed by a chair.

After which a hungry Black returned to his room.

The management called a policeman, who Black promptly told to "fuck off". According to Jet, he did so.

Still famished, The Stranglers split for Stockholm, from where they flew to London, cancelling the remaining two dates of the tour.

During the group's last visit to Sweden, several hundred of the Regeri had caused considerable damage to the group's equipment. As a result, The Stranglers' contract this time stipulated tighter security measures — which, says Jet, were largely ignored.

And the Regeri once again launched an attack on The Stranglers, 40 or more of them damaging the group's mini-bus.

Said Jet: "Visiting rock bands are the only thing that livens Sweden up, and should be treated like royalty. Instead they treat you in a downright inhuman and insensitive way."

All quiet on the Eastern front?

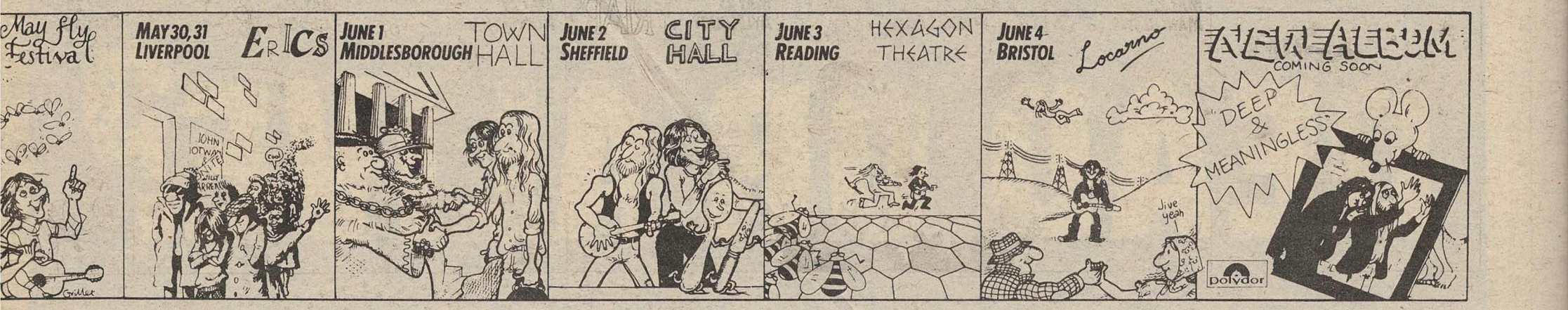
STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

that he had had a few drinks and as he passed the public house he picked up a stone and threw it at the pub sign. When he heard the sound of breaking glass he panicked and ran.

THE sound of music—pop music—can lead to the sounds of violence like breaking glass, the shouts of gang warfare and the screams of hoodlums victims.

The Watford Observer and Sutton Herald get hip, courtesy of T. Logue and Tim.



TANGERINE DREAM'S GREY DAYS

COMMERCIALLY, Tangerine Dream may be comfortably successful, but creatively they are static, and perhaps not a little desperate. Cynically speaking, it's also true that their days of being fashionable are gone, whilst those who have absorbed aspects of peak-Dream formula — the Enos, Bowies, Summers — have attracted both intense commercial acclaim and the approval of the critics.

Simply, the Dream have been trapped by their inability to adapt to a cruel fame that was thrust upon them rapidly and unexpectedly.

Around the time of "Atem" and "Phaedra" they had developed into an attractive unit, reasonably radical and experimental. Since their murky birth in Germany in the late '60s they had systematically distilled most of the orthodox constituents out of their music and had begun to concentrate on textures, expanding many of the ideas of the obscure electronic experimentalists of the '50s and '60s.

This was a very accessible and promising area; by the early '70s they had shaken off the loose ideals of childish Anglo-American psychedelia, and were creating soft, inquisitive, transcendent melodies that stretched and teased any willing imagination.

Much of the music was half-formulated, but Dream seemed to be striding a worthwhile path.

They were marketed as a rock band. John Peel had heard their early German imports, and broadcast them with genuine enthusiasm. Virgin Records, intrigued by "krautrock", signed them.

Dream's appeal turned out to be oddly far-reaching. Their music was cosmic for the doped, different and new for the hip, and nice and easy for those approaching thirty.

"Phaedra," their first Virgin album, leapt dramatically into the charts — a perverse and premature success which sealed their fate. Their sense of adventure seemed to be destroyed by the discovery of a winning formula.

This is perhaps a cruel generalisation to make, not least because Dream's general Edgar Froese is a concerned and conscientious musician, but it's hard to deny that since "Phaedra" there has been minimal change. Froese has become so obsessed with the technical procedure involved in producing the noise that he seems to have lost touch with the end product. The technology has obliterated the art.

Froese, of course, will deny this. For him, the technology IS the art: the vast, linked, constantly improved electronic equipment Dream use is unique — and, for him, that is enough.

"We never do anything just for success," he says. "We could do all the Donna Summer things, and make a lot of money. But what do you do in the end? If you're interested in being rich, the record industry is very much part of the world's commercial activity, and it's very easy to be successful by doing your own thing, without compromise."

Really?

Inquire as to why experimentation seems minimal these days and he merely says, "It's a very hard decision."

It appears that we just have to accommodate his blind faith in the equipment at the expense of most else.

"No-one can assimilate our procedure, the preparing and tuning of instruments . . . how to explain the programming? And anyway" — he shrugs his shoulders with a sad smile — "the audience are always enthusiastic."

Precisely. Creative impulses aren't encouraged when a group are constantly faced with such apparently indiscriminating audiences.

The changes Tangerine Dream *have* made lately seem somehow desperate and harmful. Peter Baumann left some months ago, after long discussions, although Froese insists that "it doesn't mean that we won't get back together again."

Baumann tended to supply the melodic aspect, threading with Chris Franke's basic pulse rigidity and Froese's elaborations. Losing such a necessary ingredient at a time when creativity was largely static could have provided the impetus required to establish new routes and styles. But unfortunately the upheaval had a derogatory effect.

Two new musicians of fairly orthodox talents were introduced: Steve Joliffe (keyboards, flute, voice) and Klaus Klinger (percussion — predominantly a drum kit). Drums and voice obviously meant a whole new dimension, but this dimension has proved as reactionary as it appears on paper. Froese has not bothered to incorporate the different instruments in a telling, combative manner.

Tangerine Dream today sound much the same as they have for the last five or six years. They have doubled back on themselves.

Froese, though, still seems to live in his own little world. "Success can kill a band," he admits, "but we have avoided the straitjacket."

I find it hard to believe he genuinely feels this.

He will, however, admit that he doesn't experiment as much as he likes, and his real attitude toward the vast audience he "enjoys" is revealed when I ask him whether it's more fulfilling to experiment a lot and be obscure, or experiment minutely and reach many people.

His eyes light up. "There are tapes in Berlin that are the best thing we've done, but to release those tapes . . . the records will not sell . . . the large audience is not ready — not stupid, but not ready."

Release, Froese! But those tapes will not be released because right now Tangerine Dream are trapped in the business machine.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

EDGAR FROESE reflects on days of hope and dissipation, and wonders why the photographer's hiding behind a pillar.

DEAD OR ALIVE?

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NEWCASTLE COUNCIL PUTS THE BOOT IN

JUST A COUPLE of weeks ago *Thrills* was reporting on the violence at gigs in Newcastle. Well, the boot has gone in again on Geordie rock, but this time the council are the culprits.

One of the city's medium sized gigs has effectively closed its doors to rock music. The Guildhall, owned and let by the City Council, is no longer considered suitable for 'certain types of promotion'. Promoters who until recently had been providing an average of a gig a week, are left in no doubt as to what those 'certain types of promotion' are.

The council's objections revolve around alleged damage occurring at various gigs earlier this year. The promoter concerned, Les Wake, has contended the council's assessment of the damage, claiming that it was in fact minimal. This claim is backed by the caretaker of the hall. Apparently the damage report was elaborated upon on its way to the council.

The council have also conveniently forgotten that liability for damage at the venue lies with the promoter. Les Wake always covered his relatively insignificant damage bill.

More sinister overtones come to light in a closer examination of the council's attitude. Their statement mentioned the venue attracting 'certain undesirable elements' — i.e. punters — who were 'grossly irresponsible'. They did however say that any 'responsible body' could promote gigs.

What constitutes a 'responsible body' is not clear. Rock Against Racism clearly don't. They have been refused the use of the gig.

The net result is no rock at the Guildhall and the loss of a precious facility in Newcastle. What can be done? Well, that will be discussed at the next meeting of the Newcastle rock co-operative 'Rockface' on Saturday, June 20. It's open to all and it starts around 11.30 in the Cooperage. See you there.

TOM NOBLE

THRILLS

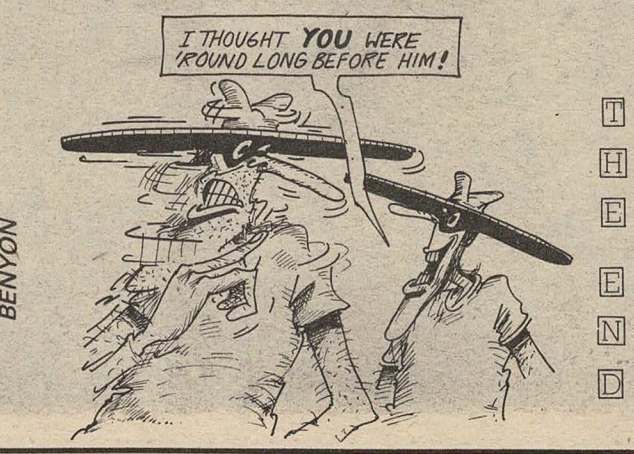
THE RERUNS on Saturday morning TV of *The Lone Ranger*, that masked man with the light blue rig and a hearty hi-ho Silver, coincide with news that Clayton Moore, the man behind the mask in those TV shows of the early '50s, is having a hard time.

Moore is currently sueing Wrather Corporation, who own all rights to the show, for $30 million, claiming that he has been "wrongfully deprived" of his earnings, and exploited — which includes the use of his "likeness, voice and actual phtotographs and movie clips". He also claims that he hasn't been able to work since the show stopped in 1956.

***The Lone Ranger* began life as a Republic series back in the 1930s. Since then the character has been used in novels, comics, radio serials and cartoons. Wrather, who bought the *Ranger* rights in 1954, are currently planning a major feature film in conjunction with Sir Lew Grade's entertainment octopus, ITC Entertainment.**

Moore is alone in his fight. His horse Silver died last year aged 29, while Jay Silverheels, the faithful Tonto, suffered a stroke several years ago and is now reported to be partially disabled.

DICK TRACY



THE ONLY ONES/AN ALBUM

Fig 1

Laughing

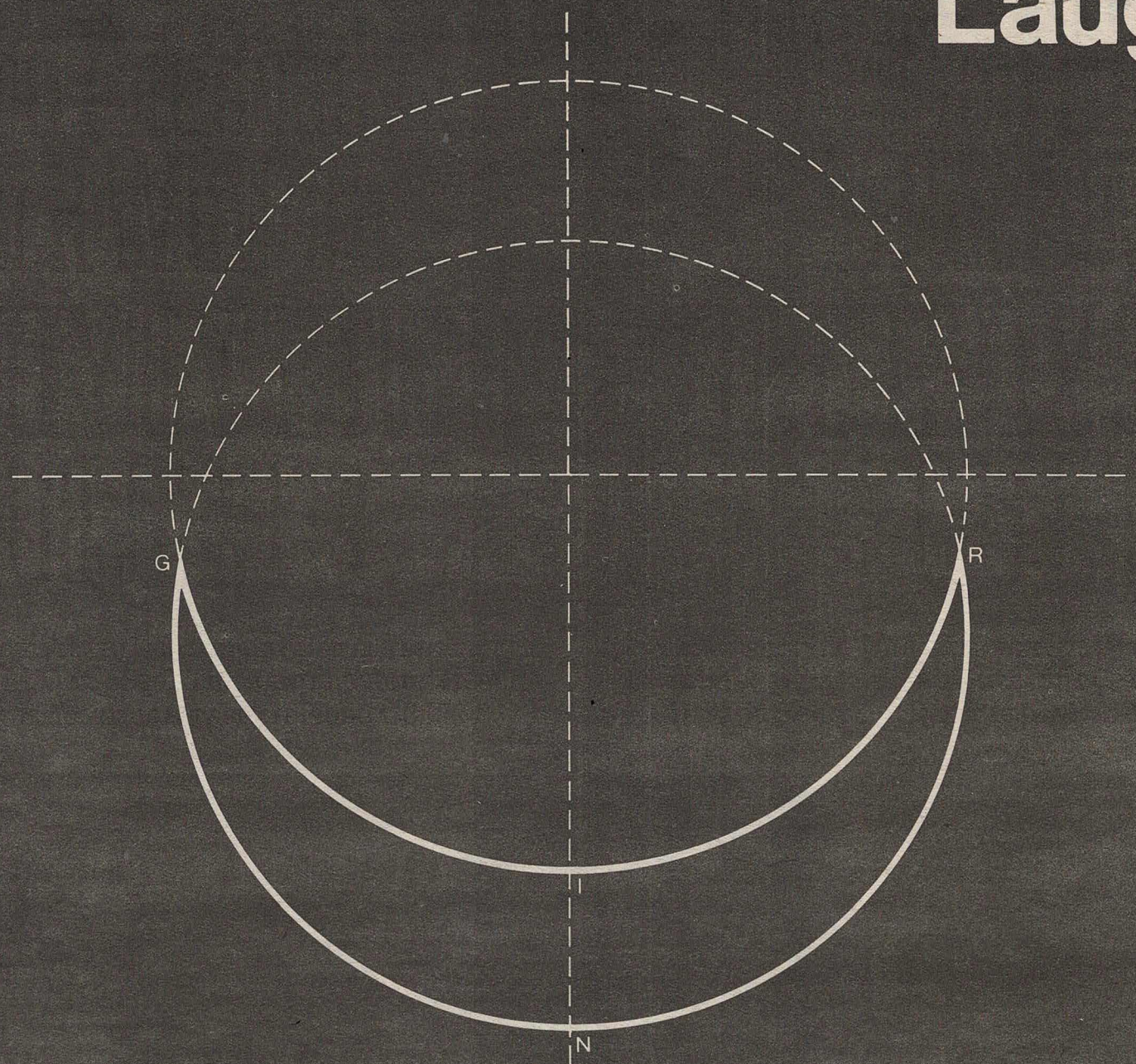
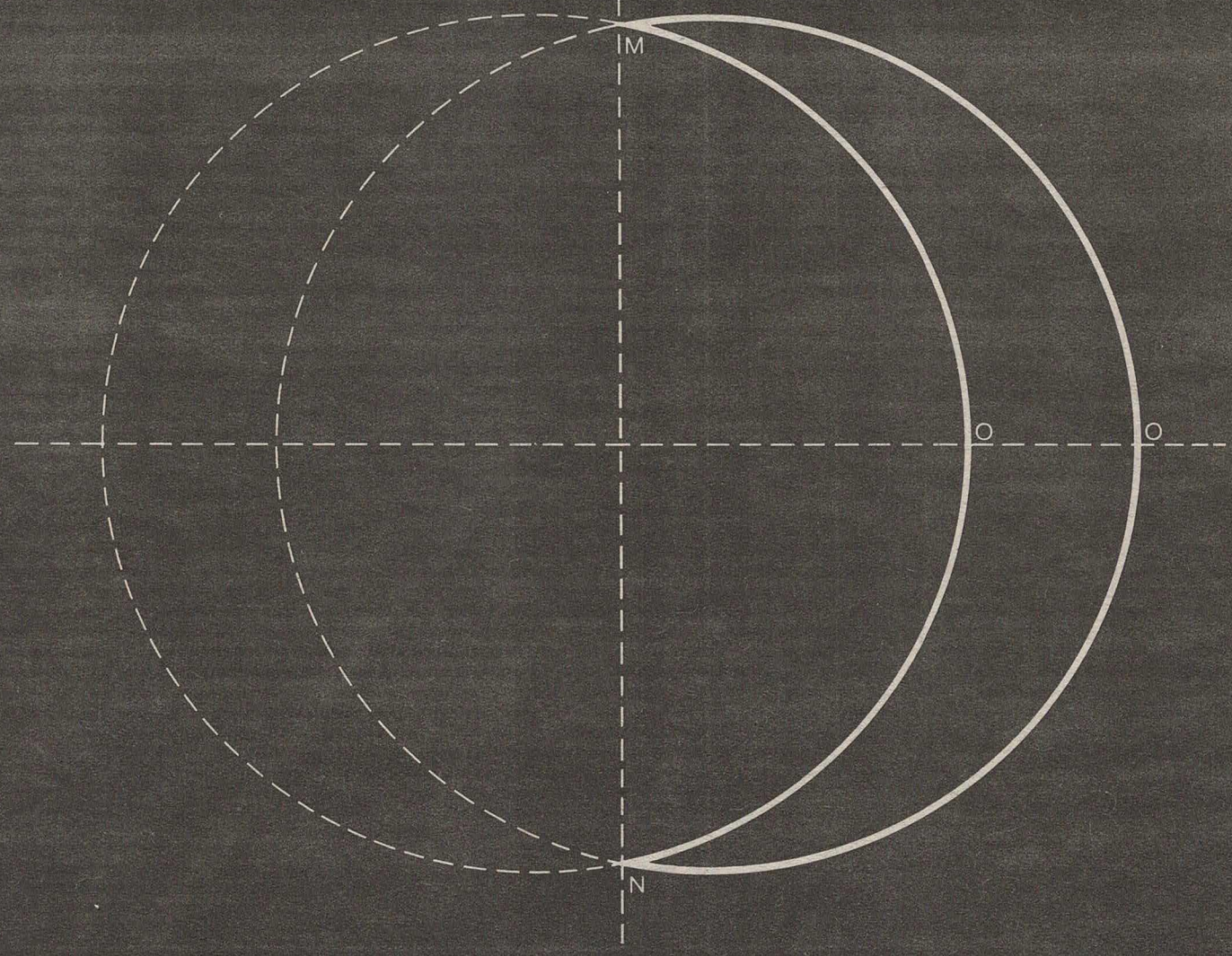


Fig 2

In the Dark



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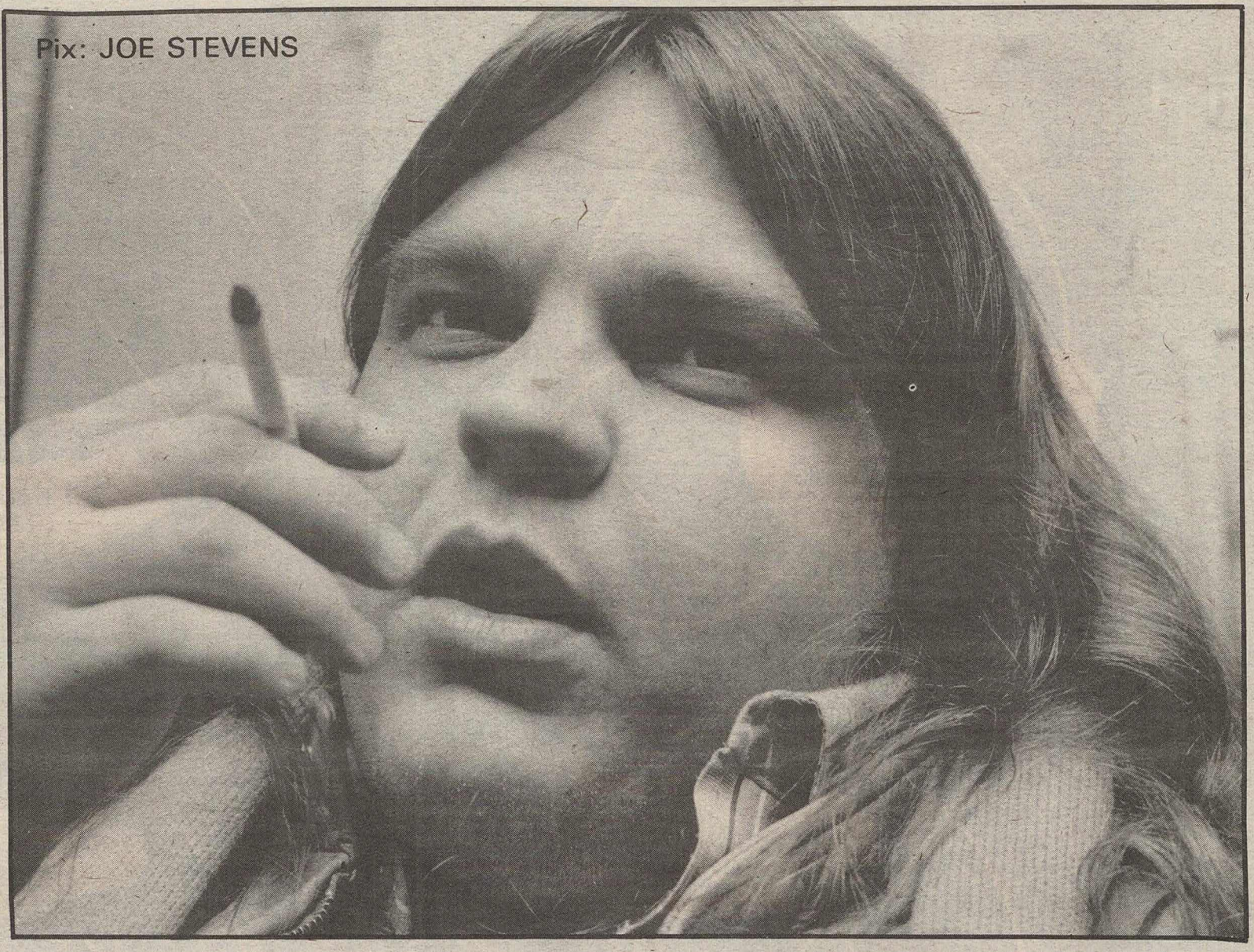


NEW HOPE FOR THE HEAVIER MAN

CLIFF WHITE, who thought he had a weight problem, suddenly feels emaciated. Thanks to Slender? No way. Thanks to MEAT LOAF. Say it loud, I'm fat and I'm proud . . .

MOST WOMEN go for slim fellas. Boyish bums and ironing-board bellies are the stock-in-trade of the stud; fat is decidedly uncool.

As someone who is currently over-endowed in both departments, and who, not to be coy about it, sends the dials of weighing machines spinning violently round close to the 200 lb mark, I don't need the evidence of an inordinate number of lithe pop stars to prove to me the unfortunate truth of the matter.

So it has been with more than passing interest that I've noted the sudden burst of popularity accorded one Marvin Lee Aday, otherwise known as Meat Loaf. Especially when, on arrival in America, I was informed by several desirable young ladies that he sure is sexy.

That's the kind of news I can stand to hear any day of the week, for if this chunky hulk is warming the nether regions of American nubility there's hope for all of us.

Meat Loaf's charm, if charm be the appropriate word, is that his personality is every bit as large as his physique (which actually isn't enormous; I'd guess about six feet tall and around 250 lbs), bolstered with a generous helping of self-confidence in whatever he chooses to do.

He's not the overbearingly conceited kind, though. His is more the calm assurance of someone who isn't hurt by anybody else's opinions so long as *he* is satisfied with his efforts.

He also seems to be well attuned to the ridiculous side of life, particularly all aspects of the entertainment industry (and you can't get much more ridiculous than that), which always helps to preserve the sanity and maintain a person's personable persona.

The only hint of an Achilles' heel came when he claimed to look like Elvis Presley; hadn't I noticed the resemblance? Funnily enough I hadn't. But even that was a throwaway remark after he'd just named Elvis and Janis Joplin as the only two singers who'd ever had any real affect on him — and for all I know he might have been testing my credulity.

I first met Meat Loaf . . . oh, by the way, he's been called Meat Loaf since he was a kid, it's not a recent affectation . . . I first met him backstage at a gig. Theoretically I was to interview him before the show but, come the appointed time, he advised me to get stuck into the food on offer while he psyched himself up to talk to me.

Naturally, when I did finally get into conversation, the first thing I wanted to know was what this psyching-up nonsense was all about. Ask a simple enough question; get a disarmingly honest reply.

"I just didn't feel like talking to you then, that's all. Now I'm in the mood you can ask whatever you want; I'll probably give you 12 answers to every question."

Yeah, that was about the size of it too. Once we got started I didn't so much fire questions at him as occasionally interrupt and redirect the more than ample flow of pertinent monologue. The problem now is not scraping up the seeds of an article from barren ground but honing down an abundance of facts and opinions and anecdotes into usable snippets.

As a taster, let's take it from the top; tune in to a snatch of early history.

"I was a hothead kid and always wound up getting into fist fights; that and football. I played football all the time until I got hurt. When that happened I started hanging about with musicians in Los Angeles. I couldn't do anything else . . . except numbers, I'm really good with numbers, maths, you know, but that's only a hobby and anyway I didn't want to work from nine to five . . . so we put a band together and wound up in Saginaw, Michigan.

"That's where I cut my first record. I don't even remember the name of the label, a pink label, that's all I remember. Can't think of the song titles either. But I'll tell ya, the group was called Popcorn Blizzard and one of the songs started, *'I woke up feeling yesterday, took a breath and blew my mind away';* it was one of those typical 1967 records.

"We had 3,000 copies pressed up, stuck the labels on, released it ourselves and distributed it ourselves within a radius of about 400 miles. They sold out so we pressed 2,000 more and sold all those too. And so far I've made more money off that record than anything else I've done. I made about 900 dollars off that; haven't seen anything close to that since.

"So there I was living in the woods in a three-storey house on about 90 acres of land with a rock'n'roll band. That was the 'in' thing to do back then. I hated it. I was going crazy out there in the woods.

"Eventually I couldn't stand it any longer so I went back to L.A. I was really broke so that's how come I wound up doing *Hair*; it kept me around rock'n'roll musicians."

Hair? Rock'n' roll musicians? I think we have a definition problem about here.

"Oh no, you're wrong. *Hair* wasn't rock'n'roll but a lot of the musicians involved in those kind of productions were. For instance, I went with *Hair* to Detroit and in the band there were guys like Dennis Coffey on guitar, Bob Babbit on bass . . . several other great players too. So I'd sing a lot of rock'n'roll with these people in bars after hours. It was through Dennis that I got with Motown."

TIME TO skip a lot of the biography. The important drift is that Meat Loaf's career didn't pan out in regular fashion. Instead of ploughing through the usual small-time music layers to reach his present level of success, he side-stepped into a different field of entertainment until he could get exactly what he wanted.

After recording and performing with a partner as Stoney And Meat Loaf for Motown's Rare Earth subsidiary (including the hit "What You See Is What You Get" in 1971), his only other venture onto record before the current "Bat Out Of Hell" album was as guest singer on a Ted Nugent release. Meanwhile, he was appearing in stage productions as diverse as *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and Shakespeare plays.

"My original dream was to make a record, so I did one album that I didn't like just for the chance to record. But then I thought, that's it, I'm not doing that any more. That's why I went into the theatre. 'Cause I hate bars; I didn't want to be stuck in a bar band and go sing Top 40 material. To me that's as bad as selling out.

"Instead, why not do something that lets your mind be creative? I did Shakespeare. Now I come from nowhere but the streets and I'd never read Shakespeare until I acted it, and people had told me it was so difficult. But to me it was the easiest thing in the world to understand, because he was coming from the same level. It's just that it's written old-fashioned.

"I'll guarantee ya that old Bill Shakespeare would have loved the name Meat Loaf 'cause the names in his plays are out there, man, far out there. And those were some of the biggest kicks I ever had, doing Shakespeare.

"And all the different Broadway type shows I did, they enabled me to rent studios at three o'clock in the morning and bring in my musician friends to try out stuff. Every penny I ever made, apart from living expenses, went back into trying something else — I've always been working towards something.

"So when the 'Bat Out Of Hell' album finally came out and I put it on the record player *and I liked it,* I considered myself a success. That's all I needed. Then everybody started talking to me about one million sales, whatever. I told 'em great, go do your thing. You wanna sell records? Fine."

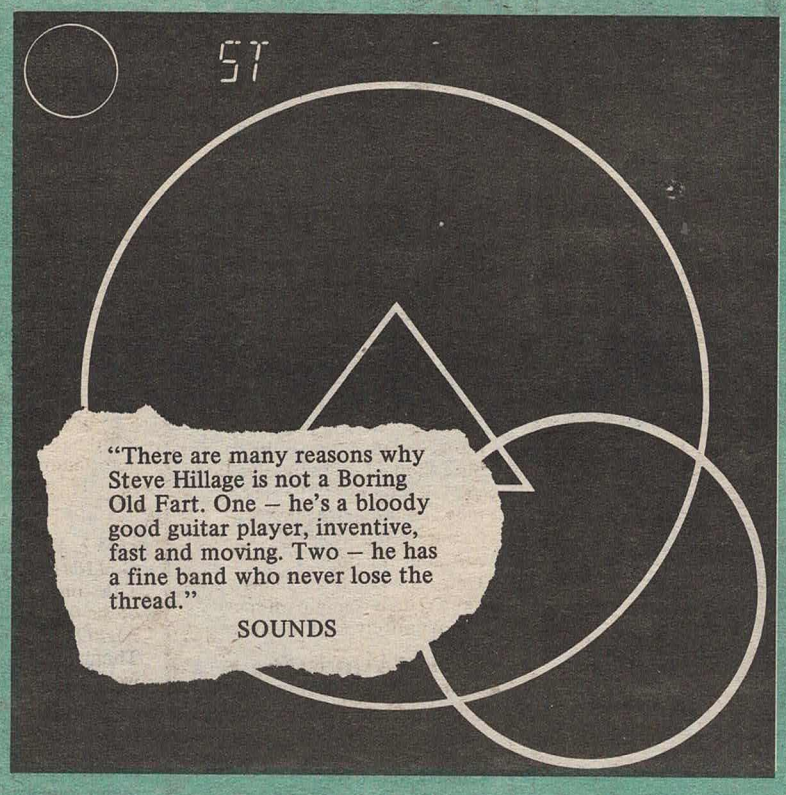
Hold hard, we seem to have dropped a little too much of the Meat out of this chronological sandwich. No doubt you'll be wanting to know a bit about the album itself, how it came about, what it is about and similar. Spare me at least 45 minutes and several pages of *NME* and I'd be happy to tell you in the man's own words; as it is you'll just have to snack off of my summary.

While adding his girth and mirth to *The National Lampoon Show* Meat Loaf ran into Jim Steinman, composer/arranger of all songs on the 'Bat' album and keyboard player in the current stage show. Meat Loaf thought that Steinman's songs were ace; the two guys got on well together; their ideas of how the material should be presented coincided; the seeds of the partnership were sown.

The four songs on side one of the album are actually part of a far grander project; would you believe "a futuristic movie version of Peter Pan called *Neverland,* in which Meat Loaf will play the part of Tinker Bell? You better believe it, it's already written and only awaiting a green light in the form of the necessary cash and the guarantee that everything will proceed exactly the way the pair have planned.

If that sounds unduly optimistic, well, it's only the same attitude they

■ *Continues page 58*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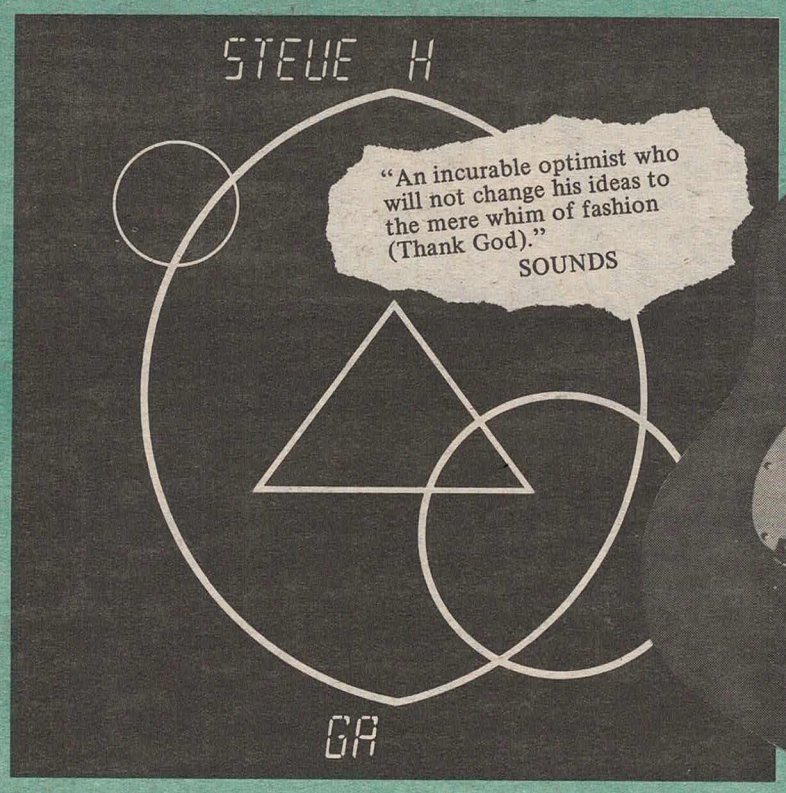
"There are many reasons why Steve Hillage is not a Boring Old Fart. One – he's a bloody good guitar player, inventive, fast and moving. Two – he has a fine band who never lose the thread."
SOUNDS



STEUE HILLAGE

THE TOUR

18	POOLE	ARTS CENTRE, WESSEX HALL	23/24	LIVERPOOL	ERIC'S
19	SWINDON	BRUNEL ROOMS	25	OXFORD	POLYTECHNIC
20	READING	HEXAGON SUITE	26	DUNSTABLE	CIVIC
21	CROYDON	GREYHOUND	27	GUILDFORD	SURREY UNIVERSITY
22	BIRMINGHAM	MAYFAIR BALLROOM	28	LONDON	LYCEUM BALLROOM

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

NATIONAL HEALTH

SINGLES

AS SPRING finally tippitoes over the horizon, the record biz gets a touch of the peculiars and forgets to include its normal quota of half-a-dozen exciting records among the regular batch of 50 or 60 fair - to - middling - to - gorblimey releases. Therefore, let us kneel and thank Jah (I think that's the correct terminology) for a reissue of:

CULTURE: Two Sevens Clash (Lightning). Messrs Reel and Spencer are best equipped to regale you with learned discourse about the social significance of this record; all I can offer is that it sounds great. If I was to delve any deeper I'd be bound to observe that Marcus Garvey's prophesy about 1977 proved to be a lot further short of accurate than is admitted by Culture. However, ignore for a moment the whys and wherefores; just listen to the seductive rhythm, mellow harmonies, keen lead vocal and excellent production. Then flip it over and enjoy an equally attractive love song, "I'm Not Ashamed." By rights, Lightning should see bigger returns from this than they won from "Up Town Top Ranking" but somehow I don't think the radio programmers of Britain will allow it. How much longer are you lot gonna sit on your backsides and be limited in your listening pleasure by a small clique of dumbos?

And now for something not altogether different:

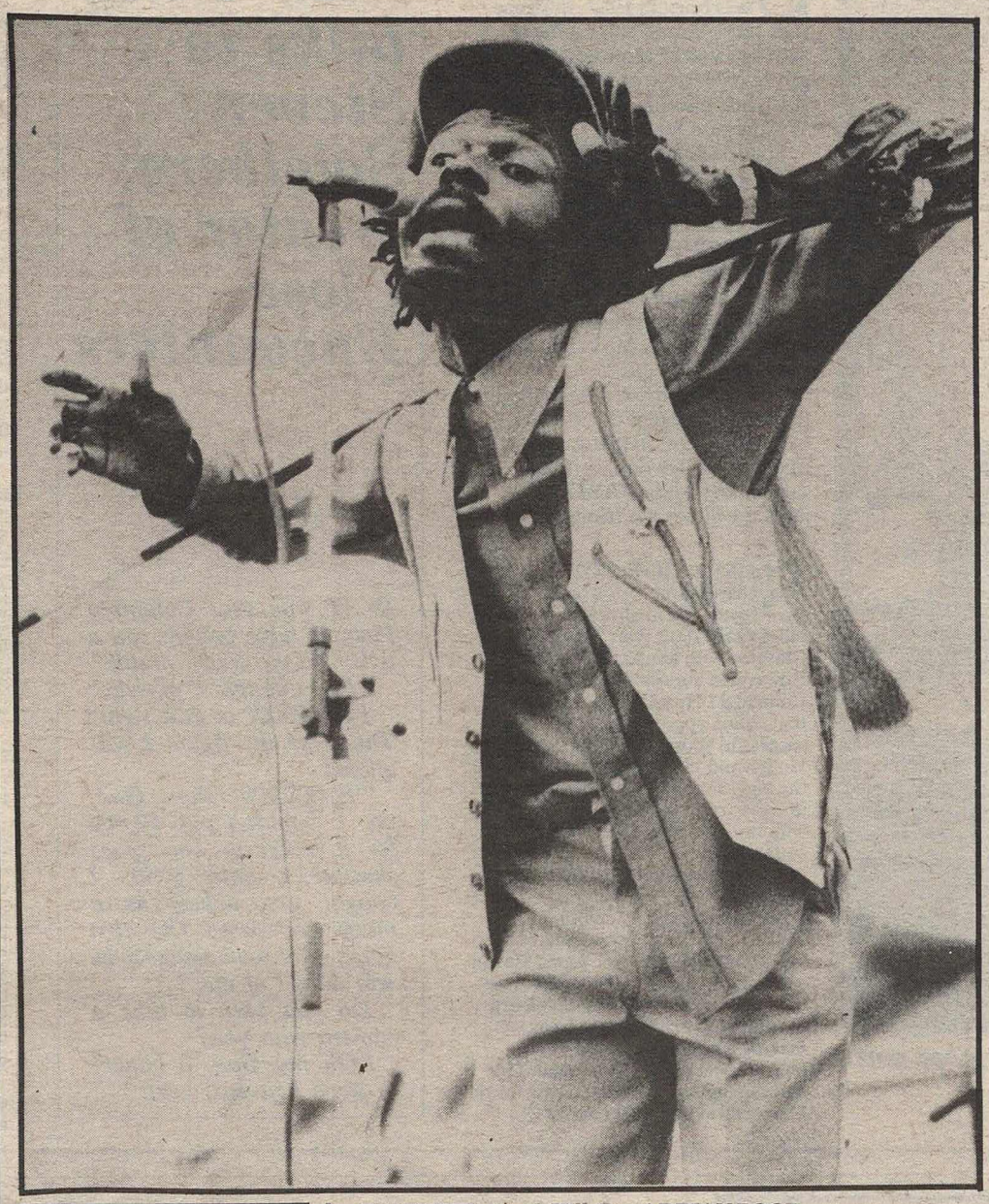
JOYELLA BLADE: Cairo (Virgin Front Line). For roots rockers this may possibly be the unacceptable face of something or other; for me, a supernatural philistine, it's the only other record of the week that I'd go out and buy. I'm not yet entirely sure what it's all about, 'cause lines that seem contrived simply for the sake of rhyme — *"Spending all me Giro, smoking (in a bar?) in Cairo"* — counteract neat little couplets like, *"Call me Jelly Belly when he want me; call me Jenny Jenny when he cry."* Still, the lady and her accompanists are hot on the case for a taste of public support. Should appeal to most of you that bought Althea & Donna's No. 1.

Alternatively:

PRINCE HAMMER: Bible (Virgin Front Line). SHEILA HYLTON: Don't Ask My Neighbours (Island). Here, once again, we have a 'roots' record and a popularization of reggae, but whereas the previous two are ace examples of their respective types, these — to my ears — fail dismally. Prince Hammer, a toaster-type raconteur, preaches a Rasta adaption of The Lord's Prayer *("Our Father, who art in Zion",* and so forth) over a typically stark bass - echo - and - rimshot track; Ms. Hylton, an air hostess and model for beer commercials by trade, lends her indifferent vocal talent to a reggae version of a song written for, and previously recorded by, The Emotions. The first is exceedingly silly; the second exceedingly dull.

Meanwhile, back here in Popland:

CHRIS SPEDDING: Bored Bored (Rak). This gent has been listening to Master Bowie so often he can't get around the influence. On the other hand it's just occured to me that it's probably a pisstake. Whichever, it's the mirror image of "Rebel Rebel" — *"Too much excitement, too much fuss; I don't go for that kind of stuff"* — and I wouldn't put it past the guy to sneak a hit.



CULTURE'S Joseph Hill. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

REVIEWED THIS WEEK By CLIFF WHITE

FRANKIE MILLER: Stuborn Kind Of Fellow (Chrysalis). We here in the oldies department say that Mr. Miller is about as adept at interpreting Marvin Gaye as Rod Stewart is Sam Cooke. In other words, this brisk, brash revival of Gaye's 1962 hit sounds all right amid its contemporary issues (and not unlike Stewart) but pales against the original version. The blue vinyl is very pretty though.

CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS: The Taster (Virgin). Probably the most meaningless record of the week; a nonsensical Wild Man Fischer song performed as a modern, rock variant of old Cameo/Parkway sound. A natural gas for Jonathan Richman fans and similar.

Ring out the old . . .

ROCK-A-TEENS: Woo Hoo (Pye International). Strange that this late '50s guitar boogie romp is still a collectors' item; it sounds to me like Bert on a bad day, duelling with a one-armed snare-drummer — and losing. Not every oldie was a goldie.

. . . and ring in the new.

DANSETTE DAMAGE: The Only Sound/New Musical Express (Shoestring). Canny bunch of buggers, this Smethwick septet. They parade the fact that they're rank amateurs, they pointedly claim that "We don't care about the record, we just wanted our photo on the cover" and they (deliberately?) stick the labels of their record on the wrong sides, dubbing the entire item "a double 'B' side." I like their style even if I'm not bowled base-over-apex by their music; which is rent-a-new-wave clamour, albeit performed with a sense of fun. All right gang, back in your hutch, now youse gotta write a song called "Snouds", then "Monotony Maker", then . . . aw shucks, I guess you'll have them in the pipeline already.

NIPPLE ERECTORS: King Of The Bop (Soho). Avoiding the obvious temptation to guffaw "this group sucks", I'm happy to report that this seems to be a case of expanding horizons. Judging by the pic on the sleeve the group think, or once thought, of themselves as 'punk'; judging by the record they are attempting to communicate with the rockabilly faction. Unfortunately the result is a bit like Freddie Cannon on speed . . . not entirely without charm.

PENETRATION: Firing Squad (Virgin). Pauline sounds a lot sweeter here than reports of the group suggested she'd be, echoing out of a fast, phased and largely indecipherable rocker with almost kittenish perkiness. (That reminds me; whatever happened to Billie Davis?) Likewise, the band lose some of the crisp attack that apparently makes them such a powerful body on stage. Unlikely to harm their fast growing reputation but it won't be the one to boost them into the big league.

THE BRAINIAC FIVE: Mushy Doubt (Roach Records E.P.). A quirky Cornish *quartet* (if says here) whose three uptempo rockers are not immediately stunning —although "Endless River" bears prolonged investigation — but who turn up trumps in the form of a haunting, drifting song about unrequited love, mysteriously titled "Move Up Trotsky." Lou Reed meets very early Country Joe and The Fish, if you can believe that. It's achingly reminscent of the languid summer of '67. What is happening down there in Penzance that the rest of us don't know about; a psychedlic revival? Methinks we haven't heard the last of Los Brainiacs.

BETHNAL: Don't Do It (Vertigo). Sorry lads, this brash, busy pop-rocker is outside my terms of reference; I wouldn't like to venture an opinion about whether it's good, bad or routine. Seems to me like I've heard it a million times before, but that could possibly be to your advantage.

THE JIVE BUREAUX: The Kiss (Gull). Well produced, mildly entertaining bit of rock 'n' roll nonsense which seems to be about the perils of kissing chewing gum addicts. Ooooo, nasty.

Sports report:

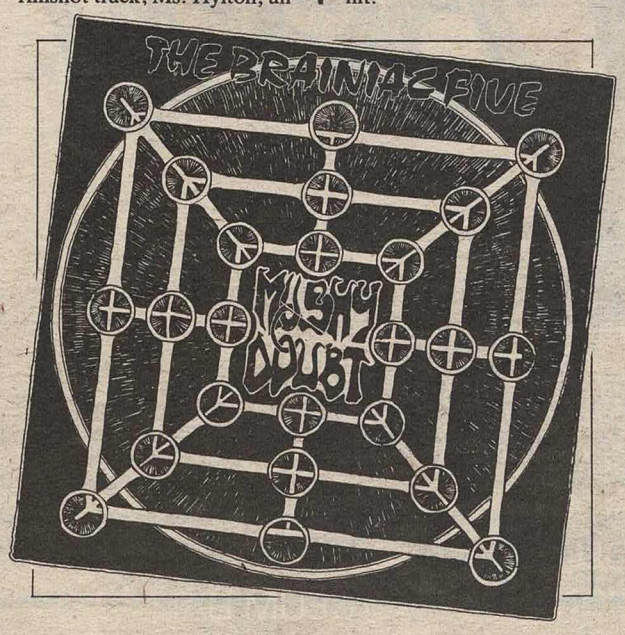
ROD STEWART & SCOTTISH WORLD CUP SQUAD '78: Ole Ola (Riva). MIXTURE: The Scottish Bears (Outlet). I suppose it was to be expected, Gawd helpus, what can I tell you about these atrocities that you really need to know? Perhaps just that Stewart's 'offical' release is appropriately saddled to one of those samba / rhumba / whatever Latin-American rhythms while the other one is a more traditional folk / reel / chant. As footer souvenirs go I presume they fit the bill all right; as examples of recorded entertainment they're just a great big pain.

3 x 12" = A Yard Of Lard.

LOVE AND KISSES: Thank God It's Friday (Casablanca). Title song from the soundtrack of the first of the *Saturday Night Fever* copy capers. Thump, thump, thump, weeeee . . . *"Hey, put a smile on your face."* Some young ladies sigh about the joys of the weekend, occasionally interrupted by a couple of males, one gruff and none notso. Boney M with knobs on.

JOHNNY WAKELIN: Afro Afrique (Pye). 'Africa unite' is the general theme but a list of nations and a load of platitudes is hardly adequate fare for such a message, even when chanted over a suitably evocative backbeat. Honourable mention for intent; D-minus for the result.

JAY BLACK: One Night Affair (Pye). Intro promises something interesting; the old gimmick of a misdialed phone call. After that though it's just a pathetic song, weakly performed over a mild disco rhythm. Dennis Lotis lives. Horrible.



NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
(for fellow collectors)
HALL/BLOWER

I need ink in my veins
So I can see
Between the lines
of the N.M.E.
Gotta be ahead
of the next new wave
Cause bein' an old fart
Just ain't my rave.

N.M.E. N.M.E. All I can see
N.M.E. N.M.E. such a cheap fee
N.M.E. N.M.E. rulin' me
Don't wanna be free from the N.M.E.

Got me in a paper daze.
Fill my head with an ink haze.
All week long I look for ways
Just can't wait for the next new craze

Can't lay off that paper game,
The floor in my room can't take the strain.
N.M.E.'s goin' up to the sky,
Just can't stop, don't ask me why!

LYRIC OF THE WEEK . . . Words to "New Musical Express", from the sleeve of DANSETTE DAMAGE'S single. Like, fame at last!

Alien Visions

SPIELBERG: "Shucks, Dick, it's only a movie." *Pic by PENNIE SMITH*

STEVEN SPIELBERG is fond of pointing out that he was born in 1947, the year that Jack Arnold coined the term "flying saucer" after noticing a group of strange objects in the sky while piloting his plane over Washington State.

Sixteen years later, Spielberg borrowed $5000 from his father to make a two-and-a-half hour movie called *Firelight* which he tells me: "Was a UFO contact story about an invasion with the worst of intentions. People being melted, blood, the army mobilised. It was my version of *War of The Worlds*".

Now, in 1978 Steven Spielberg has created one of the most expensive motion pictures ever made in Hollywood — *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* And the aliens are friendly.

SPIELBERG IS NOT the charismatic "boy wonder" figure you might expect to meet; more Clark Kent than Superman. Closeted with him in the palatial Edwardian atmosphere of London's Connaught Hotel it is easy to forget that sitting opposite you is the most successful young director in New Hollywood who has already produced the biggest-grossing movie of all time in *Jaws* and could be set to beat that with his new colossal celluloid confection.

His films reflect his middle American roots. His parents — father an electrical engineer, mother a concert pianist — kept a blanket over the TV and wouldn't let young Steven see a movie until he was 14. Because of — or in spite of — this, Spielberg developed into a true film freak, making a number of home movies before breaking into American TV and signing a seven year contract with Universal at the tender age of 21.

Dick Tracy talks to Steven Spielberg, creator of Close Encounters

SILVER SCREEN

IS IT true that Columbia Pictures have bought you a ticket on the space shuttle?

"No, I bought it myself."

For £7000, is that right? That was the figure I was quoted.

"For £7,000! Oh my God, no. I wouldn't pay £7,000 for a ticket on the space shuttle. I paid $750. I bought two tickets as a matter of fact. The first ticket is for my luggage to be sent ahead of me."

Do you plan to take a camera with you?

"Oh my God, a battery — good heavens, yeah."

Knocking out episodes of *Columbo* and *Marcus Welby* in just ten days provided him with a valuable education which paid off when *Duel* — a television movie featuring Dennis Weaver being menaced by a psychotic truck — proved to be his launching pad from the small screen to the wideworld of theatrical features. His first attempt, *Sugarland Express* picked up good reviews but bad box office. The came *Jaws* and suddenly the young director who "couldn't command ten cents" was the hottest man in town.

Faced with the seamless spectacle of *Close Encounters* it is difficult to conceive how such a project was pieced together. Producers Julia and Michael Phillips claim that around the time of *Sugarland Express* (when they were working on *The Sting* in the next lot), Spielberg talked to them about a movie mixing UFOs and Watergate.

Spielberg pinpoints his inspiration for the film somewhat differently: "When I heard the song 'When You Wish Upon A Star' from Walt Disney's *Pinnocchio,* sung by Cliff Edwards, everything kind of fell into place. That song combined with my seduction by the universe from years before. I was a kind of amateur astronomer and a real fanatic of the sky at night. The two went together very well."

(The song was originally featured at the end of the film but was cut after a negative audience reaction during the test screening in Dallas).

"The first step then was writing a series of encounter sequences. I just sat behind the typewriter and wrote seven or eight scenes that never got into the movie, but it put a fire under me. Then I sat and wrote the story — the structure, the idea, the plot points, the characters and, in parting, the final encounter. In fact, I began with the final encounter and worked backwards, telling the story that led up to it."

George Lucas had been laughed out of several boardrooms before he managed to sell *Star Wars.* Had

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Spielberg had the same problem with *his* cosmic baby?

"As a matter of fact David Begelman, who was then head of Columbia Pictures, approached me and said I've heard you are writing a novel about UFOs and I have a strong interest in them. Before you take it to any particular studio I would like to have an opportunity to bid for it."

Not for the last time in our conversation, Hollywood politics raised its head. Begelmman is currently facing four charges of grand theft and forgery involving alleged misappropriation of $40,000 in funds and phoney checks while he was Columbia's big cheese. Inside rumours in the American press claimed that one reason *Close Encounters* was passed over for a best-film Oscar nomination was Hollywood's reaction to the scandal. Another was the trend now growing against big budget productions. From conception to shooting *Close Encounters* grew into a very expensive proposition. There were several factors at work here. Spielberg and the Phillips had both had huge hits in the meantime with *Jaws* and *The Sting* and were thus bankable; during the same period the definition of what was an expensive movie was going through the ceiling.

Besides, as Michael Phillips put it: "I think Columbia always believed that this could be their biggest film of all time. It could solve their financial problems in one fell swoop." As it turned out, the future of the whole studio came to rest on Spielberg's shoulders. When did he realise that that was the case?

"When I saw their product for next year. When I realised they had nothing coming out with a cosmic topside potential except *Close Encounters,* which was potentially a hundred million dollar movie and only I could ruin that . . . I could very easily make a movie that nobody would go and see.

"But the success of *Jaws* gave me a great deal of insulation from any would-be detractors at Columbia Pictures and there weren't very many, just a couple of assholes . . ."

Meantime, three years after the initial conception, Doug Trumbull (of *2001* and *Silent Running* fame) was brought in to do the special effects.

"Doug was probably much less creative on *Close Encounters* than he was on *2001.* He was my engineer. He took my vision, my concepts . . . and it was his job to hire the best special effects experts in town. He built a lab just for the film, surrounded himself with about 45 technicians . . . and supervised the workload. He was much more a nuts and bolts collaborator."

Maybe so, but Trumbull still managed to update the whole state of the art in the process. If you consider that the giant Mother Ship was, in reality, a model barely a yard wide, drilled with tens of thousands of tiny holes, 10-25 *thousandths* of an inch wide, which were then capped with plastic bubbles and illuminated from inside by 1000 neon tubes, you get some idea of what this cinematic magician can achieve.

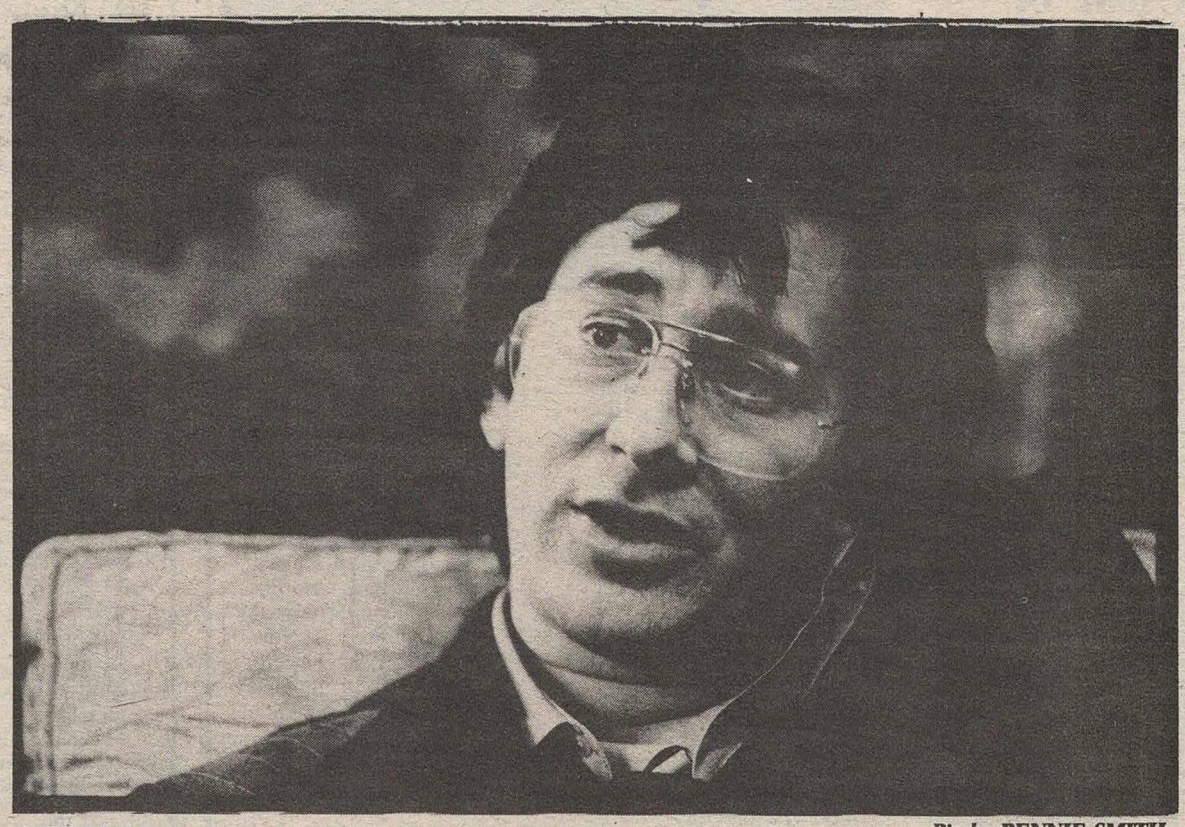
Later in the conversation, Spielberg seems to contradict himself by claiming: *"Close Encounters* is not a special effects movie at all. It is a humanist movie about people caught up in extraordinary circumstances."

How many punters queueing to gawk at the saucers would agree, I wonder? Special effects aside, Spielberg faced innumerable problems filming the final sequence of the movie inside a vast dirigible hangar in Mobile, Alabama, which was so huge that rainclouds formed inside it.

"Nothing was petty, everything was a crisis. We were giving them numbers on the scale of 1 to 10. One would be a crisis but 10 would be a crisis to the tenth degree. The kind of crisis when an electrician faints in the 150 degrees temperature, 95 feet in the air, and he falls in a dead faint on a small catwalk three feet wide and just misses falling to his death. Things like that happened every day. It was a physically debilitating experience."

In his giant encounter arena, psychological pressures were equally intense: "I had this time surrounded myself with the most neurotic people in the industry who. I also believed, were the best at their jobs. The art director Joe Alves is a neurotic genius. In his own very quiet and almost monkish way Doug Trumbull is a neurotic genius. I'm a neurotic pragmatist.

"The more disharmony occurring



SPIELBERG: "Special effects, Dick? What special effects?" ***Pic by PENNIE SMITH.***

aboard my ship, the more benevolent the space visitors became in my overall concept. I needed a friend."

WHICH BRINGS US right down to the root of the matter. There is no denying that Spielberg is a very accomplished and professional filmmaker, possessing the rare combination of technical, artistic and organisational skills necessary to put together a movie of the size and complexity of *Close Encounters* but many of the film's basic concepts worried me. How did Spielberg himself view UFOs?

"The UFO phenomena is not a mystical phenomena, it's a nuts and bolts phenomena. It's about craft of a highly advanced variety visiting us from God knows how many light years distance and obviously being operated by flesh and blood, depending on what kind of flesh and what kind of blood."

For me, the aliens were the biggest disappointment of all, particularly when one winked. Why did he choose to show them with a vaguely humanoid form? After all, it is conceivable that alien life could be microscopic.

"It's conceivable that alien life could resemble anything your imagination permits. It's just that reports from around the world conform to the extra-terrestrial portrait in *Close Encounters.* I would have loved to exercise my imagination at that crucial point in the movie and put on aliens that much more conform with my thinking, with everything as spectacular as the Mother Ship but . . . I felt that too many people know what extra-terrestrials look like and I didn't want to put a pin into the balloon."

Naturally, Spielberg had spoken to many people who claimed to have actual contact with aliens.

"The story that interested me the most was told me by Dr. J. Allen Hynek (American UFO expert who advised on the film), and this happened to a friend of his who was also a scientist. I found it fascinating because it pretty much sums up what is happening in America, with the government involved in a cosmic cover-up.

"There was a ballistics expert, working in the Space programme, who was very good at measuring the impact of meteors against the Earth.

"He was contacted by the Air Force, sworn to secrecy and then told to meet at a certain time at an airforce base. A bus picked him up — there were 20-25 people in the bus already,

● *Encounter closes over page*

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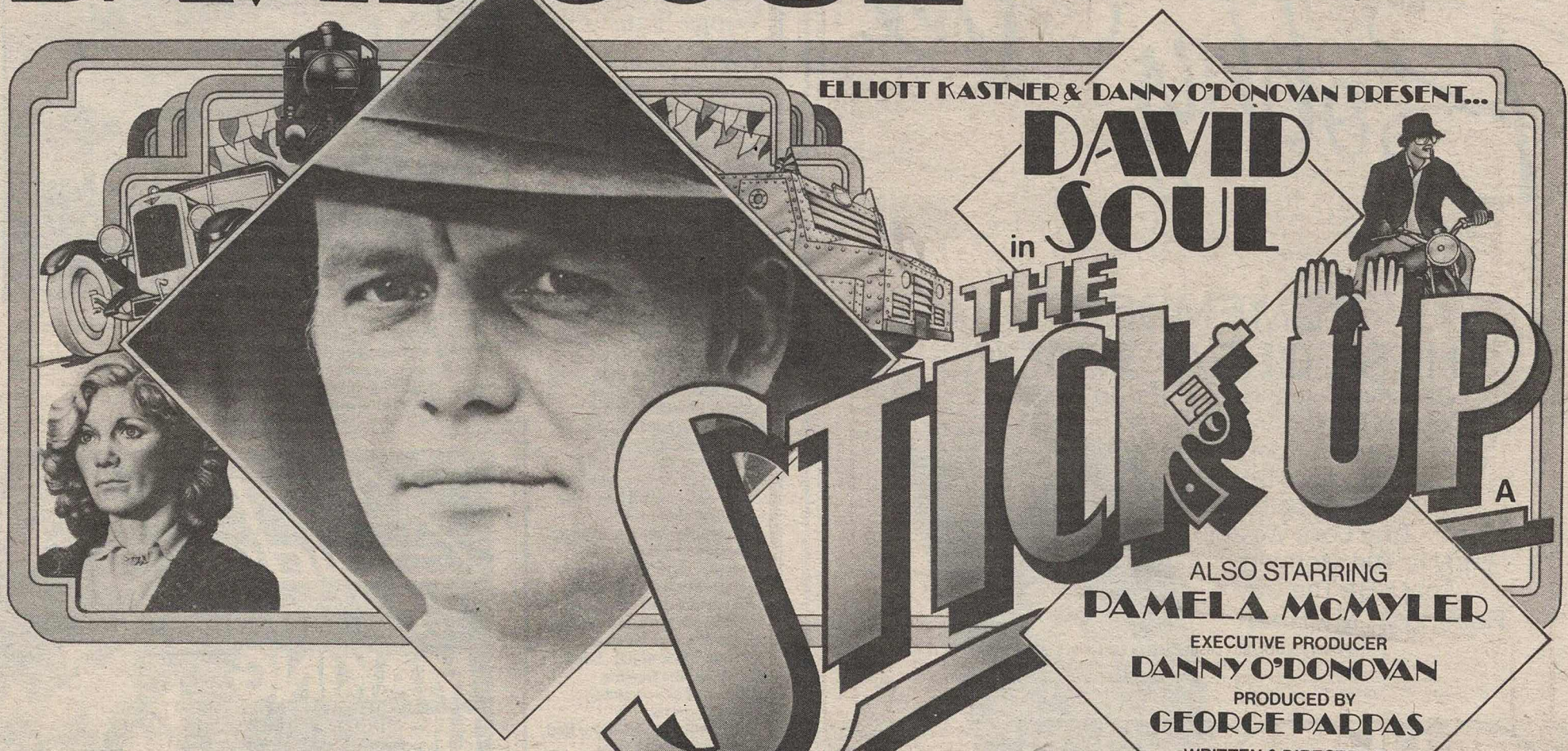

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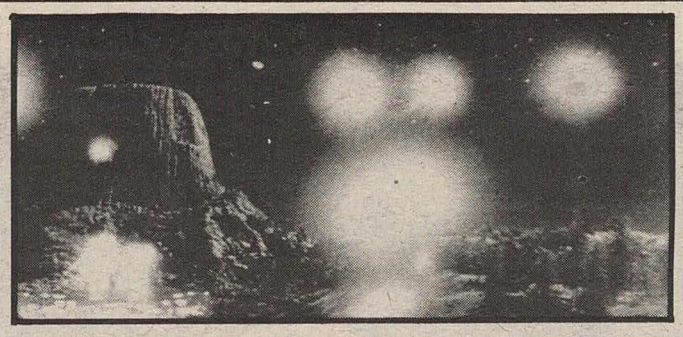
Close of Encounter

● *From previous page*



some of whom this gentleman knew — and he was given instruction not to speak to anyone on board. The bus had black windows so you couldn't see out and there was a curtain separating your view and the driver's view of the road.

"They drove for hours and eventually began to bump down some sort of dirt road before the bus finally came to a stop. When the door opened it was night and there, in a field under the stars, were three huge tents set up with big stadium lights surrounding them.

"He walked round the corner and saw a cylindrically shaped vehicle with no seams, no apparent rivets, smashed into the field, buried seven or eight feet with another 20-25 feet visible. It was being worked on by dozens of people, soldiers and civilians, and he was given his instructions to measure the velocity of impact.

"He finished his work in about an hour-and-a-half and walked away from the vehicle. And on his way back to the holding area he passed by a tent and looked inside. And just for a few seconds he observed four occupants, very short humanoid creatures, obviously dead, inert on a makeshift operating table being worked on by seven doctors in green gowns with surgical masks. It was obviously an autopsy because they were talking into microphones and tape recorders.

"But before he could really get the gist of what was happening inside the tent, the flap was pulled down and he was physically taken back to the holding area, put back on the bus and driven back to his point of origin.

"Dr. Hynek chose not to tell me this man's name or why this man decided to talk about the incident which, by the way, happened 15 to 20 years ago."

Spielberg has already described the now-fashionable conspiracy theory about UFOs as a "cosmic Watergate". Did he really believe in the cover-up?

"Yea, but I don't think the cover-up has malignant roots. I feel it's less than a cover-up and more of a bungled job, poorly done. I think that the scientists and the Air Force and the Federal Government know as much about UFOs as the public — nothing. They have no idea what it is, where it comes from, whether it's extra-terrestrial or meteorological, or something that ten years from now we'll have an answer for."

Still, I had nagging doubts. Surely if aliens did land they would be greeted by a more military-dominated reception committee?

"Well, I would have felt that the military had its place in my movie on the south side of Devil's Tower. I felt that was very, very important but I don't know if in real life that would be the case. I would think that for our own protection and for our own gesture of welcome if we were to have military advisers at the base of operations during a close encounter, they would dress as civilians."

Incidentally, why did he choose to make Lacombe a Frenchman?

"Well, he could have been a German or Spanish. I was determined to make the team leader of the corporate project a European. I've always felt that UFOs are of global interest and I didn't want this to be a product of American conceit."

On the face of it, Spielberg's grasp of the deeper implications underlying his film seems a trifle weak.

But he should worry. He is, after all, a mass entertainer to whom sharks, trucks and UFOs are all grist to the mill. The film will make him very rich, as will the novel from the film — of which, by the way, he only wrote four chapters.

And yes, there is a sequel on the way, which Spielberg hopes to have finished scripting by the summer, as well as a joint project with Lucas.

SINCE THE FILM opened, Dr. Hynek has been receiving 7000 letters a week at his UFO centre. According to Spielberg "The letters were from people who now felt it safe to talk about their encounters and that's what I felt was very positive and healthy.

"It's been a cultist closet phenomena and it's suddenly going public. Everything's going public these days anyway. The closet queens are coming out and marching down the streets with placards. Presidents are admitting lust for other women during a marriage, so there's nothing unusual in the case of people saying: 'UFOs have been on my mind for 20 years but I was afraid you'd put me in a loony bin, so I kept my mouth shut'."

100 Nights At The Roxy

(Big O, £2.50)

THIS IS one for the voyeurs, an entirely pictorial record of punk's first and most suitable home.

You might want this for the fahion notes, for candid snaps of the stars, to see if you're in any of the pictures.

It's hardly an essential work, probably only of interest to people who were there and people who wish they had been.

It's the first hundred nights, the period during which every major punk band (they weren't new wave then) except the Pistols played in the Covent Garden pit and the audience really was on the outside of normality rather than conforming to the latest thing.

It's too easy to mythologise about the club, to say those were the days and be cynical about today.

I'm tempted, but it's sufficient that the book, while it can't by definition capture the thrills, does record some of the faces, some of the fun, and some of the self-conscious weirdness that the club was about.

It takes you by night through gigs by The Damned, The Clash, Generation X, X-Ray Spex, in fact everyone you can remember; shots of the band (usually mediocre) and the audience (fascinating).

All the photos are without name-checks and you can play spot the face. Sid Vicious looking mean, Rotten draped over the bar, Sensible flashing his teeth, The Slits falling about, Don Letts inside the dj box.

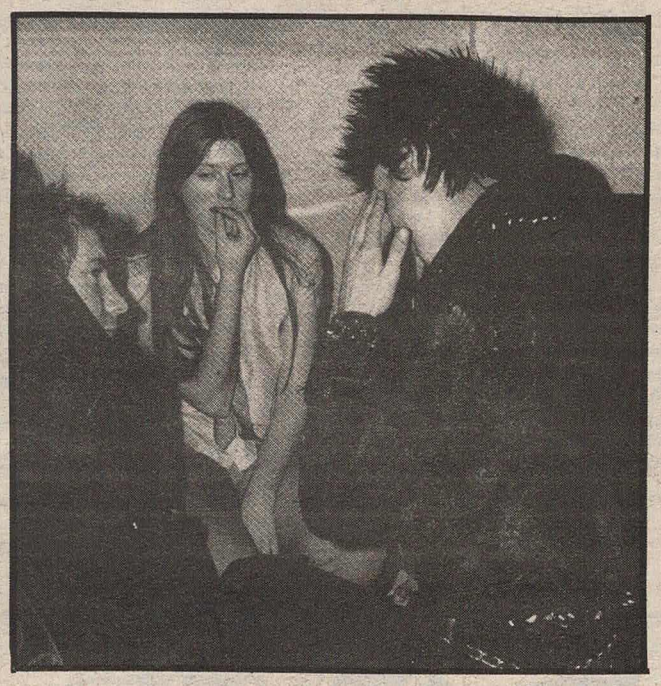
Worthwhile for readers without the hunter instinct are the colour handouts which form the middle section of the book. Magnificent trashy montages of coming attractions and a glaring red picture of the club floor as the centre spread.

It's expensive, coffee-table punk, but fun for all the family at least for three glances. I reckon I'm on page 19: I suppose I'll keep it to show my grandchildren if they ever ask what punks were

Kim Davis

SIDESWIPE

ROCK
PHOTOGRAPHY
BOOKS



"Hands Across The Water" Wings Tour USA

Photographs by Hipgnosis
(Paper Tiger, £3.25)

AS EVERYONE knows, but rarely ever sees, the production of live rock and roll involves a huge team of sound and light technicians, truck drivers and road crew as well as musicians.

This is even more so when a major group is on tour.

When Wings toured the United States in 1976 — the tour that the "Wings Over America" triple album was taken from — they took along with them photographer Aubrey Powell from the Hipgnosis graphic studio.

Anyone familiar with Hipgnosis graphics (record sleeves for Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, etc. . .) will know the whimsical choice of photographs they can expect.

Instead of taking endless backstage shots of McCartney he concentrated on the tour itself: the aircraft crews, the limousine drivers, the passing images of a tour taken at different times of day, hotels, setting-up, the fleeting glimpses of news-vendors, houses, airports . . .

Not until page 45 do we find a photograph with Paul McCartney in it — though there are quite a few later on.

To anyone who has been on such an American tour it is an accurate reconstruction of the experience of the modern day circus. The book could be about any major group on tour.

Who is going to buy it?

At £3.25 it has to be aimed at the US market since that's a lot for Wings fans here to part with to see photographs of Main Street, Fort Worth or a stockyard foreman in Kansas City.

Flip through it at your local bookshop.

Miles

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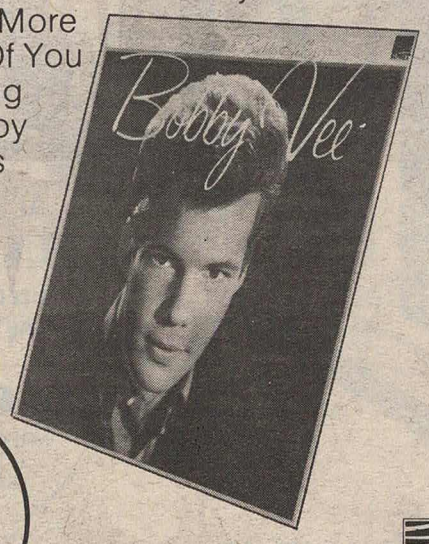

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CALL ANY VEGETABLE

BOB EDMANDS (the man who thought ley-lines were queues outside brothels) meets STEVE HILLAGE (the man who's into communication with cauliflowers). The result is devastating. Like, we seem to have a conflict of ideologies here.

IF YOU thought cauliflower ears were what boxers wore on the sides of their heads, then you've obviously never discussed it with Steve Hillage.

As far as he's concerned, cauliflower ears are what cauliflowers use to hear with. And if they were able to talk, they'd no doubt tell us about it.

The question of cauliflowers arises during a song called "Sea-Nature" from Steve's new chart album "Green".

Steve sings: *"Hear the music of the spheres through the ears/Of the cauliflowers and the living grass that breathes."*

But is this just a bit of imagery, Steve, or do you really believe that kind of thing?

Mr Hillage sits in a hotel room in Cardiff, after a gig at which his band received no less than three encores, and ponders this question.

"If there are other realities," he says, "if there are other dimensions, I personally believe that the beings that make up nature experience and live within these realities and metaphorically speaking have their third eye open."

Mr Hillage says this sort of thing all the while, and strangely enough, people tend to respond politely. What's a third eye, Steve?

"That's a metaphorical expression for entry into higher consciousness."

Yes, but where do cauliflowers come into it?

"Well, they're kind of like a particularly pleasing example of the vegetable kingdom. I mean, you can think of them as kind of lumps of dirt that we stuff into our bellies. Or you can think of them as living beings who have minds and would very much like to communicate with us."

Why do you think, though, that cauliflowers have minds?

"Well, I believe this. I believe this to be the truth. I believe that anyone who thinks that this is an absurd idea has a very unhealthy attitude."

IF YOU think there's anything strange about sitting in a hotel room in Cardiff at three o'clock in the morning discussing the mental processes of cauliflowers, then you simply have no idea of what normal life involves for Steve Hillage.

It's presumably Steve's unusual attitudes that account in part for his increasing popularity. Them, and his skills as a guitarist, and his knack of picking '60s pop songs to revive and revamp in his own inimitable way.

A Steve Hillage audience is mainly composed of young kids, and those at the Cardiff Top Rank are very obviously fervent supporters.

They do have this odd tendency to talk among themselves during the longer instrumental breaks, though they're all rapt attention in time for the rabid ovations at the end of the songs.

Evidently, their subconscious minds get off on Hillage, though their conscious minds tend to get diverted by other things, such as getting very drunk and falling over.

The high points of the Hillage set sound to me like the pop songs, among them The Beatles' "Getting Better" and "It's All Too Much". But Hillage closes his set with a very long guitar work-out on a number that appears to be called "Lunar Musick Suite", and that gets the biggest cheers.

All in all, it seems most peculiar that a '60s hippy can be touring the nation's ballrooms and winning a rapturous reception from '70s kids. After all, his songs deal with mystical and spiritual issues that were fashionable 10 years ago, and have since largely faded.

When I ask Steve about this, he has an ecological answer.

"I think this is absolute bullshit," he says

"I think that what was happening in the '60s was an explosion of a kind of surface interest in these things, but what's happened in the '70s is that people have really got inside them and found what's really there. The media haven't caught onto this yet, but they will.

"Obviously, I was influenced by the '60s, because I grew up in the '60s. But I'm a person of the '70s."

At the moment he is speaking, Steve Hillage is dressed like a hippy in the same way that Roy Rogers used to dress like a cowboy. In other words, he appears to be self-consciously dressed in an outfit that is intended to establish him firmly as a stereotype.

At the time of his last big album, "L", efforts were made to tart up Hillage's image as a clean shaven guitar hero. Since then, he's regressed. The beard has returned, the woolly hat is firmly back in place, and if his clothes aren't saffron in colour, then you feel they ought to be.

I suggest to him that he may *say* he's a '70s person, but anyone looking at him or talking to him or hearing his lyrics must surely think otherwise.

"I don't look like a '60s person," he says. "I'm 26. In the '60s I was 14 and 15. Most of the people who come to my concerts are between 15 and 18. I don't know if you noticed that."

I did.

"Well, they're not boring old farts. I'm not a boring old fart. I may be a boring *young* fart. But I'm not that old. In the year 2,000 I shall be 48 which is not that old. No doubt I shall still be playing.

"This whole thing about hippies in the '60s is such a load of bullshit. I'm absolutely sick to death of it. It's the way that the media is trying to block out vital ideas that have repercussions in everything. I don't know why they're trying to block them out. Why are they?"

I tell Steve that I think it's because many of the issues in question were taken up when they were fashionable in 1967, and then dropped again as soon as fashion moved on.

"Right," he says, "RIGHT. That's why the whole thing is such a load of bullshit. And why I really would like to hear an end to all this talk of how it's all old-fashioned hippy rubbish from the '60s. I don't give a damn about fashion. I'm talking about real energy in the '70s, the '80s, the '90s and the 21st century."

But would you hold the opinions that you do if you'd been an adolescent 10 years earlier or 10 years later?

"That's absolutely irrelevant," says Steve. "I was born under a particular astrological tai-pan and that's the way I am in this particular incarnation. I've got to accept and make the best of it."

IN HIS NEXT incarnation, Steve might be lucky enough to come back as Jimmy Page, and then he wouldn't have to keep slogging round Top Rank suites in order to make it as a rock star.

In a few months' time, he's due to go off to America, and he plans to headline in his own right. In the past he's been a support act, and he feels that's unfair both to the people who've come to see him and to the people who've come to see the headliners.

Despite the enduring support of Virgin Records, Steve Hillage still has to crack the big time, at least financially, and a lot more work needs to be put in. But why bother? Why not just sit back and think cosmic thoughts?

Well, Steve has a lengthy theory, which has to do with ley-lines, about how the earth has been tilted off its true axis, with the result that people have lost their ethical balance. He believes that — along with the efforts of many other people — his music will help to shift the earth back into position, simultaneously ensuring the world's spiritual well-being.

That's the gist of the theory at least, and as you know, there's many a true word spoken in gist.

Steve says: "What I'm trying to do with my music and in my life is focus myself in what I believe to be my higher self. This higher self is something that's very difficult to pin down in any way.

"You've got a higher self. Everybody's got a higher self. I've been lucky enough from an early age to have a vision of this higher self.

"As a person, I've many weaknesses which prevent me from manifesting my higher self. And while I would not discount the hard, unfortunate aspects of people's everyday lives, I think the solution to these things is to strip off the conditioning which is programmed into us from the moment we're born.

"Then, we can focus on our own higher selves. And — most important — we can focus on the higher self of our higher selves, which is what we can call the god-force."

IF STEVE Hillage didn't happen to have been incarnated as a talented guitar player, he'd probably be one of these people who stop you in shopping precincts and try to persuade you to buy an album featuring the worthy thoughts of some ancient Indian guru. The vinyl version of the Indian takeaway.

As it is, Steve is spouting much the same sort of thing on albums that have mysteriously become best-sellers. Mysteriously, because no amount of ace guitar work would seem to be enough to compensate for all his convoluted sermonising.

There's no accounting, it seems, for the kids today.

As the Steve Hillage interview winds to a close, he confesses to one misgiving.

"I sometimes wonder," he says, "if I'm not too serious at times."

Ah well, I say, perhaps a little more humour would help.

"Yes," says Steve, "but we do have a responsibility to the people who come to see us."

And off he goes into another long sermon on the ethical obligations that go with rock stardom. But, just for a moment, it had looked as though he was slipping dangerously close to seeing things in a less intense light.

Chances are, though, that they'll never persuade him to take that woolly hat off again.

JO ATHA

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8. 3.
10. 9. 7. 6.

COLOURING

Fun for all the fa
World as No.1 citiz
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introverted as a tee
just had no frienc
Richman, who
himself as a 'lor
whose world turne
encountered the
PENNIE SMITH t
went '

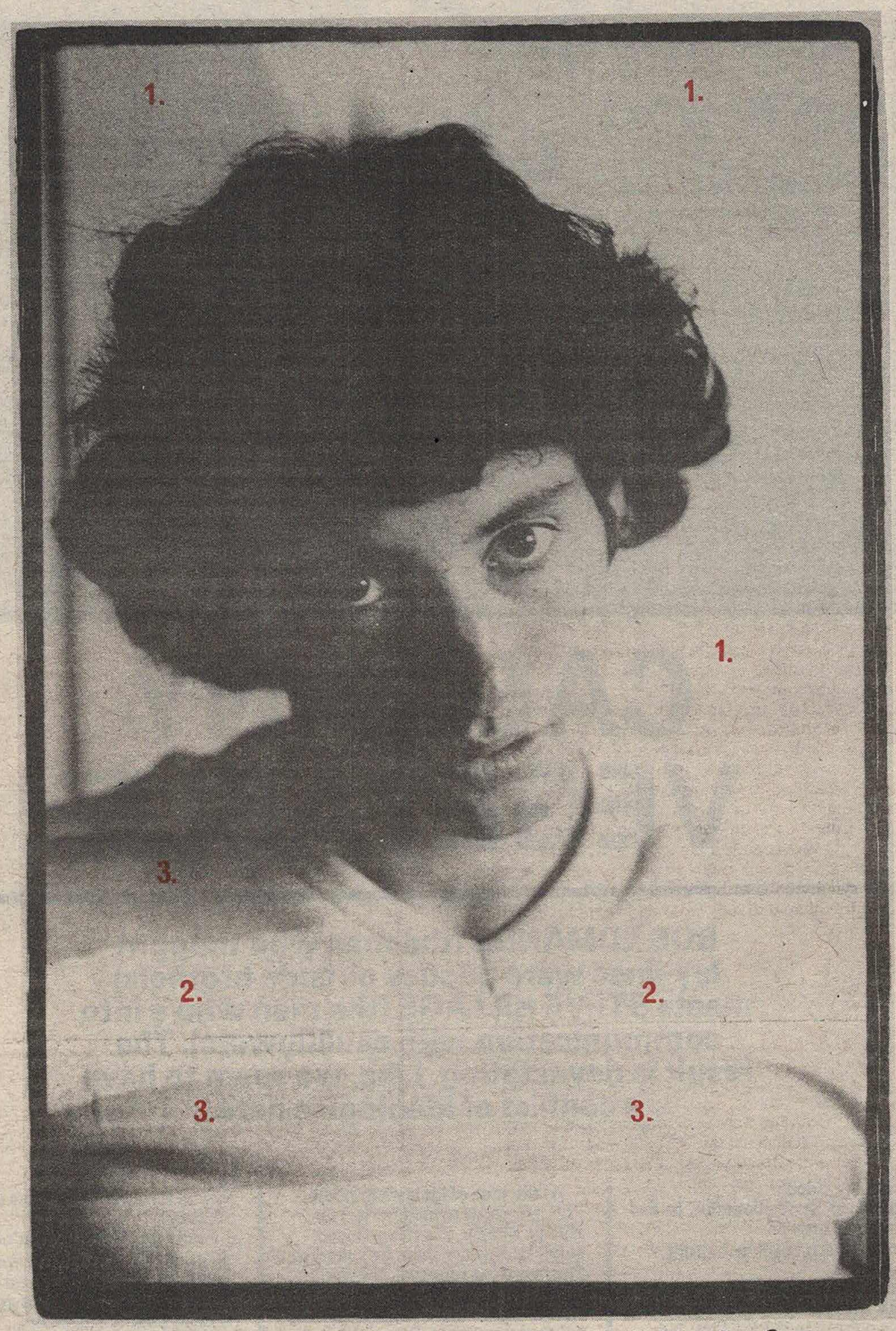
I FAILED TO NOTE whether the little car went 'beep-beep', but it sure was small.

Small enough for the five passengers cloistered within, particularly the trio squashed together in the back, to feel distinctly uncomfortable throughout the tedious and claustrophobic 45-minute journey from the seamy bowels of Soho all the way stop-stop-starting through the London traffic jams until, after much fidgeting and with dour temperaments in full flower, the motley collective finally reached their Kingston-upon-Thames disembarkation point.

Kingston is where the suburban home of Fred Cantrell, Beserkley's European big cheese, has been transformed into the company's British HQ (the location was, one slyly presumes, chosen as much for the unconventional geographical placing as it was for Cantrell's presumed convenience).

More to the point though, the drive has delivered the label's most important clientele to these portholds in the form of three (out of a total of four) Modern Lovers, two of whom have come principally to listen to the rough mixes of their new album while the third is there to take part in an all-too-rare media occurence — a one-to-one interview with a member of the British rock press corps.

The third Modern Lover is in fact *the Modern Lover,* name of Jonathan Richman, and I am the writer (yeah, I was the fourth passenger too, the fifth being Beserkley P.R. and bon viveur, Eugene Manzi, who drove.)



Colour in this appealing shot of Jonathan. 1 = Blue; 2 = Yellow; 3 = Green.

THE MOOD during the drive is dour to say the least, lightened mainly by Eugene's bouyant wit constantly injecting itself into the often scant repartee.

Squashed with me in the back are a chubby individual with a Beatle fringe and rather silly cap whom I recognise as Leroy Radcliffe, and bassist Asa Bremmer who now more than ever resembles a former roadie for the New Riders Of The Purple Sage. These two keep the conservation rooted to random observations either concerning some female of their acquaintance, or else the odd subject so monosyllabically mundane it doesn't make a cursory incision on my brain-plate.

I find myself scanning the passenger in the front, Mr Richman. Verbal communication between us being virtually nil since our cursory introduction, I content myself with observing Richman's mannerisms and expressions.

Gone, as you will see by the photographs, is the Mussolini wide-boy moustache and oily coiffure unveiled at last year's Hammersmith gigs, replaced by a hairstyle fast approaching the same that graced the "Jonathan Richman & The Modern Lovers" cover shot. There are, however, distinct signs of a physique taxed by over-ingestion of foodstuffs, and his general girth is a tad unbecoming.

More ominous however is the expression that seems constantly to be shaping his features: one of boorish dissatisfaction with the general state of things that reminds me of nothing so much as of the archetypal spoilt brat pulling pained grimaces as a prelude to a session of self-indulgent temper tantrums. To complement the latter, Richman is constantly feeding his sullen face with some form of foodstuff, washing the plethora of solids down with a bottle of apple juice he (rather begrudgingly) shares with at least one member of the band, only to moan in a most unbecoming and puerile style when said bottle is temporarily lost from his immediate grasp.

In those few moments when he isn't giving the Richman intestinal juices a good input drubbing, he turns his sullen gaze to a tome entitled *Rolling Thunder,* which is nothing to do with Bob Dylan but is a book concerning ancient Indian folk-lore. Even more intriguing is the greeting-card-sized book leaf Richman is using to keep his place: a miniature sized pamphlet with a 'Gandalf'-design cover and a title camply composed in gold print which reads simply and ever so quaintly *My Search.* I recognise it as being one of those horrendously flakey epistles to cosmic wisdom palmed off on the street to susceptible acid casualties as the way to truth and light.

I shudder slightly before the thought hits me like a gentle sledge hammer that my travelling companion, whose sullen demeanour is obviously a result of being stuck inside a moving car, is the same gent who penned what is arguably the greatest ever rock anthem to the paradoxically ecstatical experience of driving down the highway "with the radio on".

I have just settled on another couplet from his collected works — from "Hospital", in fact — that sums it up at least one facet of his demeanour during the ride (*"I go to bakeries all day long/There's a lot of sweetness in my life"*) when all of a sudden, the food and literature dispensed with, Richman starts singing unaccompanied, line following line, verse following verse.

I turn to the other two band members honestly expecting some accapella harmonies, only to notice that their expressions are still mute and blank eyed. But Jonathan is transported. Beating out time on the dashboard, he improvises verse after verse, sentiment after sentiment, his eyes closing for, God it must be a whole 15 minutes.

These spontaneous songs use the occasional tried-and-trusted phrase from an already fashioned song ("My Love Is A Flower Just Beginning To Bloom" provided one springboard, for example) but mostly it is all new, improvised balladeering taken from off the street-corner precincts of the '50s where doo-wop first originated and neatly transplanted into the 60-miles-an-hour fast line of the modern lane.

The sullen, boorish grimace has disappeared completely, replaced instead by an almost near-ecstatic, eyes-closed communion with the Richman muse. When the final verse has terminated, just as we pull into Beserkley's Kingston headquarters, the little scumbag has once again succeeded in disarming all the carefully organised ammunition I'd been gathering from the first stages of the drive out.

The ensuing dialogue was, to say the least, going to be interesting.

"THOSE SONGS I was singing in the car? Yeah, I was improvising them. I've got tons and tons of songs laying about. Oh, at least a thousand you wouldn't have heard."

Five or six J. Richman compositions out of this staggering reservoir will, however, be getting exposure on vinyl when the next Modern Lovers album hits the racks ("Don't ask me when"). Expect titles like "Affection", "Abdul & Cleopatra", "Back In Your Life", "My Love Is A Flower Just Beginning To Bloom", and "Bundle Of Joy" bearing the Richman seal, while a possible half of the new elpee will consist of the Lovers' 'inimitable' revamps of non-originals as diverse as "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz", an old R&B novelty song by the Hollywood Flames, Chuck Berry's "Oh Carol" (sung by bassist Bremmer), an old Civil War song name of "Emiline", "I Hear You Calling Me" which was immortalised by the famous Irish tenor balladeer John McCormack, and maybe another shot of rhythm'n'blues in an instrumental version of Clyde McPhatter's "Lover Please". The only possibly recognizable item in the non-original agenda is a lunatic vinyl canonization of Louie Lyman & The Teen Chords' "Lydia" which Richman & Co performed as a second encore at one of the Hammersmith Odeon gigs. No title has been chosen, and the above list will probably be shorn of maybe a couple of tracks before the album sees the light of day.

Apart from the inclination toward non-originals, the new record boasts a further amendment in that regular producers Glen Kolotkin and the inevitable Matthew King Kaufman are joined by a third party in Kenny Laguna. Other than that, it's hard to tell just what a change — or progression — this new work will represent from, say, "Rock 'n Roll With The Modern Lovers".

What I heard, while sounding a touch less precocious than the latter, still possesses all the playfulness and patent silliness of yore, while the more "ethnic" instrumental excursions like "Egyptian Reggae" have been iced in favour of stricter R&B work-outs.

When the question is put to Richman as an ice-breaker to the preliminaries of kicking off the formal interview, he adopts a non-commital stance.

"I dunno, y'know. They're new ones (sniggers). I wouldn't dare make statements about whether they're this or that compared to whatever. I'd just leave that up to other people. To me, they all sound different."

Hardly an auspicious start to the interview but, somehow, closeted away in the more relaxing confines of Berserkley offices' kitchen, Richman seems an altogether different, more amiable soul.

We're facing each other across a table while photographer Pennie Smith quietly snaps away at her subject, an activity that would scarcely be worthy of comment if not for the fact that whenever Richman feels the camera's presence and the photographer's finger twitching close to the shutter, he purposefully ceases all activity to motivate his features into an utterly benign, almost effeminate smile reminiscent of nothing so much as an-ever-so-slightly-more . . . uh . . . rugged (?) Tiny Tim.

Richman, one becomes immediately aware, is very concerned about putting on a happy face and a sudden shudder of a thought enters my mind drawing a spurious connection with that other professional cosmic grin merchant, Guru Maharaji-Ji (that *My Search* pamphlet still looms large in my immediate memory).

Fortunately, the proceeding interview causes Richman to more or less completely undermine such shakey connections.

RICHMAN, IN FACT, turns out to be a fairly candid interviewee in the two hours we spend unearthing his career, motivations, transitions, you name it. And that in itself was a refreshing surprise.

You see, I've never read an interview with our subject yet that shone any thorough spotlight on the aforequoted. Richman himself has made no secret about his paranoia concerning interviews (he can't stand to be misquoted), and those few occasions where such audiences have been granted have been hamstrung by bouts of precociousness and stubborness which have consequently left the vital questions concerning his career unanswered or else sidetracked out of all salient context.

Fortunately, I'd had the good fortune to talk to a number of prominent ex-colleagues of Richman's in the past, paramount amongst these being ex-Modern Lover and current Talking Head, the locquacious Jerry Harrison (who, between some most interesting revelations, also does a great Richman imitation). I'd also talked to John Cale, not to mention several Bostonians who'd known the subject in his formative years.

If need be, I was prepared for a full assault on Richman's secretive front by means of these afore-gleaned morsels of vital info. Fortunately I didn't need to bother, as he was mostly agreeably forthcoming about innumerable facts pertaining to all areas and periods of his career, choosing only to field off questions he (quite rightly, in retrospect) deemed too personal to answer candidly.

THE N RIC MAN

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SCRAPBOOK

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STARTING FROM the top then, Jonathan Richman was born in Boston or, to be more precise, "out in the suburbs about 15 miles west", where he lived "in one of the usual suburban housing tracks . . . a ranch house styled building".

The first-born of two boys, his parents lived the usual quasi-affluent suburban existence. His father was a salesman, his mother a remedial reading teacher. "It was a pretty modern set-up . . . environment," he says.

Nothing of any great consequence happened in his life until at the age of 11 he discovered rock 'n' roll. "And from then on, I never had a transistor radio away from my ear."

He remembers the year well.

"There was . . . yeah, Bobby Vee, Little Eva doing 'The Locomotion' (he giggles with glee at the reminiscence), The Orlons . . . 'Watusi'. Like, I was *heavy* into Little Eva, The Orlons, The Crystals, The Chiffons . . . oh, and The Four Seasons' 'Sherry' of course."

The English Invasion spear-headed by The Beatles was to swiftly follow, but Richman was left unimpressed. "I didn't like The Beatles too much. It bummed me out that that was gettin' so popular 'cos I liked Elvis and the U.S. groups . . . particularly the girl groups. The Stones I didn't like at the time. In fact not until later did I come to appreciate the early Stones."

As far as English rock went, only The Kinks and later The Who met with any positive reaction from the fledgling Richman. "Yeah, the English bands were O.K., but the U.S. bands were the ones who got me first."

IT WAS ONE U.S. band in particular who hit Richman hardest though, and the force with which the two parties encountered each other caused such a cataclysmic impact on the mid-teens Richman that, when recounting that first incident, he virtually re-enacts the episode with a relish that it's impossible not to smile at.

"God, the Velvet Underground! What did I first hear in them? *Sincerity!* Sincerity and just beautiful. . . oh just beautiful, beautiful music. You really wanna know why? I'll tell ya then — exactly how it happened. I was 15 years old and a friend of mine had a copy of the first Velvet Underground album. I'd already heard one track on the radio and was intrigued, but anyway this friend said he wanted to trade the record with me — he didn't like it, see — for a Fugs record I owned. So, it's a deal y'know.

"But this guy said, 'O.K. but maybe you should hear it first.' He put on side two. And it was 'Heroin', y'know. I heard the first bar — just the guitars — no vocals yet — and I said 'God, this is beautiful!' And my friend said 'Yeah, it's O.K., but loads of groups sound like this.' And I said" (by this point Richman is going quietly haywire recounting every detail of the event, play-acting his reaction to the hilt) "'What do you mean? No! No! No-one sounds like this! Tell me, tell me — who? Just . . . just who sounds like this?' And then the voice came in" (he mimicks Reed's nasal smacked-back drone) "'I-don't-know-just-where-I'm-going.' I got a chill right there and then. Such beauty. Such beautiful, beautiful music.

"And I mean, I just knew right there and then — these people would understand me."

From that point on, this "lonely, obnoxious kid" as the subject refers to himself (was he painfully introverted at that age, I ask? "Oh no, I just had no friends, that's all," he laughs hysterically) followed the Velvet Underground from gig to gig.

"Yeah, I don't know anyone who saw more gigs than me except maybe their own managers. See, most gigs were played in Boston anyway than anywhere else. And when they played New York, I'd get someone to drive me. Anyway, I must have seen 'em somewhere between 75 and 100 times."

Visions of the gawky, hyper-innocent Richman, barely past puberty, stumbling enthusiastically through swathes of bikers, leather-boys and junkies inevitably ensue, as it's a proverbial statement of fact that V.U. gigs, particularly in Boston and New York, attracted mainly a . . . uh . . . 'hard core' following. Richman, however, blithely appears to have ignored all that.

"I could see it was wrong so it didn't matter to me at all. I didn't care what other people's preconceptions were because I knew them — the band — I knew they weren't at all like that. I had no interest in falling for that heavy image because I met them, talked to them like real human beings . . . followed 'em around."

Other sources claim that Lou Reed in particular found the juvenile Richman's attentions something of the proverbial pain in the arse, and, though Jonathan refuses to concur with the same, his answers to questions referring to Reed himself back then are brusque to say the least.

Were you friendly with Reed, I asked.

"Uh . . . yeah, with him . . . and the rest of the guys too."

And did Reed actively encourage your songwriting?

"In some ways. Yeah, I sung some of my songs to him. Like I said, I wasn't introverted. I was obnoxious. I was very, very lonely but I had nerve. In fact, the problem was always whether they could shut me up!"

Richman firmly sticks by the now-almost immortal quote attributed to him: "I started a group because I was lonely and figured that way I'd make friends". He only gets at all tetchy when I dare to make the word "lonely" seem synonymous with "introverted". Introverted, Jonathan defiantly states he was not. Obnoxious he was.

IN THOSE gloomy mid-teen years, he'd already started writing songs, of course. The first were, well . . .

"If I had a guitar I'd play some of 'em for you but as I haven't . . ."

Well, tell me about the lyrical slant then, I quickly countered.

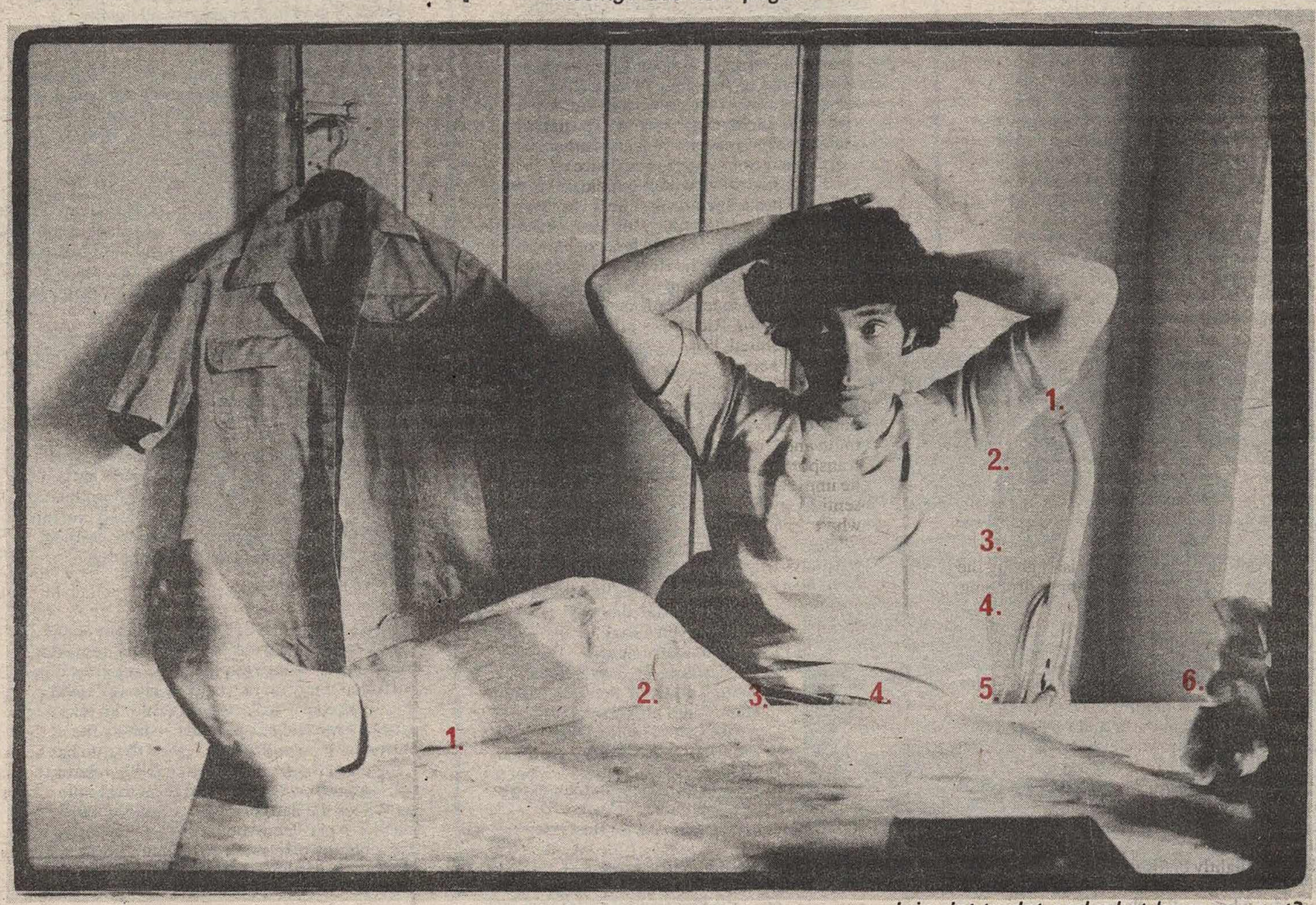
"Oh, they were very lonely and very, very frustrated. I just said where I was at the time. Far more hopeless and lonely than anything you've ever heard of mine."

Even worse than "Hospital"?

"Oh 'Hospital', to me, is quite a positive song.

More fun over page.

If you look closely at this picture, you will see that Jonathan has been unduly careless dressing this morning. Can you find an important item of clothing missing? See next page.



Join dot-to-dot and what have you got?

From previous page.

I see a lot of beauty in that song. But *that* was not a million miles close to the heaviness of these first songs I'm talking about.

"See, I really never ever expected to make any friends — ever. So I'd write songs just bemoaning constantly. Plus all sorts of other real 'down', cynical (he spits the word out) stuff."

The first Modern Lovers' incarnation was going to have to wait a couple of years however, as Richman first became known amongst the rock media as a music writer for at least two Boston papers, *Vibrations* and *Fusion*.

"Some guy from *Vibrations* came up to me once and said, 'Hey, wanna write for us?' 'Yeah, great' I said. See, I just wanted a chance to tell the world how much I loved the Velvet Underground."

Which he did at great length for both rags, although his finest piece of writing remains a critique he penned for *Fusion* lambasting Iggy and The Stooges for "going Hollywood" on their second album, "Fun House". The review, in fact, is not only amazingly eloquent, it's also almost frighteningly prophetic in terms of what Richman perceived as the band's only conceivable fate — self-destruction.

Rock-writing, however, was secondary to forming a group, which Richman achieved slowly but surely, first recruiting next-door neighbour John Felice ("he was the second Modern Lover"), who now leads a fine Boston band known as The Real Kids, on guitar, followed by drummer David Robinson and a bass-player in Ralph Anderson. Ernie Brooks eventually took the latter's place, and organist Jerry Harrison was the last to join.

This was the first incarnation, then, of the Modern Lovers (Felice lasted a few months, even contributing two of his songs before splitting and thus leaving the band in the formation that made the now legendary Cale-produced first album). But more than just a group formed to quell Richman's teenage traumas . . . the Modern Lovers were a group with a mission.

Richman had first wanted the band to be named "Jonathan Richman's Rockin' Roadmasters" ("that was a nice sounding name"), then "The Highway Dance Band" (" 'cos I loved highways and I wanted to be in a dance band"), and on to the Modern Romantics (" 'cos" — wait for it — "I felt kinda romantic"). The Modern Lovers, though, was the most "daring" name on a list written out as a final shot at securing a name. It stuck mainly owing to Richman's commitment to writing "modern love songs" that took a firm stand against the 'macho slob' heavy metal genre of romanticism where the female was generally referred to as a 'bitch' and exhorted to 'get down' whenever the satin loon-panted protagonist's desires were aroused. More to the point, the Lovers took it upon themselves to act as crusaders against not only 'male chauvinist pig' rock but also the rampant drug abuse that was causing whole audiences to be laid out horizontal, lips rimmed with drool, while their ears were bled white by phalanxes of Marshall amps.

This was the early '70s, you must remember, the era of Limey behemoths like Deep Purple and Black Sabbath whose audiences considered taking quaaludes a ritualised necessity for complete enjoyment of said group's tonal extremities. Richman and the Modern Lovers took a militantly-opposed stance to all this brain damage, storming onstage with Richman, hair cropped borstal short, black tee shirt, jeans and sneakers the centre of attention yelping aggressively "I'm Straight" — a ploy that more often than not caused audiences to throw all manner of garbage at his gawky physique.

Their original repertoire is partly represented on the album that Berserkley released as a collector's item, which in fact consisted of (to Richman's ears) substandard demos of songs dating from that era. Omitted however are gems like the aforementioned "I'm Straight" and the epic "She Takes The Pill For Me" (which, when mentioned, Richman curtly dismisses now, claiming that he hadn't sung the tune since his 20th birthday.)

The crusade aspect was stated in no uncertain terms by organist Jerry Harrison last year when I spoke to him about his sojourn with Richman and the Lovers. Richman, however, when the subject is broached now, seems faintly

The Modern Lovers were a group with a mission . . . crusading against not only 'male chauvinist pig' rock but also the rampant drug abuse of the early '70s . . . a ploy that more often than not caused audiences to throw all manner of garbage at Richman's gawky physique.

disinterested, as if the mists of time have transformed it all into something almost redundant, even if its basic motivation force still fuels the current Lover's work to some extent.

I MENTION specifically the crusade aspect — the Modern Lovers vs Quaalude Abuse and Macho Slobbishness — and Richman gets slightly pensive.

"Well, yeah, it had that aspect certainly. Not that I would use those exact words (macho, slob) mind you. But . . . I would say it did have a crusade feel to it, certainly concerning the drugs aspects and what they were doing to people." (Richman adamantly claims never to have taken a drug in his life, by the way.) "But I wouldn't go all that far about it in retrospect. You should just listen to the songs, really. They say it all. Like 'Someone I Care About' says exactly what I do and don't want at that time. It actually says it far better than I could say it now, what with my foggy memmory and all."

Richman gets more animated in his verbalising when the topic of the "Modern Lovers" album itself — the '73 Warner Bros effort produced by John Cale which Warners eventually nixed totally — is brought up.

"Those were just demos, man. Nothing more. See, both Warners and A&M set those sessions up to show *us* what *they* could do for *us. Not vice-versa,* which obviously affects the performances, right. I mean, those tapes, that album — what I really disliked about it — is that the whole thing is *nothing,* absolutely nothing really compared to what we sounded like *'live'.* See, I think we were a pretty damn good band live. Some nights, certainly."

More mysterious and near-labyrinthine in its complex cross-manoeuvrings is that whole Modern Lovers/Warner Bros deal and the reasons for the deal being nixed, which consequently caused the band, who emigrated to the West Coast for the recording, to break up.

The Lovers had garnered numerous highly positive reviews in their first flowering, paramount amongst these being the late Lilian Roxon's rave review in the *Daily News* which caused the band to be wooed by numerous record companies. Warners were in the forefront and a large sum of money (possibly 100,000 dollars) was spent on the band, who went with the former owing principally to Richman's desire to work with John Cale, at that time a Warners staff producer. However, the sessions with Cale didn't work out, and a salvage attempt by Kim Fowley hardly helped matters any further. Richman himself prefers to keep 'schtum' about the whole episode, claiming that no, it wasn't so much personally traumatic but just that it involves other people "who aren't here now to give their points of view." He refuses outright to substantiate the rumour that he blew out the Warners deal when the company attempted to force a stipulation that Richman perform "Roadrunner" at every gig. However he does talk about "Roadrunner", surely his most famous song, later in a dialogue about songwriting.

" 'Roadrunner' has never ever been done the same way twice. It's not even a song, really — it's just this instrumental background. It's never been written down or anything. Like some songs are scrupulously written down, some take six months, some take five months. 'Roadrunner' has just . . . been there in this amorphous state all along."

Did you solve our puzzler on page 33? That's right, Jonathan forgot to put on his tie!

BACK IN THE chronological fray, Richman sacked the Modern Lovers in early '74 possibly as a result of the Warners 'snafu', and here start the transitions and bouts of regressive weirdness. Only nothing is that straight-forward, of course. It's more than obvious that Richman appeared to make a drastic transition from those first legit demos to the Martian-Martians, Dodge Veg-a-Matics and wide-eyed looney-toons positivism that permeated every note and syllable he and the reformed Modern Lovers have been blithely peddling since Berserkley signed him up to make records again.

However, Richman claims he'd reached the point where the original Lovers' repertoire '72-'73 vintage was irking him, attitude-wise, whilst those Cale sessions were being convened.

"Yeah, I was already there during those sessions, I don't see any transitions at all. See, that's why we (the first band) split. If you'd been around at the time you'd have seen it happen and it would have been no big deal at all — no dramatic transition. *They* saw it — and it frustrated them. I mean, I wanted to do 'Hey Little Insect' and 'Government Centre' — they were written in '73 — instead of 'Pablo Picasso' *then.*"

Jerry Harrison agreed with Richman when I spoke to him about the period just prior to the break-up. Harrison claimed that "Jonathan was into astrology — always writing songs about that. And he reckoned he was having these 'visions'. Like, one song he had was this thing about 'I see you at the waterway, at the waterway'. Just repeating this line over and over. The band just refused to go along with all that and it eventually got so frustrating, there was no way we could work together."

With the Modern Lovers split, Richman got publicity via the occasional odd-ball stunt played out at the few gigs he played. There were reports of the singer/composer taking the stage with a bunch of guys in the background beating rolled-up newspapers in time to the beat. All pretty wacky stuff.

"Well, tambourines is more like it. Rolled-up newspapers makes a better story, though, I guess (laughs). But . . . yeah, tambourines, clapping hands. I did all that, sure. It wasn't just an idea, too. Like, I've done everything. Sometimes it's been just me and a bass-ball glove. Sometimes a guitar. The Rubinoos were helpful." (Note: the latter played back-up on the hit version of "Roadrunner", with Greg Kihn amongst others on back-up vocals.) "Sometimes they'd just sing accapella and I'd play electric guitar. Sometimes they'd just play acoustics and I'd sing."

And then Matthew King Kaufman, who'd been, along with Danny Fields and Steve Paul, among the many who'd offered to manage Richman at the outset, phoned and offered Jonathan a chance to record for his label, Berserkley ("I just said — 'You Bet'!")

Before Kaufman's offer, Richman had pretty much decided to just hit the road with his guitar, playing free concerts for children's hospitals and the like. Kaufman however galvanised him into action and a new Modern Lovers was formed from local Berserkley musicians sharing Richman's vision.

ALL OF WHICH brings us neatly to the present and our hero's "Jesus' sunbeam" stance which has irked many but strangely attracted many more, ready to blissfully sink into Richman's "colour me" world. So far three singles have been Top 20 hits — firstly the now-classic "Roadrunner", then the quirky "Egyptian Reggae" (Richman freely admits to having pinched the bass-line from the Soul Syndicate's riff from Johnny Clarke's "None Shall Escape The Judgement" — "I went up to the guys and offered them money y'know and they just said (adopts Jah patois) — 'You can't copyright a bass-line, man' "), and a hat-trick achieved by the gooey confessional, "Morning Of Our Lives."

Richman refuses to admit to having radically altered his initial vision, claiming that "back then, I just wanted to sing my idea of modern love songs and this new album is full of 'em."

When I refer to his new stance, criticising his new work for promoting a phoney non-realistic form of escapism, he warms to the argument considerably, stating boldly:

"Just listen to this." (He plays "Lover Please", the instrumental.) "Now how can you call that escapist? It's just music with a pretty melody. Now you might not like my 'Abominable Snowman' or my 'Martian Martian' — hey, but that's your privilege. But now you see how I look at things. It's not like I'm avoiding some deep dark issue."

Ah, I counter, somewhat inarticulately I must admit, but *before* you were dealing with realistic problems — problems of loneliness, of infatuation — and performing them with a naked sincerity. Now times are hard . . .

"Who said times are hard? They certainly aren't as hard for me as they were when I was 18 . . . 19. Like, you say times are hard as if songs just about hard times are by necessity *more candid.* Which is . . . see, I read your review incidentally and I got the distinct impression that this gentleman, Nick Kent's idea of songs that are realistic, they have to be songs which are cynical . . ."

I remonstrate here, but Richman is off on a new tack.

"See, to me it's . . . I'm working in exactly the same vein as I started out working on. To me, there is no different vein. You don't find the same naked sincerity in my new songs but others do, I can assure you."

But isn't it *just* entertainment you're into now?

Richman ponders the question. "I actually think . . . we've got instrumentals, songs about how I feel, fun songs — a little bit of everything, really. And, like, we've got five and six year olds, parents in the audience. All age groups, in fact."

So is it more important to play for pre-adolescents?

"I certainly enjoy it. I don't want to separate anyone. I make these shows primarily so that people won't feel uncomfortable. That's the whole point."

Only when I probe into his personal life does Richman once again clam up. I ask whether any particular personal incident aided his more benign countenance flowering forth, only to be greeted with albeit goodnaturedly: "I like to keep my personal life personal. I mean, I can understand why you'd ask — it's a good question but I just . . . let's say things have gotten better."

O.K. then, but without getting specific . . .

"Ah well, there's this new song I sing called 'Affection' where I deal with all that really. It goes (and here he bursts into song):

"You know I used to starve for affection/I used to blame the world and I made it worse, I suppose/But I was a snob who said I don't have time for these people/And I used to say I have nothing in common with those/And then I relaxed a little and met more people who liked me/And that gave me the courage to reach out more and give/And they helped me to get more affection/And they helped me to live/So I say, People all over the world are good/People all over the world ain't bad/But if they keep on chickenin' out/They won't get what they wished they had/And that's affection."

Chickening out?

"I mean, just being afraid to reach out. Like I was. I was defensive and afraid of rejection — and not just from women either. Just being friendly to people. I had quite a little chip on my shoulder back then, y'know..."

And so we talk about Richman's current passions in music — the old rock 'n' roll, doo-wop and reggae, and why he's taken off in Europe (he hasn't the faintest idea) and how the band is the absolute paradox of the rampant nihilism of , say, The Sex Pistols — when I suddenly realise that, however cute and precocious Richman's stance may appear, the sincerity that is at the very heart of it, is every bit as relevant as the tracts of the nihilism brigade. In fact, it's much braver.

"And see, I didn't purposely get into a positive frame of mind. That just happened by itself. It was pretty much totally unselfconscious . . . well, maybe just a little self-conscious because I did give it some thought but . . . I just like to tell the truth, y'know. I make a strict point of that."

JONATHAN RICHMAN'S professional ambition is "to play more dances. Who said love songs aren't for dancing?"

His personal ambition is to have a wife and kids one day.

As I leave him, I recall one of the songs he mentioned as his absolute favourite, the Lovin' Spoonful's "Do You Believe In Magic?" with those gorgeous chords and lyrics like *"Do you believe in magic/In a young girl's heart/How the music can free her/Whenever it starts/And it's magic — that makes you feel groovy/Just like watching an old-time movie."* Coy, schmaltzy as hell . . .

Christ, Richman could have written them easily. More to the point, he succeeded in telling this stranger about his form of rock 'n' roll. I like the little squirt a lot.

THE REAL MADDY PRIOR STANDS UP.

After eight years with Steeleye Span, you might be forgiven for thinking you know exactly what Maddy Prior sounds like.

You couldn't be more wrong.

As you'll discover when you listen to her first solo album "Woman in the Wings".

True, the folk rock element is still very much in evidence.

But so are a lot of other musical styles that have obviously been smouldering beneath the surface, just itching to get out.

There's the big band jazziness of "Baggy Pants", the reggae undertones of "Catseyes" and the haunting beauty of the title song itself.

All the tracks have been written by Maddy. And the entire album has been produced by Ian Anderson, David Palmer and Robin Black.

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"Woman in the Wings" is in your record shops now. And Maddy herself will be stepping out of the wings and into concert, live, on the following dates:

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SOUTHPORT:	Southport Theatre, The Promenade. Sun. 21 May.
GLASGOW:	Theatre Royal. Mon. 22 May.
EDINBURGH:	Odeon. Tues. 23 May.
MANCHESTER:	Apollo. Wed. 24 May.
OXFORD:	New Theatre. Thurs. 25 May.
LONDON:	Royal Festival Hall. Sat. 27 May.
BOURNEMOUTH:	Winter Gardens. Wed. 31 May.
CROYDON:	Fairfield Hall, Park Lane. Thurs. 1 June.
BRIGHTON:	The Dome. Fri. 2 June.
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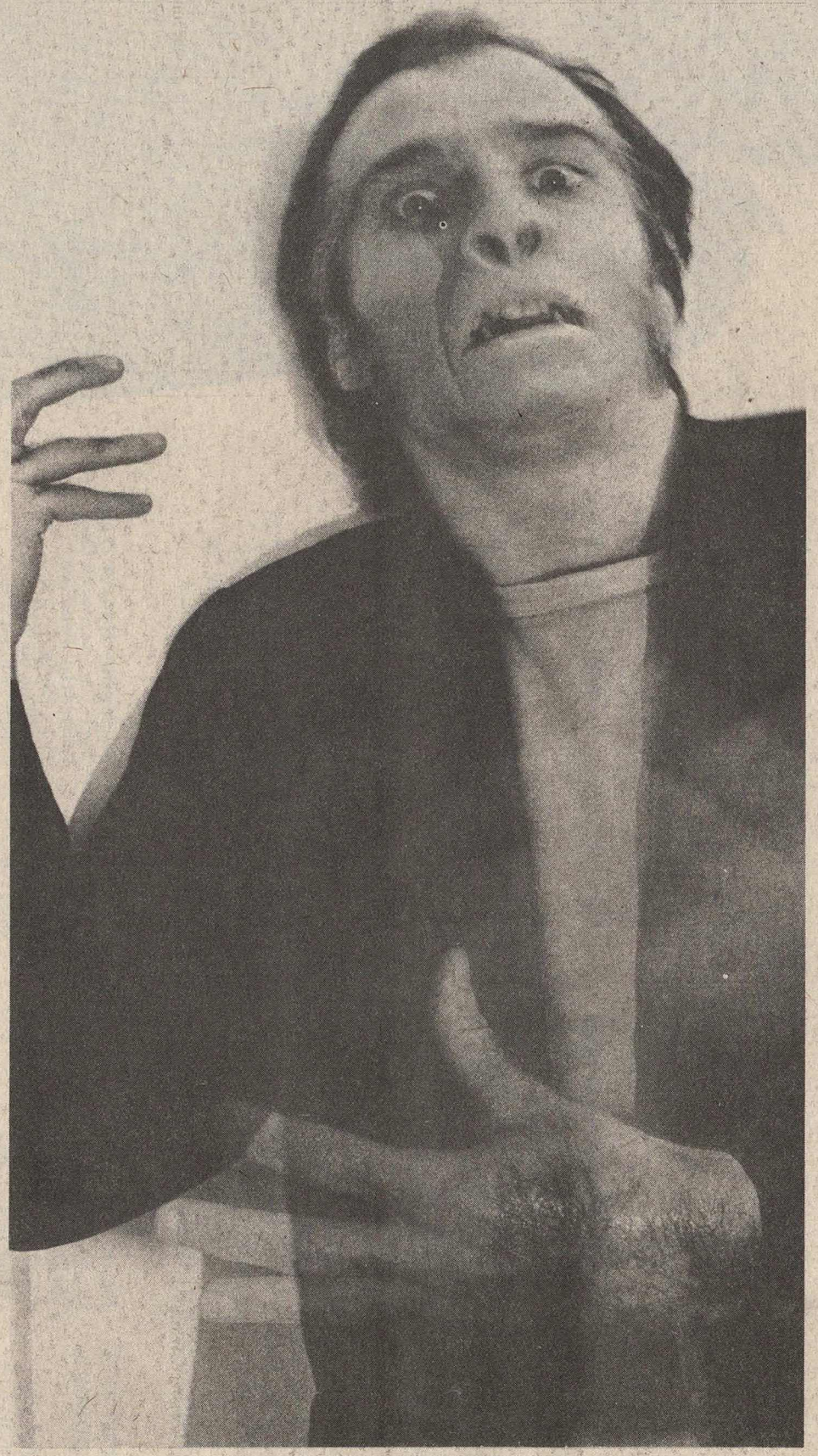

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ALBUMS

The Excesses Of Being Earnest

TOM ROBINSON BAND
Power In The Darkness (EMI)

THEY CHOSE ME for this one because I am virtually the only person on the entire paper who has never written about TRB — and now it feels like I've been asked to don the old *NME* hitman cowl (black shirt, white tie optional) for a classic 'build 'em up, knock 'em down' stunt.

How was I know to know? Honest, guv — I mean, straight up, I thought this would be a real magilla after all the banshee blather about this band's live form.

Actually, listening to this album I can tell that Robinson and Co are a hot stage band — in that they dole out stirring songs with obvious conviction, thus making for ideal rabble-rousing fare. But, truth to tell, this debut offering is really not very good (at all).

In fact, it's most unbecoming in its mediocrity. Musically, it's unconvincing, a fact that consequently makes its lyrical proclamations sound either a little phoney or else just plain hysterical over-reaction.

This is *not* a good rock and roll album.

"Up Against The Wall" has one of those chord progressions moulded after Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" strut. You've heard the chords — a million times before. They're just the sort of stodge the likes of all Mott The Hoople surrogates lay their Pete Townshend windmill routines over. Then there's the football stomp that's just too, too calculating.

In fact, the whole musical structure is too damn calculating: that style of rock that isn't *felt* but concocted, making this album a whole different animal from, say, The Clash's cruder but infinitely more effective manic stride as displayed on *their* debut.

"Grey Cortina" is vaguely agreeable minor league rock — a sort of son of "2-4-6-8 Motorway" — but as *rock* it's only adequate in the bare bones sense of the term.

"Too Good To Be True" is the conception of a semi-pro band weaned on Steely Dan slickness, dominated by "Pretzel Logic" piano chords and a guitar solo that sounds like Elliott Randall suffering from a heavy hangover. Which isn't to say it's bad — it's just not striking enough, and neither Robinson's thoughtful lyrics nor his vocals can succeed in lifting the track.

"Ain't Gonna Take It" is more memorable, a sturdy rallying call with plenty of guitar fuelled firepower (with more than a cursory nod to Townshend), while "Long Hot Summer" is too earnest by half and Robinson's lyrics — usually at the very least well constructed — are clumsy and ill-conceived, leaving only Mark Ambler's haunting organ motif to etch an imprint on the memory.

Side two's opener, "Winter Of '79", has a strong narrative lyric from Robinson whilst the music, again guitar-powered, has a great deal of sass. It's one of the strongest moments.

But "Man You Never Saw", with its continued Robinson obsession with future-shock social suppression and ensuing paranoia, becomes forgettable in spite of some great guitar work because of the very nature of the topic itself, which is dealt with in facile and exaggeratedly anxious form.

"Better Decide Which Side You're On", however, I find down-right offensive. I first thought Robinson was doing a Randy Newman, playing the bigoted Marxist *("If left is right, then right is wrong" . . .)*, until I was informed that the composer was merely expressing his own views. Chalk up another heavy minus for hypertense political stances.

"You Gotta Survive" is more Robinson future-grim sketching with a jolting backup, but the whole desperate landscape has already been extensively covered. Enough already.

And finally, "Power In The Darkness" is quasi-disco stuff with a riff from God knows where, but it's been around long enough to cause one to stifle yawns. As a grand finale, a news report is segued over the back-up before Robinson himself delivers an establishmentarian shot of rhetoric which is just (that word again) hysterical.

OK, so that was a pretty harsh drubbing all told, but I for one am unrepentant — in fact my initial concern about cloistering the real sting of the put-down behind something more reasonable has now been shot right out the window.

Above all though, this record is a failure — and a clumsy, over-reaching one at that.

Robinson is a committed man — that's almost too obvious to need stating — but his politics continually force him to humourless conclusions.

More to the point, he is an unconvincing rock vocalist, and this record is an unbecoming example of 'middle-class aggro-rock' — rock that is calculated, not felt.

At its worst, "Power In The Darkness" is almost like an aural equivalent to *Time Out's* brand of dreary polemics. 'Hysteria', 'calculated', 'unconvincing' — these terms seem to crop up again and again here, and as a fellow middle-class lad (oh, the agony) the failure of Robinson's pitch depresses me almost as much as this review will undoubtedly depress him.

Honestly, this has not been an enjoyable piece to write and I have tried to soften the blows by all manner of side-stepping. But to no avail.

Whether it will be commercially successful, I wouldn't know. All I know is what I feel from this album is rank depression in the face of its clumsy conceits and all too calculated rock and roll. The message ends.

Nick Kent

JETHRO TULL
Heavy Horses (Chrysalis)

TULL'S TENTH album in as many years, "Heavy Horses" continues on from the group's last album "Songs From The Wood" with the emphasis on rural themes and acoustic settings. Very dull it is too.

True, Ian Anderson has chosen wisely in largely eschewing his hard rock roots — when Jethro Tull come on like a fully-fledged heavy metal band on this album ("No Lullaby" and "Heavy Horses") they sound dated. In fact, those two songs, the only pieces where Anderson deviates from straightforward composition, are the least successful tracks, both labouring for what seems like an eternity through very convoluted structures.

But while several of Anderson's whimsical, folk-orientated songs are blessed with pretty melodies ("Moths", "Rover" and "One Brown Mouse") and all of them are tastefully arranged, only Anderson's infuriating flute lines actually causing discomfort to the ear, the whole thing is so singularly lacking in passion it's impossible to work up much enthusiasm.

Lyrically, Anderson's once caustic wit is now replaced by a wordy romanticism which fails to ring true. It's all very well for him to mourn the passing of the Shire horse, but one wonders how many fields he's had to plough in his time.

Perhaps Anderson has decided to eulogise these magnificent beasts because he feels something in common with them. After all, the Shires have been overtaken by events . . .

Steve Clarke

PHAROAH SANDERS
Love Will Find A Way (Artista)

IN WHICH Pharoah Sanders throws in the beret, and delivers . . . nothing much at all.

Or, more precisely, a bit of pedestrian disco-funk, some over-elaborate muzak, banal lyrics and a whole mish-mash of a 'crossover' album that makes the word sound more than ever like a synonym for 'sell out'.

It's not that Pharoah plays badly — though he doesn't exactly stretch himself — and he still has that lovely melodic touch, just that everything that goes on around him is disastrous. Responsibility lies chiefly with Norman Connors who, as well as producing, co-writing two tracks, singing and playing percussion is also credited with 'directions in music'. I mean whose album is this anyway?

At least he can share the blame. Paul Risner and McKinlay Jackson (we name the guilty men) arrange, conduct, fart around with strings and horns, and are credited with 'rhythm arrangements'. A leading jazz saxophonist has to have two other guys to arrange his rhythms for him! What is this?

And, just so's you notice that these tracks have been *arranged*, on three of them they change the backing and the rhythm half way through. Which sort of breaks the back of the music and is about as appropriate as leg irons on a ballet dancer, but at least it gets these guys a name check.

It's sad to think that a dozen years ago, Pharoah Sanders was blowing wild and heavy with John Coltrane on the crest of new wave jazz. This album is no wave at all; it's more like he's bloody drowning.

Graham Lock

The Bonus Of Being Big Youth

BIG YOUTH
Isaiah First Prophet Of Old (Virgin Front Line)

PORTRAIT OF the artist entering maturity; this is Big Youth's seventh album in a sequence that dates back to 1973 and "Screaming Target", days when, on that album's title track, Youth sang the praises of the lastest Yank psycopath flick to hit West Kingston, and, on titles like "Foreman Versus Frazier", of the dreadest heroes of the boxing arena.

You wouldn't catch him doing that now. When Ali lost his title, no one in Jamaica bothered to make a record about it — a sure sign of the times. Rasta from birth and now 27, Youth's work has become steadily more devotional over the years and, as the title suggests, this is his most overtly religious and biblical album yet.

In between his emergence as earthy street talker and his present standing as one of the music's senior statesmen, Youth has offered up an enormous amount and variety of work. Much of the more sublime — "JA To UK", "Natty No Jester" — name your favourite — has been issued as singles, though the man's maintained a high standard on his albums too, with his fourth offering, "Dread Locks Dread", simultaneously introducing him to a wider audience and, in this country at least, confirming his standing as King of The Deejays.

Since then that particular title has passed hands several times over. The rule of 'This Year's Model' was never more dominant than in the world of reggae talkers, and that's precisely why Youth has continued to prosper while his peers and rivals have fallen to repetition, gimmickry and assorted artistic dead ends.

For of all the DJs, Youth alone has consistently spurned formulas for continual, if erratic, invention. In fact, the DJ tag hardly applies anymore, since the man's style now falls somewhere between singing and talking, and he generates his own backing tracks (as opposed to the customary DJ practice of copping a hot rydim).

He's also branched into self production, has his own Negusa Negast label, his own shop, and has toured with his own band, The Ark Angels.

In short, though the man has slipped a couple of notches on the ranking scale, he's still grown so big he busts out of any bag you wanna throw his way. All this while being steadily ripped off and misrepresented abroad . . . is there *always* gonna be one more bridge to cross?

All of which goes some way to explaining why anyone fresh to the man's talents might find "Isaiah First Prophet Of Old" passes them by. For one thing it's distinctly patchy, with around half of its eight extended tracks missing the mark, failing to make more than a cursory impression.

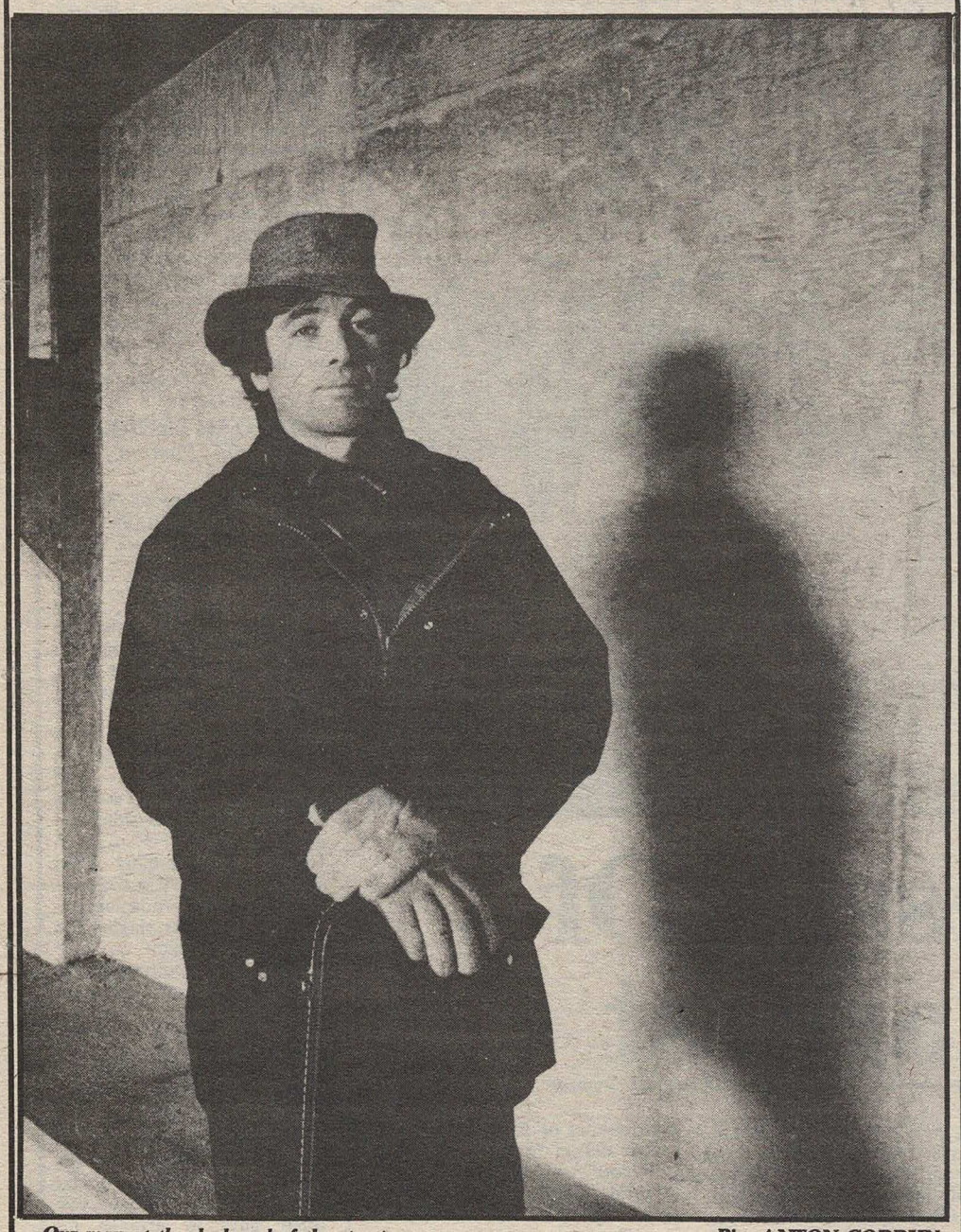
For another it's subtle. These days Youth's not interested in stark pounding rhythms; he surrounds himself with instrumentation, lush swinging horns constantly urging him forward over easy rolling riffs. The result on the best cuts — the title track, "Love We A Deal With", "The Upful One" — is rich uplifting music, with the ease and grace of the enterprise almost at odds with what at times are zealous lyrics; *"Many shall be called but few shall be chose . . . Only the fittest of the fittest of the fittest shall stand . . ."* **Youth's message though, as always, is positive. Youth sings/talks everything like he's simultaneously smiling — which he assuredly is — and on occasion hits some beautiful verbal runs, notably on the outstanding "Love We A Deal With" where he rightly proclaims** *"What most people today are fighting for is survival . . ."*

Hardly an album for the casual or sensation-seeking listener — especially not with so many reggae albums abroad — but Youth fans will doubtless be unable to let it pass. What can you do more than love it?

Neil Spencer

ETHNO-MUSICOLOGY IN THE USA

(OK?)



Our man at the dark end of the street *Pic: ANTON CORBIJN*

RY COODER
Jazz (Warner Brothers Import)

IT WAS, I suppose, only a matter of time and tide before Ry Cooder turned his ranging ear and roving eye towards jazz. His six previous albums have followed almost every other spirit moving with the sweet or sad breath of music across America, so it seems only natural that the guitarist should close the circuit.

The affinities between American folk, blues, gospel and jazz are as numerous as they're obvious — although, typically perhaps, the ways in which Cooder has chosen to illustrate them are somewhat esoteric.

Cooder's never been a man to beat the already beaten track (no, this is *not* a jazzrock concept album). As he puts it himself: "The idea behind this album was that there has always been a lot going on in the periphery of popular jazz trends. We wanted to provide a thread of alternative jazz settings to some great music that falls within the one hundred year scope of jazz in America."

All the same, the most immediately accessible and recognisably Cooderish things here are three church hymns arranged and adapted for eight-piece string/brass band after the style of Bahamian guitarist Joseph Spence. If you liked, say, "Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer" off "Boomer's Story", then you'll love these.

Spence played them very syncopated and so Cooder, no stranger to syncopation himself, copes well with the buoyant march-time beat of "Fact To Face I Shall Meet Him", "Happy Meeting In Glory" and "We Shall Be Happy". Like everything else on "Jazz", the hymns are entirely acoustic; bass bearing is provided by tuba parts courtesy of Red Callender, a black West Coast jazzer who has the distinction of being the first player since the Dixieland bands to give his axe prominence in a group setting.

Bix Beiderbecke's ethereal "In A Mist", darting "Flashes" and moody "Devenport Blues" form another triptych. Beiderbecke was one of the first New Orleans jazzmen to move north and died in 1931 at the tender age of 29.

Cooder presents the tunes in what he calls a 'salon jazz', context. "Mist" and "Blues" are scored for five-piece band, hanging hazy and lazy around vibes and alto sax. "Flashes" is all Cooder, and stunningly performed. Beiderbecke's music was *different* — some would say impressionistic after the fashion of French classical composers Debussy and Ravel — and Cooder's airy treatments certainly emphasise this aspect of it.

Moving on elsewhere, "The Pearls/Tia Juana" are two 'Spanish' Jelly Roll Morton tunes for which Cooder takes it upon himself to recreate the Latin string band sound of the 1920's masterfully multi-tracking himself on guitars, mandolins, *tiple* and (classical) harp.

In the same vein, "The Dream" is an 1880's stripper's drag, low and languid, Cooder sweet on bottleneck, Earl Hines seamy on piano and one Mark Stevens soft with the drum brushwork. As often as not Cooder's (re)creations are by their very nature highly pictorial, strong on atmosphere and action; "The Dream" is no exception.

Which leaves the vocal pieces. One of these, "Nobody", was a Columbia hit for Bert Williams in, I think, 1913. Williams was a black Harlem entertainer who managed to become a bona fide star in Vaudeville. His songs played up to the 'Black Face' image (the black American as poor, poooor boy), but were also bitterly scathing at whitey's expense.

Cooder adopts the necessary vocal mannerisms with little difficulty and still less embarrassment. Both "Nobody" and "Shine" feature what have since become barbershop vocal harmonies — as in The Beeb's very own *Black And White Minstrel Show* which, believe it or not, taps these very same 'Coon Song Era' traditions.

And so that's "Jazz", more or less. Cooder's own notes suggest further intricate links between the various styles he's adopted here. (Memo to UK Warners — please don't pass up on the liner sheet like you did with "Chicken Skin Music". If Cooder takes the trouble to document his albums as fully as he does, then the least you can do is bear him out.)

Ry Cooder is not a musician (musicologist?) to make concessions. In fact, only fellow Californian guitarist John Fahey could claim to have researched and recovered so much of the American ethnic and esoteric. And "Jazz" is, I'll admit, pretty wacky — almost as wacky as the album of Christmas carols Fahey put out some years back.

But then such unflinching dedication to the cause of now largely unheard and certainly underprivileged music(s) deserves a wider hearing. Meanwhile, it's to Cooder's eternal credit that his work is never patronising or, come to that, pedestrian. I wonder, will anyone be retracing *his* steps in 50 years' time? Here's hoping.

Angus MacKinnon

"You dont have to be a chick to wear suspenders"

...says Mr Misfit

"You dont have to be white to be God"

...says Mr Misfit

"You dont have to be a freak to be a Mizfit"

...says Mr Misfit

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ARISTA

Less Pop, Less Style

IGGY POP
TV Eye, 1977 Live (RCA)

The fourth Iggy Pop album to be released in the past year-and-a-bit, "TV Eye" could be the one that finally launches him back into the obscurity from whence he came.

Accessible it's not. You know that buzz you get as you enter a gig after the band's begun its set, that surge of adrenalin as the muffled electronic amp-up hits you just outside the hall, like some vast, nebulous swirl of echoing black sound . . . well, this time it lasts a whole album.

Yes, it's yet another new low in fi. Really, most of this record sounds like it was recorded on a portable cassette machine in the back row of the circle. If, like me, you were hoping for some kind of encapsulation of the Pop oeuvre, you're out of luck.

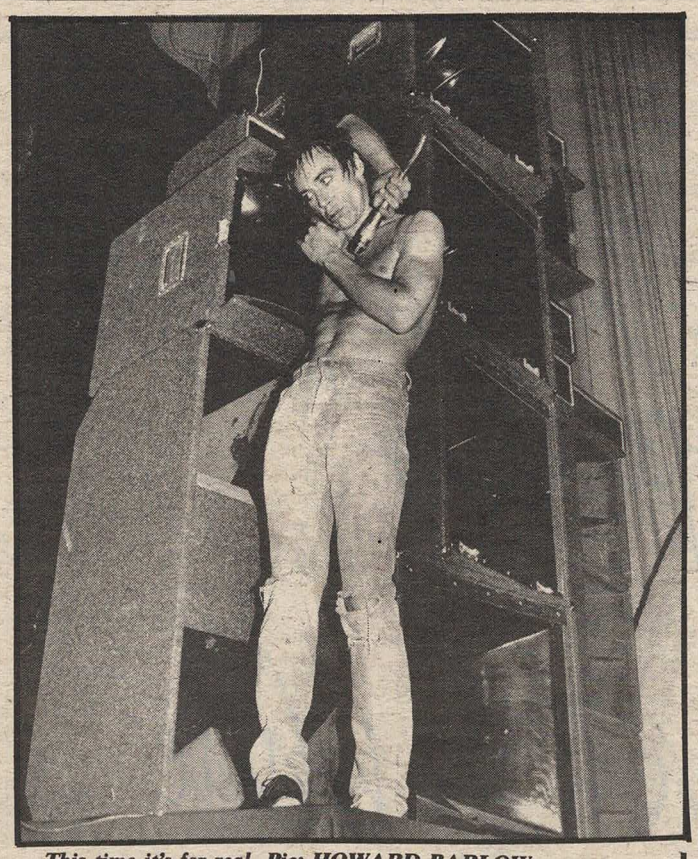
See, The Stooges for me might just as well have been Bengali bagpipe players: we never got acquainted. But after the recent run of Pop releases — the appealing Stones vibe of "Kill City", the muted narcosis of "The Idiot", and the sheer brilliance of "Lust For Life" — I was really looking forward to digging deep into this live album for some kind of definitive portrait of J. Osterberg.

You might as well dig into quicksand; nothing will be unearthed. "TV Eye" was recorded in Cleveland, Chicago and Kansas City in March and October last year: four tracks with the "Idiot" period band of Ricky Gardiner (guitar), David Bowie (piano), Tony Sales (bass) and Hunt Sales (drums), which then went on to record "Lust For Life", and four tracks with the post-"Lust For Life" Iggy Pop Band, in which Stacey Heydon and Scott Thurston replaced Gardiner and Bowie.

Although the two sets of tracks are jumbled up together — it's one of those irritating records where you get "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Iggy Pop" after the second cut — the difference between them is enormous. No attempt seems to have been made to create any kind of consistent sound, and while the Bowie tracks are reasonably neat around the edges, just a little muffled (particularly the voice), the Heydon/Thurston tracks ring mercilessly with feedback and a perpetual shimmer of distortion.

"TV Eye", the title track, churns along rather messily, with Bowie adding whirring noises to Gardiner's grinding guitar and mis-cueing his piano at one point; "Funtime" is more coherent — the instruments actually separate — and Bowie's original melody holds its depth; "Sixteen", the second band's opener, sounds like it was totally deafening on the night — any extraneous thuds are probably the sound of Heydon and Thurston chipping masonry out of the walls; while "I Got A Right" sounds like Motorhead, though in fact underneath the heaving maelstrom it's possible to discern a white hot heavy metal band breathing fire.

Overleaf, Iggy gets us to clap our hands for "Lust For Life"



This time it's for real. Pic: HOWARD BARLOW

at 78 rpm, a frantic throw-away.

The return of the Bowie band at this juncture for "Dirt" comes as a blessed relief. Taken from "Funhouse", it boasts Iggy's one considered performance of the record and, along with "Funtime", is the only track worth a listen.

"Nightclubbing", which follows, has Heydon and Thurston dealing out the torture treatment at snail's pace, and finally "I Wanna Be Your Dog" grinds the album to a dreary close.

As "TV Eye" was co-produced by David Bowie, of whom all things are possible, one thought still nags: maybe it's deliberate. Maybe he and Pop have spent weeks in the studio creating this audio documentary. Or maybe their intention this time out was to present Iggy the macho demigod writhing in the coils of the Pop band's cruel embrace . . .

Or maybe it was just a rush job — anything to feed the punk market while it lasts.

One romantic theory would be that Bowie decided after "Lust For Life" that he had created the rock masterpiece to follow "Aladdin Sane", and now he wants (Z)iggy put to rest once more.

The more likely explanation for this disaster, though — and one supported by the fact that the alleged Pop-Williamson composition "I Got A Right" is now credited solely to Iggy — is greed.

Phil McNeill

UK
UK (Polydor)

UK ARE a test tube '70's rock band. The cross-fertilization is clear: slick rock-jazz (sic) and pompous English Gothic — two forms renowned for their inability to conceive anything remotely natural.

But the offspring certainly functions — even if its freedom sounds like a coma. UK offer nothing new, diverting, or passionate. Don't gimme that lather about 'debut album' — if four musicians of this calibre can't get their chops up they shouldn't release the result.

Yes, UK function well. They will bring joy into your life if you dig Scandinavian kitchen units. Clean, workmanlike, zero. And yet there seemed nothing suspicious or pretentious about the *super* grouping. The formula of John Wetton, Bill Bruford, Eddie Jobson and Allan Holdsworth suggests something at least unassuming and, given the histories of the people involved, something fairly choice. Modesty would seem to be the keyword as far as their previous contributions to bands (everything from Yes to Zappa) are concerned. Modest attack, class with ease — one thinks of Holdsworth's playing with Gong and Soft Machine.

What they opt for here is perfunctory, palatable — garish technic-colour dashes and flares. Jobson is the real culprit, cutting all his quick into two well-thumbed stylisations; speed of light run or Grande (hovering) Fanfare. Expectation of Drama! Heroic Odyssey! Event!

The other three are less criminal, but no less scared of the devil that is Innovation. Bruford just about emerges untainted — his playing always the unconscious rhythm, not the (Mouzon, Cobham) super ego. In fact everything would be average enough were it not for the inevitable and Very Lucid Lyricism (why do they do it?): *Mental medication / Sweet music's conversation / Played for all creation/Melody fair/Lost in contemplation/ Drowned in meditation"* and so on. *Galore.*

Side two's four songs lack even the leaf of conceptual continuity to hold over the naked absurdities (balls), Jobson's "Alaska" has the advantage of no words, but musically is on a level with the stuff they use for run-in theme for big sporting events on televisions. Should have called it "Argentina" and really cashed in, boys.

Sure regroup. The lemming genus of rock. Fated to die through either excess or impotency. In UK's instance, nobody wants to be the first to donate — we all know what happens to grouped super-ego.

But it needn't be like that. Consider the methods of Frank Zappa, Carla Bley, Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul, Brian Eno: selection; exposition; dis-bandment; re-selection. Mostly very stimulating for both musician and audience, with nary a whiff of the 'supergroup' sulphate about it.

Ina Penman

NATIONAL HEALTH
National Health (Affinity)

I WAS looking forward to this one about as much as much as I look forward to a polio shot but . . . from the remnants of Hatfield and the North, Matching Mole and Egg come National Health, and with a surprisingly enjoyable album.

Unlike many bands working in jazz rock National Health's music is accessible, relying not on tortuous, self-indulgent solos, but benefitting from a cohesive group sound accrued from their obvious experience.

It reminded me of Caravan's excellent second and third albums, lengthy workouts between guitar and keyboards over a restrained but authoritative rhythm section.

Makes you wish the National Health Service was in as good a state as its musical namesake (Contrived Ending No. 148).

Patrick Humphries

The residents released their SATISFACTION in 1976. It was immediately acclaimed as the most extreme and intense record ever recorded, a pre-punk masterpiece. The demand has since grown for this record to the point where people can no longer be denied the painful pleasure of hearing and owning this startling record, which Andy Gill of NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS called, "... probably my favorite 45 of all time.", and Jim Green of TROUSER PRESS flatly stated, "... the most determinedly repellent music I've ever heard ...".

Obviously not a record for the faint hearted. So the question remains, Are you too yellow today for a record that was recorded two years ago? Hmmm?

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OREGON
Violin (Vanguard Import)
CHICK COREA
The Mad Hatter (Polydor)
LENNY WHITE
The Adventures Of Astral Pirates (Elektra)
KEITH JARRETT
My Song (ECM)
PAT METHENY GROUP
Pat Metheny Group (ECM)
CARLA BLEY BAND
European Tour 1977 (WATT)
MICHAEL MANTLER
Movies (WATT)
AURACLE
Glider (Chrysalis)

Carla Bley admires our type-face

AND DAT'S JAZZ?

ANDY GILL Swims Eight Lengths Of The Pool And Learns How To Save His Own Life

STRAIGHT IN at the deep end.

"Violin" is Oregon's second mating with other musicians and, like "Oregon/Elvin Jones Together", the result harkens back to the group's immediate ancestor, The Winter Consort. The co-option of Polish violinist Zbigniew Seifert into the group adds a bowed-string texture absent (except for Glen Moore's occasional foray on bowed double bass) since cellist David Darling's work with The Consort.

It seems such a natural addition that one presumes the only reason they hadn't done it before was for want of a compatible violinist. Seifert avowedly avoids playing "in the usual way, with all the well-known effects", and it's such a pleasure to hear a jazz violinist coping without recourse to the accepted Grapelli/Ponty/Harris/Goodman licks.

The 15 minute opener "Violin" has no formal, set-structure piece to introduce Seifert, but is a group improvisation which demonstrates the compatibility and empathy of the new element within Oregon over a variety of moods. It is possibly the best piece Oregon have yet produced, one with which the rest of the album — three typically melodic Ralph Towner compositions and one eerie, menacing Moore piece — can't compare.

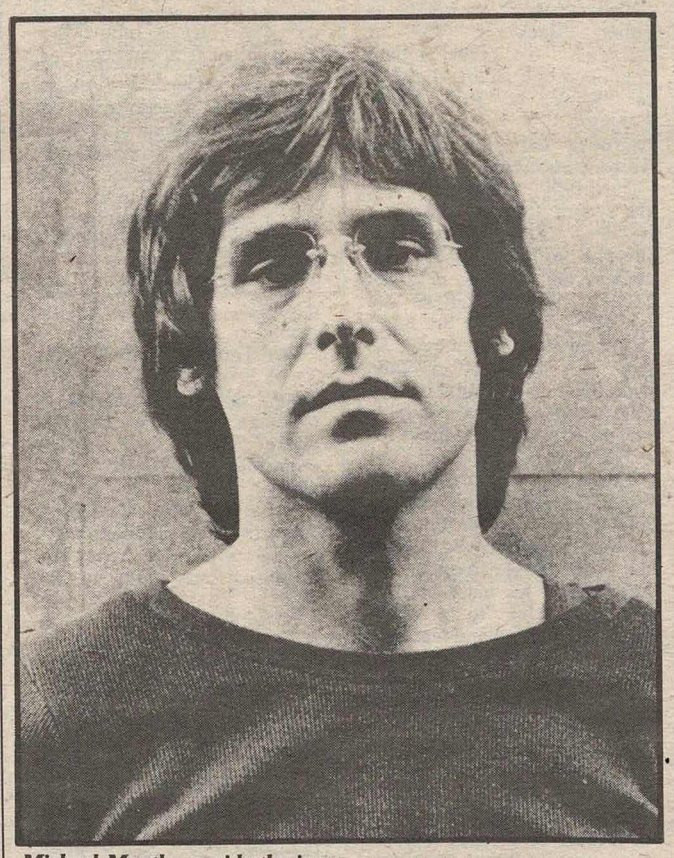
That said, I might as well point out that "Violin" could well be Oregon's best-ever album, vying in this respect with the excellent "In Concert", which you've doubtless not bothered to check out. Just as you'll doubtless pass this one up in favour of the new Chick Corea opus . . .

"The Mad Hatter" is dedicated to darling L. Ron Hubbard, and if this is what Scientology does for you, I'm glad I've treated such pseudo-religions with the disdain they deserve. Quite simply, it's a tasteless chunk of rococo noodling loosely based on the Lewis Carroll "Alice" fairytales, featuring Gayle Moran's upper-register billing and cooing and drenched with sobbing strings. The only thing of note on the whole record is Eddie Gomez' bass intro to "Dear Alice", and that's soon past.

Corea, in his desperate attempt to become the elfin sprite of jazz-rock (remember "The Leprechaun"?) has now completed the debasement of his art which started with the Return To Forever period. He is no longer of any interest save historical. Begone, accursed pixie!

The Lenny White album I approached with less apprehension than usual for two reasons: the first being that it was recorded at Different Fur Studios, origin of both Herbie Hancock's underrated "Sextant" and Sopwith Camel's fabulous "Miraculous Hump Returns From The Moon", and the second being the synthesiser-programming presence of Dr Patrick Gleeson, whose work in that capacity on "Sextant" was of the highest order. As it turned out, I should have kept my guard up.

The cover is spoof SF stuff, with the story inside. The story itself is junk, even worse than the cover and title suggest. Space-opera's a poor framework on which to hang an album, and in a way it's quite fitting that Lenny White should be the first jazzer to jump on that particular bandwagon. (Jazzer?)



Michael Mantler avoids the issue

The preference for space-opera over speculative SF is mirrored in the music, an unhealthy mixture of heavy metal, funk and jazz-rock which lacks all but fighting spirit. The musicians (Lenny White, drums; Nick Moroch, guitar; Alex Blake, bass; Don Blackman, keyboards) have about as much to say as a quartet of deaf mutes, and in the absence of ideas, all that "Astral Pirates" can possibly be is a cash-in on the still-twitching corpses of the Mahavishnu Ork and Return To Forever. In the dumper with it.

Alongside the Corea and White offerings, Jarrett and Co's "My Song" assumes exemplary status. A somewhat belated follow-up to the quartet's "Belonging", "My Song" lacks the *immediacy* of things like the previous album's "Spiral Dance", but will probably turn out to be a more *enduring* overall work.

Two tracks suggest real longevity: "The Journey Home" starts off contemplative and unhurried, but slides into swingy samba rhythms after a few minutes, returning to contemplation for the final section, saxist Garbarek blowing surprisingly cool and restrained for the most part.

"My Song" itself displays both pianist Jarrett's ability to compose classics, and Garbarek's ability to dominate any piece of music he approaches. Jarrett too has an exceptional break in this quiet, evocative piece, a tune the likes of which most musos would dedicate to their ladies, but which Jarrett, sensible man, bags for himself.

One of Eicher's less worthy causes, to these ears, is the promotion of former Gary Burton guitarist Pat Metheny, who's now got himself a permanent band. Their album starts promisingly with "San Lorenzo", a piece which reminds one at times of both Weather Report and Eberhard Weber, probably due to Lyle Mays' Zawinul-influenced Oberheim synthesiser licks and the corresponding influence of Weber on bassist Mark Egan.

Immaculate reference-points to start from, but is any progress made beyond their mere assimilation and regurgitation? Precious little, unfortunately. Metheny continues to plough the same furrow as before — twinkling little runs over endless (albeit pleasant) riffs.

Carla Bley has considerable flair for big-band writing, and "European Tour" is a welcome addition to her work in that field. Recorded, surprisingly, in a studio (with a ten-piece band which includes, besides Bley and Mike Mantler, such notables as Elton Dean, Hugh Hopper, Roswell Rudd and Andrew Cyrille), it nonetheless manages to capture the panache and immediacy normally found only on live recordings.

"Drinking Music" and "Spangled Banner Minor And Other Patriotic Songs" are of special interest in that they convey a bubbling humour that's previously seemed more of an undercurrent than a prime motivation in Carla Bley's work. "Drinking Music" is just that — a rude chunk of punctured pomposity, so Bavarian you can almost smell the *lederhosen*, whilst "Spangled Banner Minor" cocks an appropriately irreverent snook at musical patriotism in general; but then, whoever wrote "The Marseillaise" was asking for it anyway . . .

Sounds like it was great fun to make, and, as the cliche goes, it's just as much fun to listen to. Which is more than can be said, unfortunately, for hubby Mike Mantler's latest offering, "Movies".

"Movies" does at least mark a welcome move away from Mantler's infatuation with literary/music fusions, the last of which, a dour musical setting of Harold Pinter's "Silence", received heavy critical flak, and deservedly so. Presumably, each of the eight tracks on "Movies" is influenced by a particular film or film cliche, although few are readily decipherable as such, and Mantler gives no hints, titling them just "Movie One", "Movie Two", etc.

My main gripe with the album is that it seems to represent Mantler treading water, merely fulfilling his WATT quota whilst waiting for fresh inspiration: none of the pieces here seems to cover ground that Mantler hasn't trampled thoroughly over already.

It's probably worth buying purely for Tony Williams' drumming, which is as magnificent as ever, a pointed contrast to guitarist Larry Coryell's contribution, which varies (sometimes in the space of a single piece) from the sympathetic to the crassly insensitive, the latter predominating.

The Auracle album is dreadful easy-listening jazz for young executive people. The line-up of drums, bass, percussion, keyboards, woodwind and trumpet is completely without distinction, so much so that one wonders what on earth Miles Davis' producer Teo Macero is doing associating himself with them — he surely can't be in need of bread and butter bucks, and even if he were, Auracle certainly couldn't provide them.

Straight out at the shallow end.

MICHTY MANN

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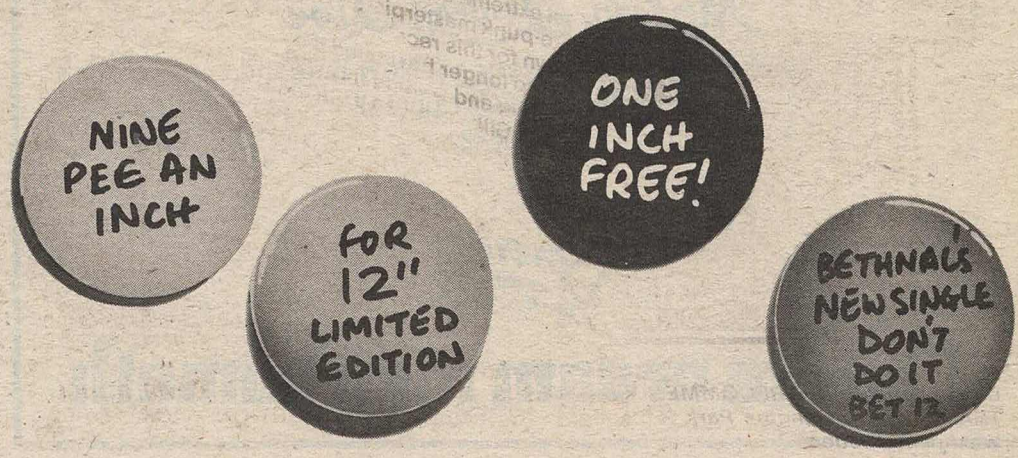

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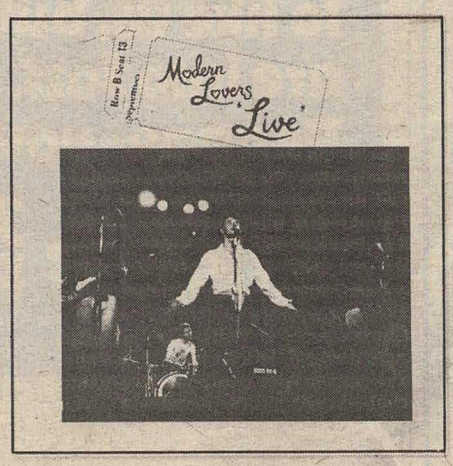

Modern Lovers 'Live'
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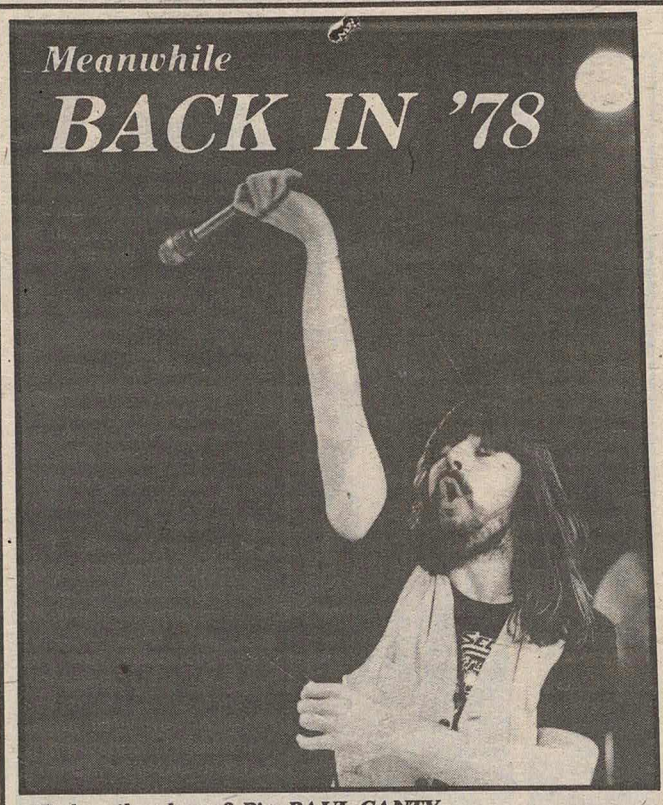
Meanwhile
BACK IN '78



Hi, ho, silver lassoo? Pic: PAUL CANTY

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
Stranger In Town (Capitol)

IT'S NOW two years since "Night Moves", the last Seger album, and it's apparent that all concerned have been well aware of the importance of "Stranger In Town" to Seger's career.

Personally I didn't rate "Night Moves" as highly as either "Back In '72" or "Seven" — the album contained only one real classic in "Rock 'N' Roll Never Forgets" — but didn't begrudge the man his long overdue success.

Thankfully "Stranger" sets the record straight, and more besides. The material is divided pretty evenly between rockers and ballads, although Seger's writing shows an increasing ability in the latter department; and, should he ever get tired of rocking, there's every indication he'd be able to live quite comfortably off his writing in this direction.

But first, the rockers. The album opens with "Hollywood Nights", a story of an innocent mid-Western boy's seduction by a more experienced California Girl (Seger feeding the fantasies of his main market, perhaps?), but to a tense, galloping rhythm and featuring Little Feat's Bill Payne on keyboards. With its singalong hook, it's the most obvious choice for a single.

The only other strictly rocking Seger song is "Feel Like A Number", a hackneyed theme (the rage and frustration of the individual in society) handled well; besides these, the album includes two non-original rockers in "Ain't Got No Money", a Frankie Miller song which fits Bob like a glove, and "Old Time Rock And Roll", written by George Jackson and Thomas Earl Jones and ironically best capturing Seger's position vis a vis disco and associated current trends: *"Call me a relic, call me what you will / Say I'm old-fashioned, say I'm over the hill / Today's music ain't got the same soul, I like that old time rock and roll"*.

As usual, Seger splits backup chores between The Silver Bullet Band and the Muscle Shoals rhythm section, and the way the latter's (instantly recognisable) swampy stomp pushes along "Old Time Rock And Roll" shows why. Good as the Bullet Band are, there's no way they could get the same feel out of the song.

Occupying a position somewhere between the fast and slow poles of the album is "Grey Stranger", a song which Seger apparently views with some interest because of its Van Morrison-style placing of a slow, meandering mid-section within a straight rock structure. Indeed, the section in question resembles slower parts of Morrison's "Moonshine Whisky". You find yourself checking the label, just in case. It's good, of course, but not, I believe, as important a development as Seger holds it to be.

Of the album's slower numbers, two stand out as being in the same class as "Turn The Page" and "Twenty Years From Now". "Still The Same" takes the basic melody of Eno's "On Some Faraway Shore" (from the cruelly underrated "Warm Jets" album) and puts it to good emotive use in a song which captures the disappointment of finding a former lover still exhibiting the faults of the past.

"The Famous Final Scene" (the closer, of course) takes the well worn 'it's over' end-of-relationship theme and wrings new life from it, pitting philosophical resignation *("Think in terms of bridges burned / Think of seasons that must end")* against the inevitable onset of depression and realising finally the helplessness of such situations *("Feeling different, feeling strange / This can never be arranged as the light fades from the screen, from the famous final scene")*.

It's strange to have to say this about a Bob Seger album, but whilst the up-tempo, straightahead rockers here are as fine as ever (and they'll doubtless remain the bread and butter of his live performances), it's within his ability to write truthfully and frankly about emotional situations normally dealt with so flippantly that Seger's future seems assured.

Andy Gill

IMPORTS

FRANKLY, I think the record biz has gone gimmick loony.

For during the past few months, we've had 10" albums and 12" singles, square discs and multi-coloured monstrosities, daft items that play at odd speeds and even one chunk of funk that smelt like a banana!

Which is why I groaned when a 10" double-album — probably the first of its ilk — was suddenly shunted on to my desk. However, the downcast look upon my phiz changed considerably on viewing the track listing — for *X Ray Spex's* "Oh Bondage, Up Yours" was snuggled close to *Jonathan Richman's* "Roadrunner" and *Generation X's* "Your Generation", while *The Table's* minor classic "Do The Standing Still" shares plastic with *The Rubinoos'* "I Think We're Alone Now", *The Motors'* "Dancing The Night Away", *Radio Stars'* "Nervous Wreck", *The Hot Rods'* "Do Anything You Wanna" and cuts by *Motorhead, The Stukas, Greg Kihn, Little Bob Story, Skrewdriver* and others.

Cornucopia, no less, courtesy of the combined Virgin, Chrysalis, Beserkly, Chiswick and Island catalogues! Title to look for is "Catch A Wave", and though the sleeve's British, the double's a Danish production emanating from Sonet-Dansk Grammophon. Look for the appropriate word on every slice.

Latest newsflash on the US pressing of *Nick Lowe's* album reveals that the live shot of "Heart Of The City" has been replaced by a studio version. Meanwhile, *The Damned's* "New Rose" single has turned up in a new pic sleeve — this time on Dutch Stiff. Our theory is that the dreaded Jake is arranging to have so many different sleeves and alternate takes releases throughout the universe that discographers by the dozen will soon be doing two and a half back somersaults from the viewing platform of the Post Office Tower.

And while we're waiting for the Lithuanian edition of "Sex And Drugs And Rock 'n' Roll", sung in an Oxford accent, with back-ups by Angela Rippon (it's alright Ma, I'm only joking!) I'll mention that Pacific Records are now lugging in a *Strawbs* compilation titled "Classic Strawbs" (Canadian A&M), a double which includes such cuts as "Sheep", "Ghosts", "Where Is The Dream Of Our Youth?", and "New World". DC fans please note.

Tex-Mexers are directed towards "Finally In Light" (Texas Record Company) on which Dough Sahm Keyboardsman *Augie Meyer* leads his own outfit, while those with an interest in the Earl's Court sound are catered for by "Now That It's Over" (EMI) and "Masterpiece" (World Records), two belated arrivals honouring Doug Ford (guitar, lead vocals), Glenn Wheatley (bass), Colin Burgess (drums) and Jim Keays (vocals, percussion) and the other musicians who once formed *The Master's Apprentices*, one of Australia's better bands during the late '60s and early '70s.

Fred Dellar

Jacob Miller and Althea Forrest consider woman's role. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

Garvey's Geishas

ALTHEA AND DONNA
Uptown Top Ranking (Virgin)

IT'S AGES since I liked a record. The last record I didn't dispose of very quickly was, I think, The Runaways "Waitin' For The Night" towards the end of last year. And I'm really sorry I have to be vicious about this album, but I'd lie awake at night if I lied.

You remember the single? If I'm not mistaken, the third ethnic black record ("The Israelites" and "Double Barrel", bless them, being its forefathers) to make Number One in the history of mankind? Tamla Motown, soul, disco, you can understand them selling, they talk white Americana, they're accessible, but a Jamaican slang record reaching the top . . . well, that's what the White Man's whining on about when he blares headlines of "the erosion of our British culture!"

It's so good to think of thousands of white kids buying black records that they can't even identify with, can't even shrug off as universal. But "Uptown Top Ranking" was even greater, because it was GIRLS. Black girls.

Girls — much hated and feared by the Rastaman. Rastafari, despite its current icy cool quotient, is a hideously reactionary creed which, amongst other atrocities, forbids women to wear trousers or to touch food while menstruating. Rastafarians believe that woman's highest role in life is as a sperm receptacle and that a woman who chooses abortion is using her body as "an internal cemetery. I'm more opposed to the National Abortion Campaign that I am to the National Front," boasted Black Slate bassist Elroy in a recent, excellent *Leveller* article.

Well, Althea and Donna's finest moment told the pigs where to get off. Here, the whole diseased philosophy gets a free ride. Maybe it was guilt about being rich, plain, Westernised (and all the better for it, as "Uptown" flaunted) that sparked this blatant, unpalatable turnabout. Talk about duplicity . . . the girls would make great press officers. You could serve up a dinner on them! Black-eyed peas and chitlin, preferably.

Onto the wretched record — let the lame bitches show you how to walk the dog, mouthing like morons through their muzzles. They love Selassie — *Se bonnie, bonnie lassie.*

All titles are credited to the poor pair themselves, yet on the "Uptown Top Ranking" single one E Thompson was also implicated. Here, it's been re-mixed and the rich texture of the original is submerged; they sing like there's a barbed-wire fence between them.

More important, the track "Oh Dread" was not written by Althea Forrest and Donna Reid; it first appeared in 1977 as "Oh Boy" on the remarkable "In Full Bloom", courtesy of that beyond-disco band Rose Royce — now there was a great black post-Motown record. The only change is *"Oh Dread I check for you"* for *"Oh Boy I love you so."* Otherwise it's identical and I think some explanation is called for.

Less of a federal case, "Sorry He's A Dreadlock" is a dead ringer for Baccara's "Sorry I'm A Lady" bar the ethnic differences. "Jah" and "Dread" are used in much the trademark way that "Anarchy" and "Tower Block" once were — hence "If You Don't Love Jah" *("Some grow a beard and smoke some 'erb and swear that they a dread")*. Well, Donna's moustache takes a lot of beating!

In "No More Fighting" they talk of *"checking out the scenes in the ghetto"* just like that Diana Ross *Rock Dream* of Di in the limo cruising Harlem. Or take "The West" for fascism in full flower — *"The West is gonna perish / The West is gonna perish / No food, no work, no pay."* Well, Ethiopia sure sounds like a healthy state to be in, girls.

Never mind the literary content, how about the sound? It's lousy — you have to turn the bass right up to get anything near that *thump* you need from any kind of youth music. For some inscrutable reason — they want to be esoteric? — they've ditched Joe Gibbs' landscape for Karl Pitterson's excuse for one dimension.

Althea and Donna made great subversives; they make crummy temple dancers. That's what they're trying to be — geishas for God, whom they call "Jah" and who is interchangeable with an unsuccessful military dictator, Haile Selassie, mini-Peron of Ethiopia who was deposed in 1936 by invading *Italians* of all people.

Althea and Donna come across like they've attempted a concept album on boredom, African style. There's no anger, no spirit, no sex about this album. Even the songs dealing with black oppression are essentially pacifist and offensive, like they've been recorded while Al and Don were cooking the big bad Rastaman's supper. It's sickening.

Black consciousness? There's not half the pride The Supremes had, or The Vandellas, or Mary Wells, or Donna Summer . . . this is more like Tammi Terrell after she's been dead for a year. They're not interested in making records, they're just filling in time waiting for their men.

And the dread boys go — *"We're Rastas/we're Rastas/We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground/We're Rastas/We're Rastas/Keeping the wimmin down!!!"*

Julie Burchill

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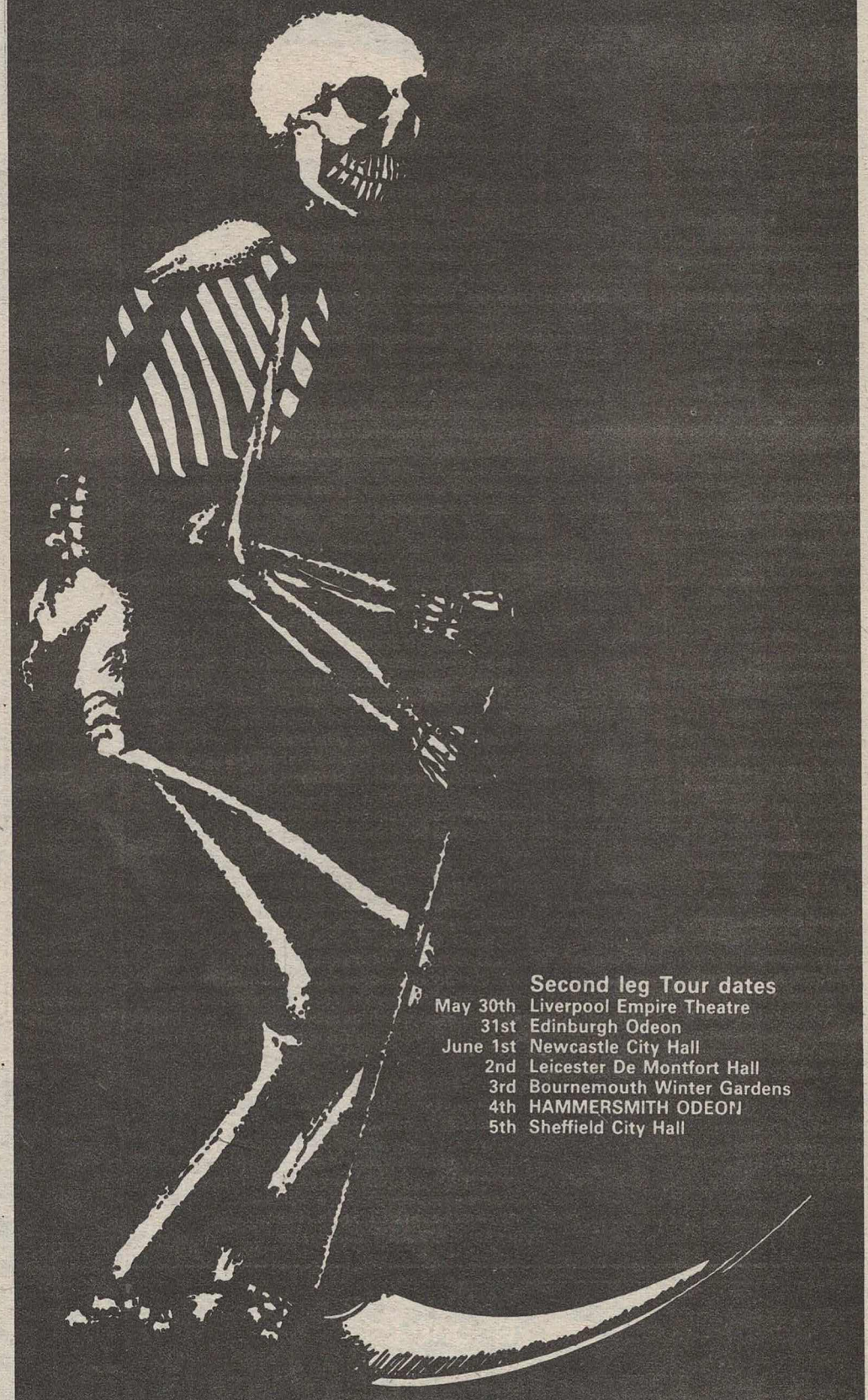

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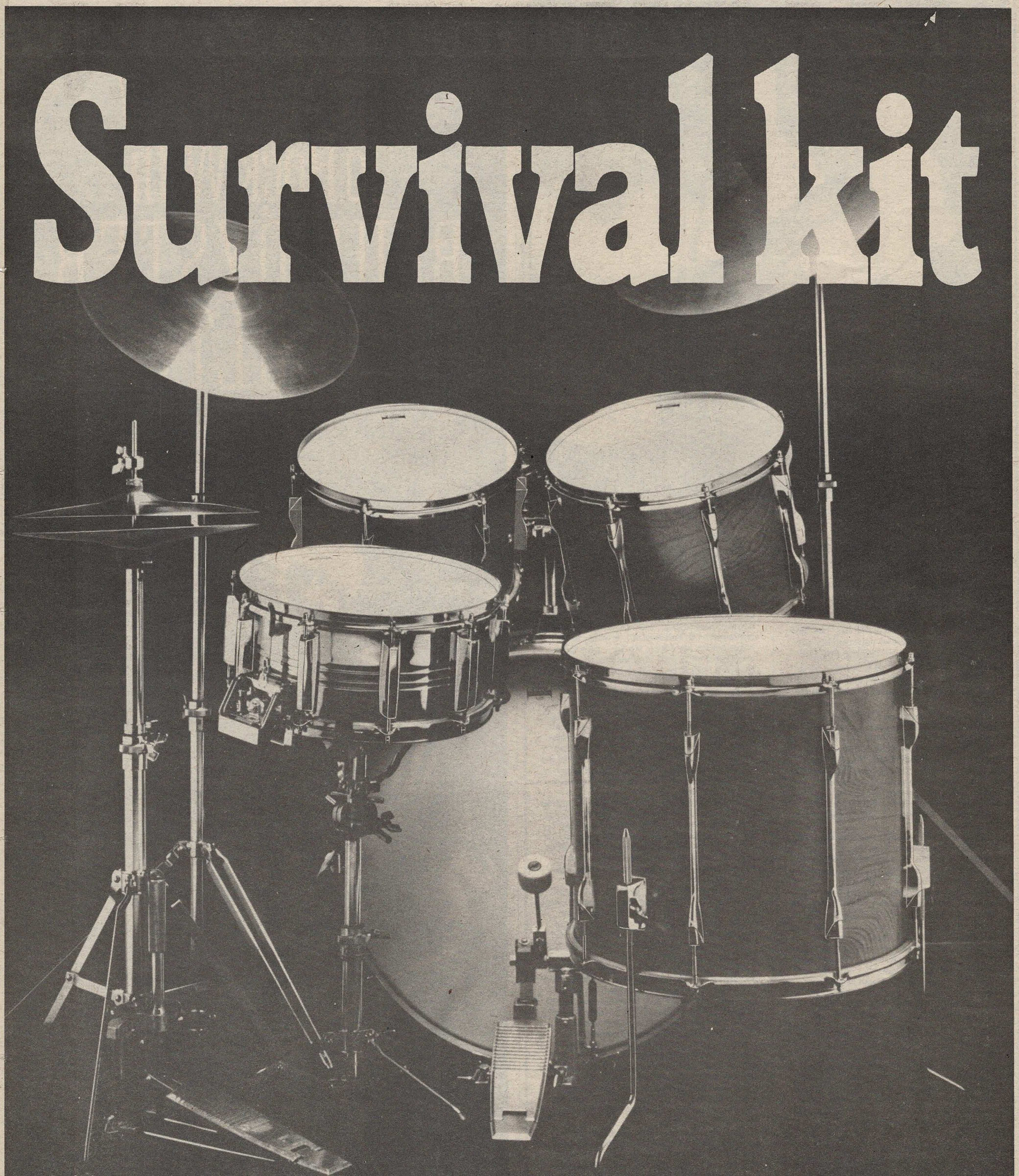

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ON THE TAHN

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TO SAY THAT Ian Dury does not give short weight is like saying a bunk-up is good exercise, or that the Krays did get Bethnal Green's train service to run on time: true, but a looming understatement.

Like the Hokey-Cokey, he puts his whole self in — manor, gods, gags, insights, emotions — oh, you WILL have it ALL, and shaken all about.

He doesn't have the choice, or want it, and rock 'n' roll is lucky to have him.

Hammersmith, grudgingly, grew a little on Saturday night. Oh, they took to the Pearly Kings and Queens in the foyer, the cockle-seller peddling the traditional cockney sea-grumble, and The Blockheads, Oy Oy! of course, no trouble. At 'ome, wonee?

Max Wall was another matter. Rock 'n roll audiences aren't interested in the continuity of anything much, except the beat, and have allowed commerce to rob them of regionalism, roots and the growth of their spokesmen above the skirting-board plimsoll-line determined by cash-flow.

They cheered the '50s quiffs of **Whirlwind,** a promisingly bouncy minor outfit, and booed the music hall tradition's surviving master.

Max was Ian's idea. The grand old stand-up comic, jaunty titfer, insouciant cig, had to wait out a storm of abuse before he could even begin. "You're excited, I know that. If you just want THE WALK, I'll do it and get off."

He finally got to do it, and they loved it — the mandrill's bum and the mannequin's wobbly hauteur, the comic dose of ridicule and dreams, shake once and reflect.

"You bastards — that's the best fucking geezer at wot 'e does in the world, and you've upset 'im!" yelled Dury, in a back-up operation which reminded me of another Hammersmith blusher when Max Roach had to come on stage and visibly listen to Sunny Murray as a procedural tip-off to the honking house.

Back came Max and sung Buster Keaton's come-back number after a decade of alcoholism and madness "gotta make 'em laugh, I wanna cry".

If there was anyone present who wanted to know where Ian Dury's creativity was coming from, Max Wall spilled out a bibful.

'The Upminster Kid' hit the stage, Davey Payne now boasting a US baritone and the group delivery tighter than I remembered.

You can get fit on the road — or fucked — and The Blockheads are firmly up the track-suit end of things.

What a good band they are! Charlie Charles' drumming is multi-stranded without every compromising the forward drive, or cluttering the rhythmic verbal games that the singer has always played with time on numbers like "Clevor Trever."

Difficult to say specifically what the recent American tour has done to the music. Ian Dury never does the same thing twice anyway, leaves a lot in the moment, lives on the dangerous edge of his instincts.

Well tasty in his new stir crop, he comes on like the leapingest lag on the lifer's block who has learned, like Richard Prior, that you gotta be funny or give up the booty.

"Tonight is a nightmare as regards microphones", he cheerily husks, plainly savouring the suburban self-improver flavour in the phrase. He was in high and healthy spirits.

The prologue to "Sweet Gene Vincent" was not lingered over, and "If I Was With A Woman" positively frolicked along shock corridor on a new pneumatic beat. "Billericay Dickie" and "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" brought the house down; everyone there knew the words.

The scarves, jokes and toys are still in, and at one point he even took time out to draw a picture of a blockhead and hold it up.

Neither America, nor liquidity, are likely to tame the lettering out of this particular stick of London rock.

"It won't go," Lou Reed advised him once, after being shown a new toy. "It'll get lost three rows back. Broad gestures only."

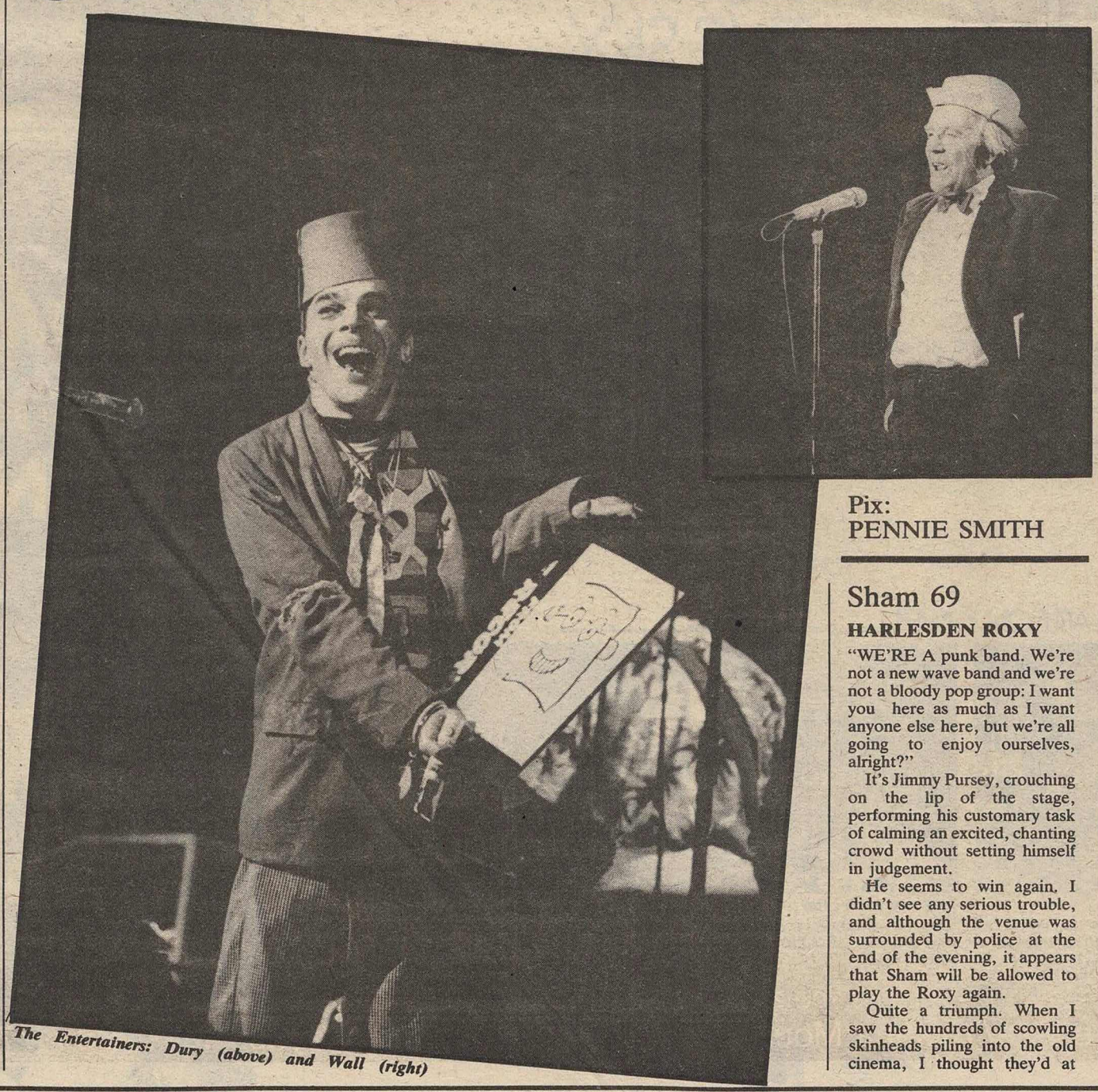
The two singers stared at each other in mutual incomprehension. "Don't care," said Ian, who has suffered shipwreck enough to believe in messages in bottles, "someone's bound to see it."

I spoke to Max Wall afterwards. He doesn't see the point in rising without trace either.

Rock audiences? "They were worse when I went on with Mott The Hoople," he said cheerfully. "I died like a louse in a Russian's beard."

Brian Case

LONDON'S COCKNEY PRIDE



The Entertainers: Dury (above) and Wall (right)

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

Sham 69

HARLESDEN ROXY

"WE'RE A punk band. We're not a new wave band and we're not a bloody pop group: I want you here as much as I want anyone else here, but we're all going to enjoy ourselves, alright?"

It's Jimmy Pursey, crouching on the lip of the stage, performing his customary task of calming an excited, chanting crowd without setting himself in judgement.

He seems to win again. I didn't see any serious trouble, and although the venue was surrounded by police at the end of the evening, it appears that Sham will be allowed to play the Roxy again.

Quite a triumph. When I saw the hundreds of scowling skinheads piling into the old cinema, I thought they'd at least be usefully occupied in demolishing the infuriating rows of seats.

Throughout the support acts the crowd made their own entertainment, "Sham, Sham, Sham!" at every opportunity.

As soon as Pursey hit the stage, he had complete control. Probably he doesn't welcome that position of responsibility and leadership, but at the moment it's the safest way to go.

First on, **Girl's School** ignored the incessant abuse and strutted the boards stiffly reproducing a series of pedestrian heavy metal licks, boring everyone to tears.

Four girls, the bassist roaring like Patti Smith with a mouthful of gravel, the two guitarists striking butch postures and humming along.

The Slits were even worse when I first saw them a few blocks away, but Girls School seem to have gone as far as they can with the present format. No-one needs a real female Alice Cooper.

There's a brief pause while **Patrik Fitzgerald** makes three brave attempts to start his set, only to be finally driven off by a depressing chant of "National Front . . ."

It may have been mindless but it came from more than a small minority; it makes you think just how little has really been achieved.

The audience don't really deserve Sham, but Jimmy's not the man to walk away from a challenge.

He comes out fuming and tells the crowd when they should stop shouting and start listening. Don't know if anyone took any notice. They all clapped dutifully at the end.

Then it's all Sham: "Red London", "Family Life", "Tell Us The Truth", "No, I Don't Wanna," a rush through the bulk of the recorded songs, each explosion prefaced by a brief lecture.

Jimmy's become a much wilder, more active performer, flinging himself from the drum rostrum to stage-front, breaking a mike-stand, alternately beaming and snarling.

The group are more lively as well, particularly Albie, dwarfed by his bass but spinning and stomping with relish.

And, of course, they play better with every gig.

The theatrical Harlesden stage gives them a chance to indulge in a bit of showmanship. From the two tall towers flanking the group spotlights search the audience and for "Borstal Breakout" there's smoke billowing across the boards. *(Huh? — Ed.)*

Pursey's most powerful performance was "Ulster", clutching a fake machine gun, miming homicide and suicide.

Whatever vocal shortcomings he might have just don't matter. You don't notice them on the night unless you're sitting there writing a thesis on the group. He's one of the best showmen gigging today, but his personal magnetism might be raising a few problems.

He usually talks sense in his disarmingly naive way, but the lengthy introductions to every song was carrying it too far, interrupting the show.

But there's no point bickering about a group as healthy as this. An encore of "Angels With Dirty Faces" is howled at the police hovering at the back of the hall.

The Clash, Jimmy claims, have given Sham "White Riot." Funny, I thought Jimmy pinched it at the carnival. They're probably the only band who can do it without irony today.

But you know what a riot means; clampdown. And judging by this evening we're still outnumbered on both sides of the fence.

Kim Davis

CLIFF WHITE CRIPPLES THE STARS!

(No. 3 in an exciting, if tasteless, new series)

Darts

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT

A COUPLE of weeks ago I reviewed Meat Loaf; about two days later he fell over the edge of a stage and ripped a tendon or two in one of his legs.

Last week I reviewed The Tubes; two days after I'd seen them Fee Waybill leapt off a stage and broke a leg.

If Den of Darts hasn't yet crippled himself as well he just better watch it, 'cause this week I'm pointing my hex-bone in his direction.

And of all the candidates for serious - injury - in - the - course - of - emtertaining - the - people, fearless (not to say foolish) Den Hegarty must surely be top of the list.

At this particular gig he didn't go too far out on a limb, but only because the crumbling masonry of the tired old theatre thwarted his efforts to scale its heights.

Showering bits of plaster on the fans below he clung to the edge of a box for a while, perilously close to some high-tension cables, before finally admitting defeat and descending into the masses with a chunk of the Gaumont in one hand and the mike in the other.

Grappling irons will presumably soon be a standard part of Darts' equipment.

Darts' new show is their finest yet: 23 songs, combining the best of both of their albums with a couple of unrecorded favourites ("Messy Shoes Blues" and "Mainliner") and the band's half-time rave-up ("Naff Off"), all neatly arranged in an expertly paced production that is worthy of their graduation from underground popularity to national acclaim.

Just two small snags to iron out now and they'll be ready to take on the world.

The first was merely a temporary problem, probably already cured.

Due to some technical hitch the lighting at this gig was rather less than impressive, with the result that the alternating lead singers were as often as not performing in gloom while spotlights picked out supporting characters.

However, the sound was AOK and the group's new set of ramps and podiums made an interesting playground for their usual tomfoolery so we didn't really miss seeing the occasional vibrating tonsil.

The other thing about their act that needs examining is said tomfoolery.

I'm not suggesting that they should suddenly go all serious on us, perish the thought, but I'm beginning to think that they loon about a bit too much — especially Den, whose nonstop cavorting is sometimes disturbingly reminiscent of Freddie Garrity (of Dreamers notoriety).

There again, (said he, equivocating) I'd sooner they went over the top than just stand around like a bunch of mannequins.

Darts' popularity has blossomed to such an extent in recent months that they now attract several generations of fun-seekers; the Southampton crowd neatly dividing into Teds and equivalent rockers in the stalls, kiddiewinkies with their mums and dads and grannies (and visiting journalists) in the balconies.

Understandably the majority of each faction went wildest for the hits ("Daddy Cool", "Come Back My Love" and "Boy From New York City") and other familiar items off the first album ("Zing Went The Strings", "Bells In My Heart", "Sh-Boom") but the response for the equally strong new material was loud enough to suggest that Darts are on to another winner.

Myself, I loved every minute of it but was especially rent asunder by "It's Raining" — arguably their finest composition yet; a ballad that's more like a cross between the Temptations and Southside Johnny's Jukes than their usual so-called doowop influences — and the interlude that included pianist Hammy Howell's brilliantly executed "Hammy's Boogie" and the four singers' accapella showcase, "Why I Cry" (led by Den) and "Sometimes Lately" (Griff).

I'm loathe to single out any more favourites 'cause all nine Darts were in top form throughout the whole show, although perhaps I might just dub Horatio the knight of the night for his great sax work.

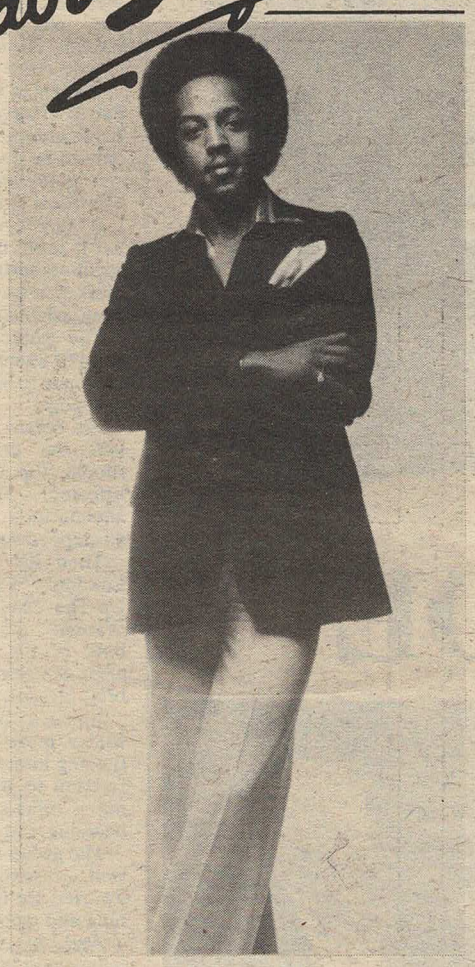
This man may yet bring the sadly neglected instrument back into fashion.

Do yourself an enormous favour; go see this show as soon as possible (providing, of course, that Den is still mobile).

Cliff White

Hegarty begins to feel twinges *Pic: GARY MERRIN*

Peabo Bryson



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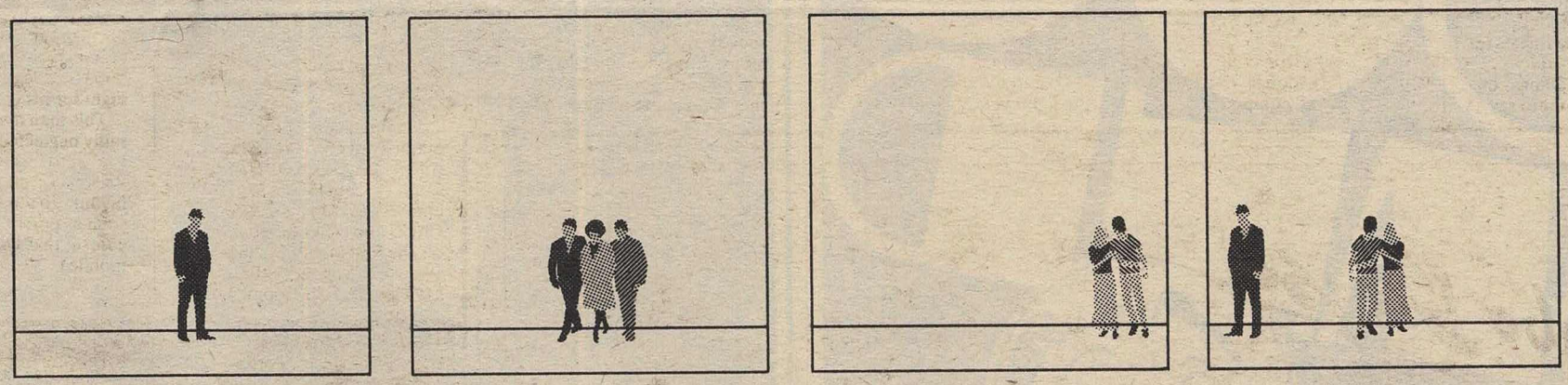

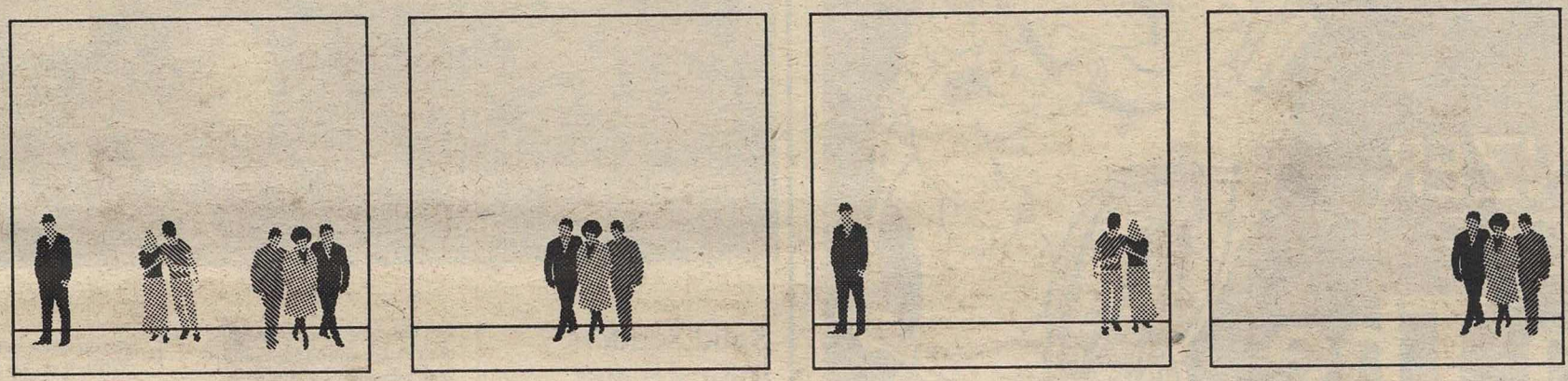

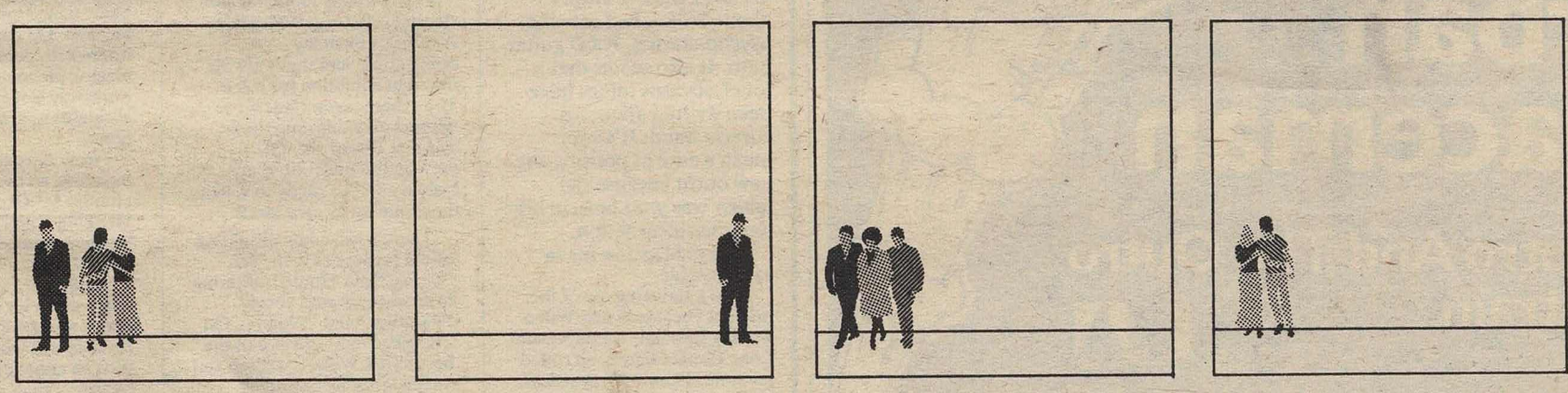

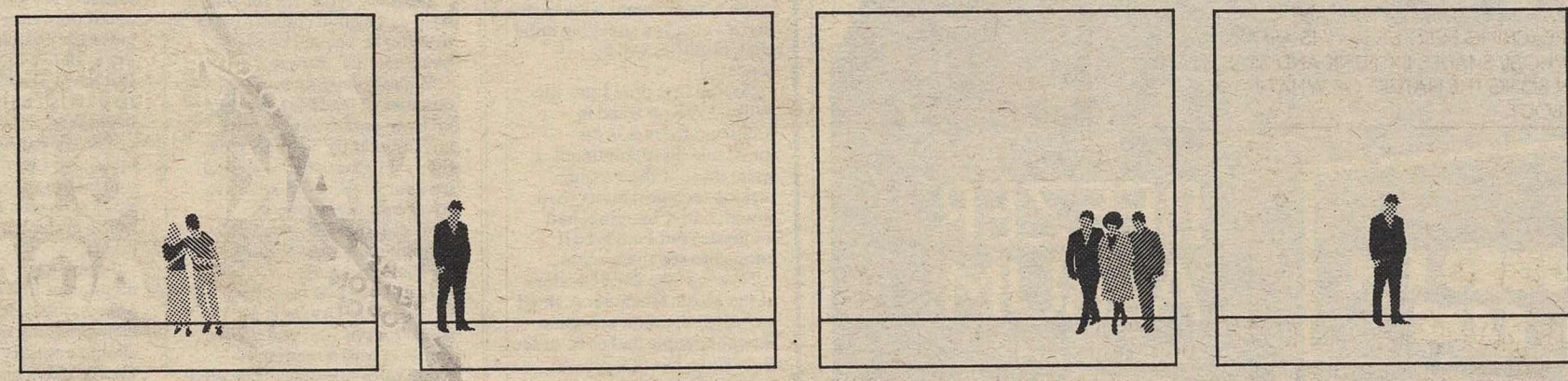

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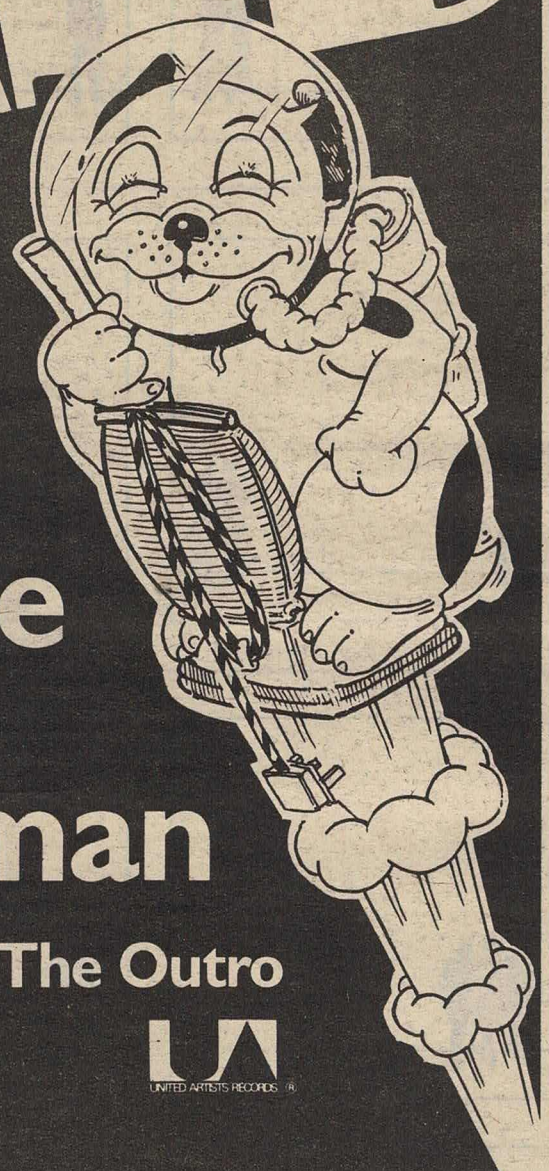

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Even Heroes can need some polish

Solid Senders

MUSIC MACHINE, LONDON

EVERYBODY knows about Wilko, fast-moving, psycho-staring, R&B guitar hero. It also seems that a lot of obvious things have been written about his current band. It's very much a case of praising the new outfit because the leader was your hero in his previous incarnation.

Look at Magazine for an easy example.

I was a slavering fan of the original Feelgoods and Wilko was my Batman / Steve Austin/ Lone Ranger figure, all rolled into one. I know it's heartless, unfair and probably irrelevant to compare The Solid Senders with the Wilko Feelgoods but when a band means a lot to you there's always a sneaking hope that its glories will be repeated.

So, the first time I saw the Wilko Johnson Band in Southend there was the inevitable disappointment. I spent most of the evening picking technical faults (bad sound, bad drumming, bad audience) but I enjoyed it enough to see them again.

Now it's The Solid Senders at the Music Machine. A small crowd; at the time everyone thought people had gone to see Rich Kids, but that proved to be an inaccurate supposition. It's more likely that Wilko's initial audience consists of ex-Feelgood fans and they're probably banging their heads round the country to the likes of the Hot Rods than hanging out at The Music Machine after midnight.

I was suitably lubricated for the gig, following Whispering Al Clark's birthday celebration, and that's always the right condition for R&B. The other reason I was more appreciative this time round was that I'd got the old pre-conditioning out of my system and was ready to watch the group on its own terms.

There's still a fair sprinkling of old favourites in the set, "Going Back Home" suffering from under-stated vocals. "Paradise" and "Walking On The Edge" are still two of the best things Wilko's written and on the latter he improves immeasurably on Brilleaux's recorded vocal.

It's fairly typical of the man's style and a good choice for the first single, backed by the haunting "Dr Dupree."

Wilko's the only moving member of the band, playing up to an enthusiastic crowd and apparently having a great time. "Highway 61" is an odd item for The Solid Senders to cover but the version's immaculate, high speed with strident guitar and Wilko's sardonic crooning.

It shouldn't be forgotten that bassist Steve Lewins is a songwriter as well and they come up with a reading of "You're In My Way," salvaged from The Count Bishops repertoire.

Contrary to what I've read a dozen times in the press, Wilko's vocals are better and more confident than ever but John Potter's leave a lot to be desired; very tired and throaty, badly mixed and generally faceless. He doesn't look too interested, perched behind his electric piano, and becomes positively testy when Wilko accidentally spills water over him.

There were two encores, including an over-acted attempt at "Got My Mojo Working", and The Solid Senders seemed satisfied with the night's work.

The group have a lot of talent and a lot of potential but I must share a lot of people's confusion in wondering why such an experienced combo can sometimes sound so loose and muddy.

They've been playing together for only a short time and if they were new to the game they would be said to have made a lot of progress. But there's really no excuse for *them* sounding like a bunch of beginners.

The songs are great, Wilko and Steve Lewins are outstanding musicians but the stage act needs quite a bit more polish and maturity thrashed into it.

I don't know why I'm moaning, I like R&B and I got a very solid dose of it. Plus I kicked out my mental block about necessary comparisons. That Wilko's back on the road and making noise again should be enough.

Kim Davis

X-Ray Spex

ROUNDHOUSE

AS MS. Poly's strychnine air-raid voice shreds the encore and all present, the audience front-line snaps.

The firework violence ripples, then fizzles out; people are frozen in attitudes they suspect are appropriate. The conclusion of the cuff-up is unseen: minor chaotic, — any casualities?

The song is called 'Identity', and it goes. . .

. . .on and on. Mr **Adam Ant** licks his finger, stares in what he obviously feels to be a detached, freeze-eyed manner, and looks, to me at least, literally like a penguin in bondage: chubby, stark black & white, absurd.

He shudders through last year's Iggy dance routine. He obviously feels that he is loaded with some kind of charisma-noir. He obviously feels that we are all spellbound in the world of his puerile toilet-decadence-Nazi-degradation obsessions. He obviously feels it's some kind of Theatre of Cruelty.

Adam and his clones jerk through their dance of death etc. like grotesque, hapless puppets. And who is this star puppet walking on under a confetti hail of phlegm . . . the Bride of Frankenstein . . . yes, it's Jordan.

Only one 'song' of lumpy posing-pudding and spoilt-brat screeching, praise Jah. I mean, why is she allowed . . . ah yes, sigh, the power of the me, me, Media. These people think they're special.

I think they're all surrogate Sam Beckett characters bound up to the neck, choking on their own oh-so-calculated cynical ambivalence. The song is called 'Identity', and it goes . . .

. . . on remote control. **The Automatics.** Four nice clean young boys with a recording contract and the inevitable jumble-sale matching clothes and attitudes: zip and chip together on the shoulder. They play in a straight, straight line. Competent: nothing good, nothing bad, nothing offensive, nothing ventured . . . Nothing new about theese waifs. No. . .

Poseurs, cliches — and Poly

. . . "I-DEN-TI-TEEEE!" Giggle. Shriek.

Anyone approaching the subject of X-Ray Spex at this moment in time cannot fail to be intimidated by the 'Gorgeous, Golden, Natural Charisma' tag schlepped onto the band via Ms. Poly Styrene.

And tonight is no let-down for aficiandos of the Cockney Diane Keaton. She runs dancing onto the stage in plain smock, jeans, and Day-Glo turban/hat.

The Spex do all that is expected: Poly yelling out the introductions (and the songs) like some over-eager barrow boy, sorry, girl.

Yes, "I Live Off You", "Oh Bondage", "I Am A Poseur", and all the other by-now standards.

The mix, or the band, or both reduces everything to one l-o-n-g yell, and the much touted lyrics drown.

With what they do, the group are faultless, bar, I thought, a rather leaden drumming throughout. The combination of sax and Styrene's voice is Force Nine.

Maybe it's because I'm not a Londoner, but I confess I wasn't swept off my feet. The band and The Voice were too monotone, too unrelieved with the single exception of one slow track, which showed just what could be done when everyone stops kow-towing to the '77 — '78 velocity rule.

The lyrics miss me too. Even if you accept the supposed double-edge of songs like "I Am A Poseur", and "I'm A Cliche" they still reek of a tedious London's Slumming self-obsession, too inward for its own good.

On other more adventurous songs like "Day Glo" the Shrink Wrap planet-view is charmy, slight-surreal enough, but fairly lightweight. (I'd go for the more penetrating Pere Ubu version: when we turn Neuton Glo). But at least they're looking to the future with a smile rather than scowl.

The song is called *"Identity"*. . .

. . . and X-Ray Spex are well stocked with that particular commodity.

Ian Penman

The Records

HOPE AND ANCHOR

FRANKLY, I never dreamed I'd be so impressed with this line-up; after witnessing two dates on the Kursaal's final, fated outing last year I'd begun to think that the best thing for Will Birch — admittedly a skilled drummer — to do might be to gracefully throw in the towel.

It's nice to be proved wrong; meticulously put together by Birch, The Records, despite that awful moniker, are the most promising band to emerge this year on the London pub circuit.

Sure, there's still a long way to go in some departments — notably the songwriting line, but the soul of a really sharp Pop/Rock band is there. It's easy to see why CBS are desperately trying to keep their mitts on Birch (they still hold his Kursaals contract).

First off, they're a million miles from the drummer's old band — the dazzling duelling jingle-jangle guitars of Huw Gower and peroxided frontman Johnny Wicks are immediately reminiscent of The Byrds.

Latterly, of course, both Flamin' Groovies and Tom Petty (on "American Girl") have harked back to such a sound, but The Records are a much more compact, more English (surprise surprise!) affair than either.

They cover one Everlys song and nod to another influence in the encore — "19th Nervous Breakdown".

It's already been predicted that the idler scribes will blindly slap the meaningless Powerpop tag on the band — but it's not that easy.

"Don't put labels on The Records," say the badges.

I agree.

Adrian Thrills

Cimarons

100 CLUB

FIVE LIVE Cimarons is generally cognate with an agreeable evening's entertainment, such as this duly proved.

It was the group's first London appearance since release of their "Live" album.

They recenty returned from a successful tour of Ireland where packed houses would demand anything up to five encores from the quintet, at each station of their itinerary.

Singer Winston Reid suggests that the Irish people are the most receptive and best audiences he has ever worked.

Cimarons have observed an active touring schedule for some considerable length of years; consequently, the group can smoulder onstage with greater obvious faculty than any other UK reggae band, particularly before a responsive audience.

Since I last saw them, alongside Generation X at a RAR benefit, the group have compounded a fresh set of songs in their stage act, none of which are on "Live" apart from the "Ethiopia" medley and their current "Harder Than The Rock" single.

They opened with "Give Thanks And Praise To The Father" and "Civilisation", with bassist Franklyn Dunn fulfilling a dual role as occasional percussionist, punctuating his foundation riffing with intermittent tattoos upon a set of snares in close proximity to his right hand, whilst Locksley Gichie (guitar) and Carl Levy (keyboards) plied a variety of instrumental solos between themselves.

Their third number was "Rock Against Racism", a standard enough sentiment from many a group of late, but distinguished here by refrain of a rapid fire *"let us rock against racism; it's a dirty, rotten schism — what about Jah children?"*, which somewhat ambivalent sentiment was delivered in a manner that even U Brown might have envied.

"Harder Than The Rock" received the strongest accolades of the evening, building to a fierce climax, though somewhat marred by its over-long exposition. It didn't end, so much as gradually peter out.

Another new composition, "Truly", introduced as "a lovers-rock" was next, by way of contrast, and then the "Born In Ethiopia" / "Diverse Doctrine" / "Throw Down Your Arms" medley, paying musical homage to the respective inspirations of In Crowd, Ras Ibuna and Burning Spear.

A mere handful of songs, but it constituted a surprisingly lengthy set, with Cimarons brasher and more convincing than I've ever seen them.

By way of encore, they demonstrated "Reggae Rocking", only blinking to a halt when the lights went up.

Penny Reel

Poly photographed recently at CBGB's, New York. *Pic: JOE STEVENS*

JAZZ DIARY

COMPANY WEEK, usually the most sheerly interesting event in the jazz calendar, will be at the ICA from May 30th-June 3rd, with Leo Smith, Tony Oxley, Misha Mengelberg, Maurice Horsthuis, Johnny Dyani, Terry Day and Derek Bailey.

Last call for the Dewey Redman Quartet and Lol Coxhill at 100 Club on May 29th. Other JCS events include the Ray Warleigh-Alan Holdsworth Quintet at the Half Moon, Putney on May 28th, and the Bobby Wellins Quartet on 31st at The Phoenix. Alan Wakeman's Triton will be at the Half Moon on June 4th with Hot Lunch.

The legendary New Orleans clarinet player and ex-Ellingtonian, Barney Bigard is bringing his Pelican Trio to the 100 Club on May 20th; blues singer Johnny Mars is appearing the following night with The Tequila Brown Blues Band, and Major Surgery and Chris Francis' Naima hit the stand on 22nd.

The National Youth Jazz Orchestra will be appearing at Merton Civic Hall on May 19th as part of the Merton Festival. Chris Barber's Jazz and Blues Band is currently touring, with gigs at the Pennine Hotel, Derby, on 18th, the Corn Exchange, King's Lynn, on 19th, the Strathallen Hotel, Birmingham, on 21st, the Hexagon Theatre, Reading, on 22nd, Witney Town Football Club on 23rd, King's School, Gloucester, on 24th, and Johnson Hall, Yeovil, on 25th, John Slaughter has left the band after 14 years, replaced by Roger Hill.

Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers will be at Ronnie Scott's Club until May 29th, when Tete Montoliu and the Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Quintet take over for the week. Joe Pass and the Tommy Whittle Quartet are on for a week from June 5th, followed by the Red Garland Trio and Turning Point.

New CBS releases include Stanley Clarke's "Modern Man" with the track "More Hot Fun" as a single, John McLaughlin's "Electric Guitar" and Al Di Meola's "Casino". The long-awaited Sacville album, "The George Lewis Solo Trombone Record" is out, and so is Hamiet Bluiett's "Resolution" with Pullen, Hopkins, Billy Hart and Don Moye for Black Saint.

Brian Case

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Steve Hillage Band
National Health

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY

IT ALL DEPENDS on what you expect. Dave Stewart of National Health was in the same class as Steve Hillage at school, they were in Uriel together (once managed by the legendary Jesus) and later Khan, and have guested on each other's albums ever since. Products of the playing fields of Canterbury — well, the so-called Canterbury scene. File under "progressive".

Except that only one of the two is actually "progressing" — National Health. Hillage has taken a new direction, away from the more experimental stuff we expect of him, a direction which a great number of people should enjoy.

He is now fronting a dance band although no one realised this until they were told, because they were expecting stoned freak space rock. He is playing in small halls and colleges so that people can dance, but tonight the shouts of "Siddown" won.

But old Lennon / McCartney songs like "Getting Better" and "It's All Too Much" just don't justify sitting on the floor in contemplation.

The change has been wrought by the American rhythm section of Andy Anderson and John Mckenzie. The latter in particular, on bass, has given Hillage a power and a range of style ideal for his chosen role of the cosmic Victor Sylvester, encompassing soul, the R & B of "Not Fade Away" and the reworked Gong track, the "Om Riff".

The best thing of the night was "Salmon Song", which really gained from the rocker treatment, but there were portions of the set which sounded like a return to old Gong — complete with appalling space whisper courtesy of otherwise fine keyboard player Miquette.

Dancing would have been impossible to National Health, though — as exemplified by their anti-dance called the "Collapso", which they played second. It began with a bright little tinkling tune, ripped off from Van Der Graaf's "Theme One", played by Phil Miller, and just as the whole band weighed in to the swaying rhythm, the whole thing broke up into mid-boggling time changes, leaving any would-be Travoltas hopelessly twisted up, hence "Collapso".

They should have begun with that, as they have in the past, but opened instead with a complex piece which began too slowly to grab the attention the band need and deserve.

Two songs by ex-Henry Cow bassist John Greaves preceded the old Healthy favourite closer, the magnificent "Tenemos Roads". There can be no real substitute for the purity of Amanda Parsons' voice, but the new strength of the band goes quite a way towards it. Their sense of dynamics prevented boredom through the long structures of Tenemos, Stewart even managing to stand up to his organ when the band was firing on all cylinders.

Stand out, though, was John Greaves, who actually pushed the band along where Neil Murray had merely been a bench mark for guidance.

The cosmic Victor Sylvester. *Pic: ELAINE BRYANT*

People with open ears will enjoy this package: forget about woolly hats, pothead pixies and flying teapots, because Hillage is bored with them too. His new style is not as adventurous as in the past, but then I reckoned that "L" and the like were very tedious anyway. National Health will do all the exploratory stuff first, since they are better qualified and more entertaining at it anyway.

The Rolling Stones covered "Not Fade Away" as well, and they used to be a pretty good dance band.

Mike Holmans

David Coverdale's Whitesnake

ASHINGTON

LET'S ADMIT that David Coverdale is pretty unfashionable. These days, what price credibility for a back number from Deep Purple?

I dunno what you would expect, but I wasn't prepared for someone who, in the 90 minutes, could be quite so convincing.

First, however the bad news. While the set relied on essentially new material for its backbone, all the trimmings (for the kids at any rate) were provided by old Purple numbers.

As he had a hand in their creation, Coverdale can certainly claim his right of inheritance. The problem is that the songs weren't that good in the first place. Only "Mistreated" justified its inclusion.

Also Pete Solley, whilst generally providing tastefully restrained keyboards was apt at any moment to lapse into something akin to the *Star Wars* soundtrack, shooting straight through the music. It was a little out of place amongst all the gritty blues.

Still, enough beefing.

You see this little lot are a million miles away from what Deep Purple were all about. They've got more in common with the likes of Frankie Miller.

For a start Coverdale can sing. It's not the pathetic squawk that's issued from the throat of every other rock singer I've seen recently.

Rather it comes from the pit of his stomach and has a genuine range able to cope easily with material such as Bobby Bland's "Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City" — which was, for me, a highlight.

Ex-National Health bass player Neil Murray succeeded in providing the kind of bass I've not heard since Andy Fraser rumbled along with Free.

Mick Moody and Bernie Marsden showed that two lead guitarists don't necessarily have to dual with each other for every inch of space to be effective. (Although I do wish Moody drew his inspiration from Lowell George a little more, rather than Johnny Winter.)

Underpinned by Dave Dowell's resolute drumming, and when Pete Solley was in a less dramatic mood, it was a complete, totally persuasive performance.

It made the grand nostalgia of the rehashed Purple seem like pure fodder.

If you want to know about the rest of the songs, well there was a couple of newies presumably written by the Coverdale/Marsden/Moody conglomerate of which "C'mon" registered as something I'd like to hear again.

Oh yes, the second encore was a rich rendering of "Rock Me", which owed much to the old Jeff Beck version — what higher compliment can I pay?

Once David Coverdale has ditched his Purple albatross he'll be a fine singer in a splendid band. It can't happen soon enough for me.

Tom Noble

THE LURKERS

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Pere Ubu: innovation or embroidery?

Pere Ubu
Nico

MARQUEE

A CAPACITY crowd with its collective vocal orifice pinned down at the corners, awaits a night of pessimism courtesy of two widely-differing exponents of what has been consigned to the 'neu musick' genre.

Pere Ubu, however, are not as bleak as their overall vision of industrial wilderness suggests, Cleveland's corpulent son David Thomas coming on like a psychotic Bud Abbott all tooled-up and ready to go, hammering out manic/metallic percussion on lengths of pipe, comical and menacing by turns.

Both he and the band do admirable live justice to recorded product from their album "The Modern Dance" and the "Datapanik" E.P., familiar material which goes down a treat with enthusiastic punters.

Basically Pere Ubu play 'Rock and Roll', which is not a fault in itself, just that the much-flouted 'innovation' seems closer to embroidery or afterthought than being an integral part of the musical structure, but far be it from me to bore you and down-rate a good band with such nit-picking pedantry.

In some respects they reminded me of a more musically complex version of Hawkwind, and at times Thomas's vocal style bears *some* comparison to Beefheart, although on the whole their sound is very much their own.

While their tunes and rhythms are direct enough to render them accessible when played live, their arrangements contain just enough detail and intrigue to hold sway in the cerebral regions (or amongst those who can't dance and take notes simultaneously), though whether they'll attain a similar balance between "head and heart" to that which characterises someone like the Talking Heads remains to be seen.

But the fun stops here. Before seeing her on this tour, I used to think I liked Nico, but I've found her appearances, both tonight and at the ill-starred Music Machine venture (apart from the fact that both venues fall somewhat short of Rheims Cathedral in the atmosphere stakes) without exception the most unpleasantly soul-wrenching experiences ever, having been subjected to the gross spectacle of an audience on the one hand hurling vile and callous abuse and on the other an ill-assorted rabble of lugubrious 'nerds' jerking-off on their own morbid, and introverted, quasi-religious, self-abasement fantasies.

But isn't that what attracts most people to Nico? Not even "the publicity of misery" but merely its passive, insular indulgence-in-extremis, and in the case of this critic, ad nauseam.

Still, rock must have its martyrs and its vultures and the waking enshrinement to all that's unholy has haplessly undergone the ordeal of resurrection for the public scaffold with new songs and an album in the offing, for the micro-mirror-world of rock to gloat and feed on the ugly rumours, relieving our absurd, voyeuristic need for slow-suicide by proxy.

How does it feel to loved so badly, Nico?

New songs like "The Sphinx" lie forlornly alongside old 'favourites' "Deutschland Uber Alles" and "Janitor Of Lunacy", while music that could once be described as being possessed of a haunting beauty now reeks of decay.

Nico's air of timelessness has reverted to that of anachronism, embodying all the worst elements of last decade's sad, tired and old examination of its soft, self-centred white underbelly and the false romanticism of death, addiction and lunacy.

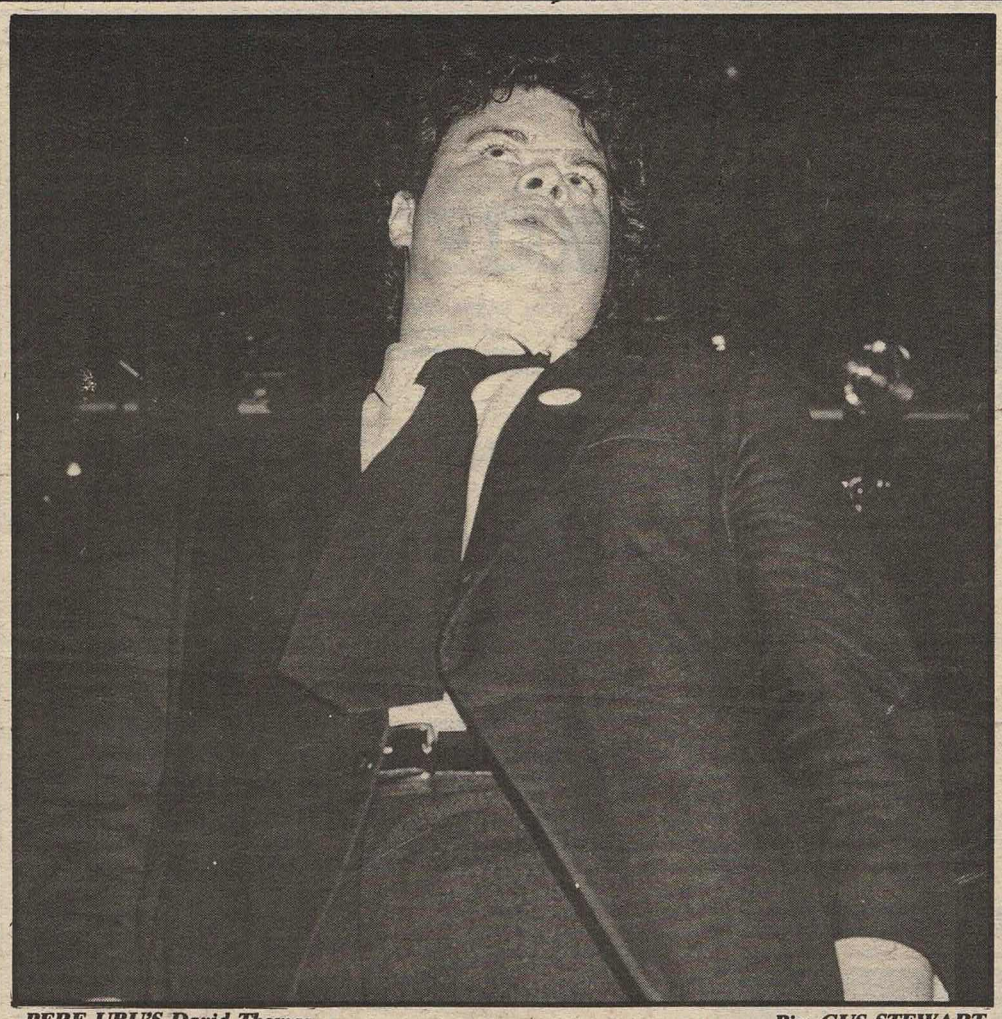
Odillon Redon would get his rocks off, but listen to James Brown or Gil Scott Heron if you want the truth and not just another bum trip.

Nico, in the middle of all, this remains largely blameless, spinning her own twisted web; at fault is the viciously gullible and immature mentality of an audience titillated by their vicarious flirtation with the abyss, and feeding off the perpetual decline of someone who was, and in some ways still is, a great talent, but also happens to be a great tragedy.

Well Nico, you asked somebody to shoot you? . . .

Morbid negativity for its own sake is this month's dilletantism and more a product of warped perception than terrible truth. Like '76's toying with 'swastika-chic' I sincerely hope that it will give way to something with greater optimism.

Steve Walsh



PERE UBU'S David Thomas. *Pic: GUS STEWART.*

The Monos

JOHN BULL, CHISWICK

TONIGHT THE tacky timbers of the ale-house that wants to be an Alpine chalet, Chiswick's John Bull, are shivering to the sounds of Liverpool foursome The Monos.

Hauled in as last minute stand-ins for The Pin-Ups the boys divide their set more or less equally between playing and apologising for a defiantly unco-operative sound system. Add that to the problems posed by a set of new brass-strings and you can sense the feeling with which they launch into "Difficult World".

That apart, The Monos give us an hour's worth of all that's best about the current wave of Pop-with-a-Human-Face. Songs like "Run To Him" show them to be capable of producing strong material within the context of a well-paced and entertaining show.

For better or worse, they're firmly identified with the Thamesbeat upsurge of Big Three/Fourmost/Swinging Blue Jeans copyists but the fresh, inventive qualities of the songs give the lie to any Liverpool Revivalists tag.

The Monos play true Pop: music that re-creates itself every moment and knows no History, no more than it claims any Future.

What's more, it moves. Fine support from Kenny on drums and guitarist Jes take care of that. Why, somebody even danced; that might sound small beer in the bohemian bastions of Soho or Berwick-on-Tweed but, believe it, Chiswick folk are normally made of sterner stuff.

Short songs, short people. Finishing as they began with the superb "Claire's a Liar" (self-composed like the majority of the set) The Monos leave behind a lot of smiles.

Paul Du Noyer

This is only one of the 10 mistakes from

gruppo sportivo

their new album

10 Mistakes

UK Tour dates
MAY 18th Erics Club Liverpool
19th Lafayette Club Wolverhampton
20th Portsmouth Polytechnic
23rd Nashville Rooms LONDON
24th College of Education Coventry
25th Bristol Polytechnic
26th Review at Rafters Manchester
27th Barbarellas Birmingham
29th Sandpiper Nottingham
30th Nashville Rooms LONDON
31st Keel University
JUNE 2nd Marquee LONDON
3rd Cranfield Institute of Technology Bedford
4th The Metro Plymouth

82793 Epic

10 Mistakes.
Includes the single 'ROCK'N Roll'

I THOUGHT THE LIVE PAGE WAS A

-Flok

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs. 18th May (Adm 70p)
THE AUTOMATICS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri. 19th May (Adm 70p)
THE LOOK
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat. 20th May (Adm 75p)
CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun. 21st May (Adm 85p)
TONIGHT
Plus support & Mandy H.

Mon. 22nd May (Adm 65p)
THE BRAKES
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 23rd May (Adm £1.00)
CHELSEA
Plus support & Joe Lung

Wed. 24th May (Adm 70p)
THE TOURISTS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 25th May (Adm 75p)
SOFT BOYS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot and cold snacks are available

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

HOLLIES

TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E16
(off Silverstown Way) 01-476 7791
Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am
Midnight on Sunday Live Bands Every Night

Thursday May 18th **VIOLINS**
Saturday May 20th **DOGWATCH**
Friday May 19th **AUTOMATICS**
Sunday May 21st **ICEBERG**

Admission 60p before 10.30 pm. then £1.00

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Thursday May 25th at 7.30 p.m.
Their First Aylesbury gig together for over a year

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
+ THE SMIRKS + THE UNTOUCHABLES
+ ANAL SURGEONS + AC SOUND & VISION

Tickets 195p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Sun Music High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Free 'n' Easy Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore Bletchley Dunstable & Luton, Hi Vu Buckingham, or 195p at door on night. Life membership 25p

LOOK OUT PRINCES RISBOROUGH — THEY'RE BACK

LONDON'S LATEST ROCK VENUE....

THE BROOM

246 Woolwich Road, S.E.10

Thurs. May 18th
CLIQUE + Support
Fri. May 19th
THE HEAT
Sat. May 20th
"HARRY SENT US"

LANDSCAPE

A Tour for the Nearly Normal

May
Friday 19th Salford University
Saturday 20th Premises, Norwich
Monday 22nd Limit Club, Sheffield
Tuesday 23rd Nikkers Club, Keighley
Thursday 25th Hope & Anchor, London N1.
Friday 26th North Peckham, Civic Centre, Old Kent Road
Monday 29th Canterbury Marlowe Theatre (Supported by High Altitude)

June
Thursday 1st Bristol, Stonehouse Club
Friday 2nd Bath, The Brillig

Bookings 01-703 7677
01-870 2061

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday May 17th £1.00
THE BOYFRIENDS
+ MONOS

Thursday May 18th £1.50
Special London appearance of the
VIBRATORS
+ DEPRESSIONS

Friday May 19th £2.00
SALT
+ HI-FI

Saturday May 20th £2.00
KRAKATOA
+ LIPS

Monday May 22nd £1.00
CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
+ PALADENO
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm.

Tuesday May 23rd £1.00
SORE THROAT
+ STRAIGHT 8

Wednesday May 24th £1.50
REGGAE REGULAR
+ ABBRAKA

Monday June 12th Tuesday June 13th
IGGY POP
Advance tickets £2.25 from Box Office

Wednesday June 14th
ROBERT GORDON & LINK WRAY
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office

Thursday June 15th **SAILOR** Pay at door £1.50

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Friday May 19th Free
INTERVIEW
Saturday May 20th Free
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Sunday May 21st Free
PIN UPS
Wednesday May 24th Free
UNCLE PO
Thursday May 25th Free
RUMBLESTRIPS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Friday May 19th £1.00
ROOGALATOR
+ SPIDER MIKE KING

Saturday May 20th £1.00
WHITE CAT
+ SPIDER MIKE KING

Sunday May 21st £1.00
THE BOYFRIENDS + T.N.T.

Monday May 22nd 50p
TOURISTS
+ BETTER LOOKING

Tuesday May 23rd 75p
GRUPPO SPORTIVO + THE PUSH

Thursday May 25th 75p
THE BOWLES BROTHERS
+ Support

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

VEHICLE MUSIC

presents
ROGER THE CAT
Friday May 19th
THE THREE RABBITS
MANOR PARK
Saturday May 20th
TAM O'SHANTER
CHATHAM
Sunday May 21st
WESTERN COUNTIES
PADDINGTON
Monday May 22nd 60p
THE ROCK GARDEN
W.C.2.
Gilmor Promotions
01-204 9976

WANTED

MANAGER FOR NEW ROCK CLUB OPENING IN LONDON NW1 AREA

Experience of crowd control.

Must have group knowledge and dig the Rock baby.

Apply Box No. 3529, NME, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford St., London, S.E.1

SHERWOOD ROOMS, NOTTINGHAM. Tel: 50556
Wednesday May 24th, 7.30 pm — 1 am

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
THE PIRATES
+ THE SMIRKS
Tickets £1.50 from Virgin, Selectadisc & Students Union or £2 on door.

Ilka Promotions present
Saturday May 20th
Ku Klux Klan with
STEEL PULSE
+ No. 1 Reggae D.J. Steve Barnard
Admission £2.00 on door.

Faith Recording Co.
presents from Jamaica
Thursday May 25th
The Legendary
GREGORY ISAACS
+ Special Guests 15/16/17
Tickets £2.00 in advance from Box Office Telephone Dunstable 62804, or £2.50 at door on night
CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, WHIPSNADE ROAD, DUNSTABLE

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday May 18th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY

Friday May 19th 40p
JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS

Saturday May 20th 40p
HEADWAITER

Sunday May 21st 40p
UNITED
Ex Remus Down Boulevard / Kinks

Monday May 22nd
ZAINE GRIFF

Tuesday May 23rd & Wednesday May 24th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange

Thursday May 25th
FINGERPRINZ

University of Essex S.U. Ents present

TRINITY

Supported by
MIXED BLOOD

Saturday May 20th in the S.U. Dance Hall at 8.30 p.m.

Late Bar Sound System

Tickets £1.50 from S.U. & Parrot Records

Telephone: Colchester 63211

University of London Union Nursery Benefit with

MAGNETS
+ JOHNNY CURIOUS PATRIK FITZGERALD STAA MARX
Satruday May 20th at 7.30 p.m.
Tickets at the door 75p
University of London Union, Malet Street, W.C.1.
(off Gower Street, nearest tube Tottenham Court Road or Euston Square)

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Friday May 19th 75p
THE MAKERS

Saturday May 20th £1.00
SOFT BOYS

Sunday May 21st £1.00
MARRISSEY MULLER BAND

Monday May 22nd 60p
JAB-JAB

Tuesday May 23rd 60p
BERNI TORME

Wednesday May 24th 75p
SOX

Thursday May 25th £1.00
LANDSCAPE

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Beside British Rail
New Barnet
Tel: 01-449 0465

Thursday May 18th
JERRY THE FERRET
Friday May 19th
NEBULA
Saturday May 20th
RIFF RAFF
Sunday May 21st
WARM JETS
Tuesday May 23rd
HOTLINE

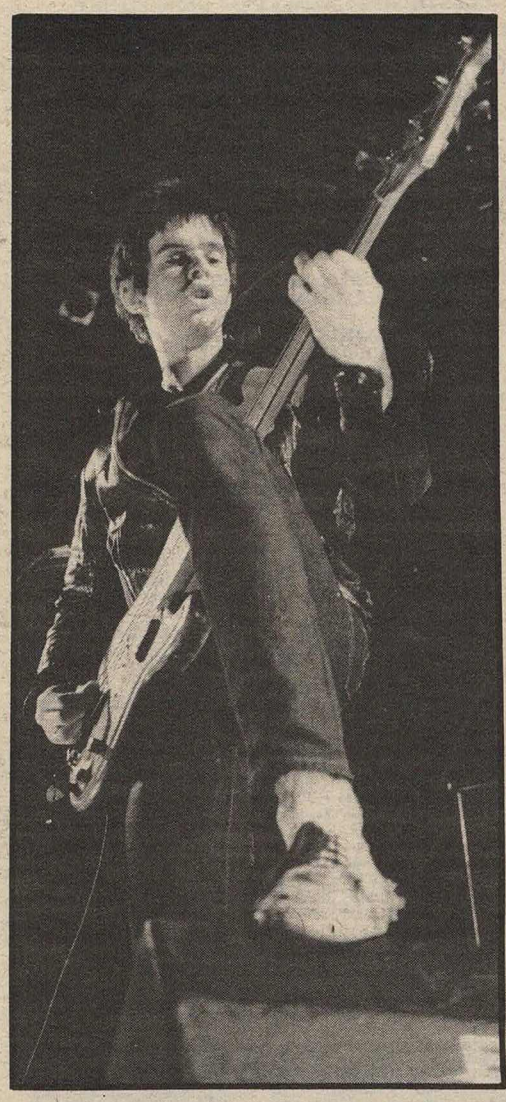
BOGNOR ROCK STUNS

London University,
Malet St.
Saturday May 20th

STAA MARX

POLY OF CENTRAL LONDON S.U.
115 New Cavendish Street, W.1.
Tel: 01-636 6271
Friday May 19th at 8 p.m.

MERGER
+ T.N.T.
Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.30 on door.
Advance tickets from 104-108 Bolsover Street, W.1
Artistes booked through Pinball, tel. 01-499 2933



GEORGE BENSON (above) is undertaking his longest-ever British tour, and it's already virtually sold out, with extra performances slotted in last week to cope with the heavy ticket demand. He opens at Coventry on Sunday, followed by two shows each night at London Albert Hall (Monday and Tuesday).

THE STRANGLERS, whose bassist Jean Jacques Burnel is pictured left, are playing a string of unadvertised gigs in clubs and small-capacity venues. But between now and the end of the month, they're also headlining three concerts at major halls, and the first of these is at Brighton on Saturday.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

AYLESBURY Kings Head: STEPHEN WADE
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: RACING CARS
BATH Pavillion: JASPER CARROTT
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: THOSE FOUR
BELFAST Queen's University: TYLA GANG
BELFAST Pound Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
BINGLEY College: GIRLS SCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BRASS CONSTRUCTION/ROKOTTO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: BITTER THORN/BOLD FEY
BLOXWICH North Canes: CRYER
BRADFORD Mecca World: JIMMY JAMES
BRADFORD Princeville Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: SHORT STORIES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: DIE LAUGHING
BRISTOL The Glen: MATCHBOX
CANTERBURY College of Art: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/SATAN'S RATS
CANTERBURY Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: CYANIDE
COLCHESTER ABC Theatre: AC/DC
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THE PIRATES
CORBY Town Hall: THE PLEASERS
COVENTRY Locarno: THE MOTORS
DARLINGTON Bowes Wine Cellar: DISGUISE
DERBY Penine Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
EDINBURGH Odeon: LINDISFARNE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: FIVE HAND REEL
EXETER Timepiece: WALRUS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: BLACK SABBATH
GLASGOW Satellite City: SHAM 69
HANLEY Victoria Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/CHERRY VANILLA
HATFIELD Polytechnic: MISTY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: DOLL BY DOLL
LEEDS 'F' Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: EROS
LEICESTER Prohibition Club: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: GRUPPO SPORTIVO / MISTRESS
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CADO BELLE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE VIBRATORS/THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: THE VIOLINS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: DIRE STRAITS/ABRACA
LONDON EC1 City Arms: REDNITE
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: NIGHT CALLER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: JAB JAB
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: REDBRASS/LEON ROSSELSON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEE KOSMIN'S LOOSE SHOES
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: THROBBING GRISTLE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TRINITY
LONDON Palladium: ELKIE BROOKS (currently until Saturday)
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: ANGEL WITCH / FINAL RUN
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: HOT POINTS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: RIOT ROCKERS/ROCK ISLAND LINE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: O.K.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MEMBERS
LONDON STRAND Kings College: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: WARM JETS
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES — RADIO BIRDMAN
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
NEWPORT Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE CRABS
NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: GREGORY ISAACS
NUNEATON Club Attleborough: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PAISLEY Three Horseshoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PENZANCE The Garden: DEAD FINGERS TALK
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: PHOTONS
POOLE Arts Centre: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: STEEL PULSE
PORT TALBOT Sandsman Cub: DAVE BERRY BAND (for three days)
PRESTWICH Catholic Club: IDIOT ROUGE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DARTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
SLOUGH College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
STAFFORD R.A.F. Cosford: SOUL DIRECTION
ST. ATHAN Red Dragon Club: MUSCLES
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
SWANSEA Nutz Club: SLADE
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: THIEVES LIKE US
WOLSTANTON Working Mens Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
YORK Munster Bar: BLEAK FUTURE

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BLACK SABBATH
ABERDEEN College: THE YOUNG BUCKS
ABERDEEN McRobert Hall: YACHTS
ABERDEEN Robert Gordon Institute: GIRLS SCHOOL
ABERDEEN University: FIVE HAND REEL
ANDOVER Country Bumphkin: THE REAL THING
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: SLADE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Centre Hotel: KAY RUSSELL
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: MADDY PRIOR BAND
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: MISTY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM The Crown: THE PASSIONS
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: PTARMIGAN
BRADFORD Star Hotel: RON TAYLOR
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: PEKOE ORANGE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: VISITOR 2035
BRISTOL Acton Lodge Farm: GLAXO BABIES / SHOCKWAVE
BURNLEY Bank Hall: TRAPEZE
BURTON 76 Club: ROY HILL BAND
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE VIBRATORS
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: LITTLE BOB STORY
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: AFTER THE FIRE
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE MOTORS
DARLINGTON Firthmoor Hotel: BLEAK FUTURE
DERBY Pastures Hospital: STRANGE DAYS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GAGS
DUNDEE College of Technology: PUSH
EDINBURGH Clouds: SHAM 69
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: CHARLEY BROWNE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LINDISFARNE
HADEN HILL Leisure Centre: JAMESON RAID / CRYER / HOI POLLOI
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: JAILER
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: BULLY WEE
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College of Education: THE CADETS
HINCKLEY The Bounty: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
HUDDFERSFIELD Coach House: THE SNEAKERS
KINGS LYNN Corn Exchange; CHRIS BARBER BAND
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: DEAN FORD BAND
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: MATHEWS BROTHERS
LANCASTER Planet City: CHINA STREET
LEEDS Eforde Green Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Huby Uklage Institute: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS Polytechnic: AC/DC
LEWES Priory School: SOUTHERN RYDA
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DARTS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIOLINS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CRAZY CAVAN N THE RHYTHM ROCKERS/ THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: S.A.L.T./HI-FI
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON CHELSEA College: PINK PARTS/RAINCOATS
LONDON City University: THE PLEASERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Basement Club: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ALPHALFA
LONDON DALSTON Cubies; SUPERCHARGE
LONDON EALING Teachers Centre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: DOGWATCH
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON FULHAM Volunteer: REDNITE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE MAKERS
LONDON LEWISHAM Odeon: IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON NEW CROSS Goldsmiths College: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/SATAN'S RATS
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: OUT OF THE BLUE/ACTIVATE
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: THE BOYLE FAMILY
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Guitar: PETER SARSTEDT
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHNNY G AFFAIR
LONDON SE 27 Norwood Hall: PHOTONS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: J.A.L.N. BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: JAB JAB/BENNY & THE JETS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle; HEADWAITER
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: RADIO STARS
LONDON S.W. 1 Barleymow Country Club: LITTLE GINNY & HER BAND
LONDON SW 15 Whitelands College: BABY GRAND
LONDON W.1 Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
MANCHESTER Rafters; THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES— / RADIO BIRDMAN
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: STAG
MARGATE Dreamland: THE CRABS/CYANIDE
MATLOCK College: RAY KING BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: GAFFA
ORMSKIRK College: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: SCRATCH
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS
PRESTON Charter Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
REDDITCH Valley Rock Club: RICKOCHET
ROSS-ON-WYE Harvey's: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
SALFORD University: LANDSCAPE
SLOUGH College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel: IDIOT ROUGE
STANMORE R.A.F. Station: SOUL DIRECTION
SWANSEA Drill Hall: INDIGO HILL TRAPPERS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms; STEVE HILLAGE BAND
TENBURY WELLS Bridge Hotel: LE RITZ
WALLASEY Poulton Victory ClubL BEANO
WARRINGTON Parr Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
WATFORD Red Lion: BLEAK HOUSE
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: STEPPER
WINCHESTER Tower Centre: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS/POOR FOOLS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GRUPPO SPORTIVO

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: IDIOT ROUGE
ACCRINGTON Hyndburn Sports Centre: THE CHIEFTAINS
ASHFORD Stour Centre: THE REAL THING
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: DEAD FINGERS TALK
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM HOPWOOD Waterside Rock Club: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BIRMINGHAM KINGSHEATH Hare & Hounds: STRINGS
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: RAY KING BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BOLTON Institute of Technology: DAWNWEAVER
BRACKNELL Sports Centre: THE BUZZCOCKS
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: THE STRANGLERS
BRIGHTON New Regent: HOT POINTS
BRIGHTON The Adur: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES / MISTY
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DIANE SOLOMON
BRISTOL P9lytechnic: CADO BELLE
CAMBERLEY Agincourt: MATCHBOX
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter': REDNITE
COLCHESTER Essex University: TRINITY
CORBY Nags Head: VESUVIUS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE BOY—FRIENDS / THE V.I.P.s
CRAWLEYThe Hall: JASPER CARROTT
CORMER West Runton Pavilion: BRASS CONSTRUCTION / ROKOTTO
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: CHICKEN SHACK
DINSTABLE California Ballroom: STEEL PULSE
EDINBURGH College of Art: LITTLE BOB STORY
FALKIRK The Maniqui: GIRLS SCHOOL
FIFE St. Andrew's University: THE VALVES
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: FIVE HAND REEL
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: PUSH
GOOLE Station Hotel: R.B.Q.
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: THE ACCELERATORS
HATFIELD Polytechnic: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEET WARMERS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: ROY HILL BAND / THE SQUAD
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LEICESTER Polytechnic: LINDISFARNE
LINCOLN Bishop Grosseteste College: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH / SATAN's RATS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DARTS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE MOTORS
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: SOUTH OF THE BORDER / EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DAVE LEWIS BAND / JOHN ADAMS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: KRAKATOA / LIPS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: HEADWAITER
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: DOG WATCH
LONDON CHELSEA College: RACING CARS / TIGER LILY
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON DALSTON Cubies: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Country Club: SPITERI
LONDON HARLESDEN New Roxy Theatre: MEAL TICKET / BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON KENSINGTON West London Institute—THOSE FOUR
LONDON Marquee Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON PENGE Groves Community Centre: TENNIS SHOES / THIEF
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: SUCKER / BILL KREAM
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Sharp House: SEAN CANNON
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
LONDON SOUTHALL Community Centre: JAB JAB
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LOOK
LONDON S.W.1 Barleymow Country Club: KELVIN HENDERSON'S COUNTRY BAND
LONDON University Union: MAGNETS / JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS / PATRIK FITZGERALD / STAA MARX
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: JOHNNY MOPED
MANCHESTER Mayflower: EMERGENCY / THE RISK
MANCHESTER Rafters: CHEAP FLIGHTS
MANCHESTER University: RADIO STARS
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: DIE LAUGHING
MARLOW Court Hotel: THE RIVERSIDERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: DEAN FORD BAND
NEWARK Bowling Green Hotel: STRANGE DAYS
NEWCASTLE University: THE PIRATES
NEW MILLS Festival: NORMAN JAY / VINTAGE / BULLET
NORWICK Premises: LANDSCAPE
NORWICH White's: GYPP
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: ACE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE TURBINES
OLDHAM Tower Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
OXFORD New Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE / DAVE / SUGAR
OXFORD Pembroke College: WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
PRESTON Polytechnic: SHAM 69 / CHINA STREET
READING Hexagon Theatre: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
READING Jack of Both Sides: DOUBLE XPOSURE
REDDITCH Tracey's: TRAPEZE
RETFORD Porterhouse: LITTLE ACRE
RUGBY The Woolpack: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
SHEFFIELD University: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
SNODLAND The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
STOKE ETRURIA Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STROUD Leisure Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
SWANSEA Drill Hall: STRANGE BREW / THE STATE
TORQUAY 400 Club: SOUL DIRECTION
WATFORD St. Peter Hall: THE HEROES
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: PRESSURE SHOCKS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Centre Halls: THE CRABS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE

MORE GIG GUIDE AND LIVE DATES OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: ROY HILL BAND
AMERSHAM Crown Hotel: ANDY CAVEN
ASHINGTON Regal Cinema: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BASILDON Double Six: JERRY THE FERRET
BATLEY Variety Club: SLADE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: POVERTY CORNER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Strathallen Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BIRMINGHAM The Stonehouse: THE SUSSED
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE LURKERS
BRADFORD St George's Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: IAN DURY & THE BLOCK HEADS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: WILKO JOHNSON SOLID SENDERS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: CYANIDE
COVENTRY Theatre: GEORGE BENSON
CROYDON Greyhound: STEVE HILLAGE BAND / NATIONAL HEALTH
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: YACHTS
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
GLASGOW Kelvingrove Park: CHARLEY BROWNE
HORNCHURCH Queens Theatre: KENNY BALL BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: CHARLEY PRIDE/DAVE & SUGAR
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
LOCHNABEN Balcastle Hotel: GIRLS SCHOOL
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: UNITED
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basic Tavern: ICEBERG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WORLD SERVICE/NIGHT FLIGHT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PIN-UPS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BOY-FRIENDS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON N19. Caxton House: THE RESISTERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: JOHNNY MARS & HIS BLUES BAND/THE NIGHTHAWKS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON THE MALL I.C.A. Theatre: MOVABLE DOUGH
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: LEFT HAND DRIVE
LUTON The Unicorn: BLEAK HOUSE
MAIDSTONE Hazlitt Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER New Ritz: THE REAL THING
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: RADIO STARS
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: HEADWAITER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BLACK SABBATH
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
OXFORD New Theatre: LINDISFARNE
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: THE VIBRATORS
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOHNNY SILVO/PHIL MARTIN
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: THE SUPREMES' MARY WILSON (for a week)
READING Target Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE PIRATES
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: AC/DC
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: MADDY PRIOR BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
SWANSEA Drill Hall: AD 73
TORQUAY Town Hall: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAP-LANE
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE (for a week)
WHITLEY Bay Rex Hotel: BERNIE TORME

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: CHRIS NEWMAN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: DEAN FORD BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: LINDISFARNE
BOSTON Folk Club: MUCKRAM WAKES
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: STEEL PULSE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
BRADFORD New Talk of Yorkshire: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: DOLL BY DOLL
BRISTOL Colston Hall: AC/DC
BRISTOL Romeo & Juliet's: BRASS CONSTRUC-TION / ROKOTTO
BRISTOL Stone House: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURNLEY Cat's Whiskers: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
CHESTER Gateway Theatre: FIVE HAND REEL
CHESTER Quaintways: THE CRABS
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: VESUVIUS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: GENE PITNEY
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER
DEWSBURY Turks Head: ARC ROUGE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SHAM 69
GLASGOW Theatre Royal: MADDY PRIOR BAND
HARTLEPOOL Carlton Club: BERNIE TORME
HINCKLEY Steering Wheel: DEAD FINGERS TALK
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: JERRY THE FERRET
HULL Tiffany's: THE PIRATES
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Branigan's: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: DARTS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES / RADIO BIRDMAN
LIVERPOOL Playhouse Theatre: "GODSPELL" (for two weeks)
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BABY GRAND / LICKER / SARACEN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: PUSH
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JAB JAB
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BRAKES
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DEREK DAVIDSON / FREDDIE THE FIZZ
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: EARL OKIN
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GEORGE BENSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: CHEAP STARS / BACK NUMBERS
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BLACK SABBATH
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: THE ACCELERATORS
MANCHESTER Brahms & Liszt Club: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
MONTROSE Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Hotel: SPEED
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: BEANO
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE MOTORS
READING Hexagon Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
REDDITCH Tracey's: CRYER
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: LANDSCAPE
STAFFORD Top of the World: THE VIBRATORS
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
THORNLEY The Club: SON OF A BITCH
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: JASPER CARROTT

Tuesday

ALLOA Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
BATH Tiffany's: STEEL PULSE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES/RADIO BIRDMAN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Hunters Moon: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Old Repertory Theatre: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: WALL BREAKERS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: AC/DC
BRIGHTON New Regent: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRIGHTON The Richmond: PIRANHAS/ATTRIX
BRIGHTON To? Rank: BRASS CONSTRUCTION-/ROKOTTO
BRISTOL Locarno: THE MOTORS
BRISTOL Tiffany's: THE REAL THING
CARDIFF Top Rank: IAN DURY & THE-BLOCKHEADS
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: THE VIBRATORS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Club: GENE PITNEY
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DON LUSHER BIG BAND
DEWSBURY Turks Head: ALWOODLEY JETS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: LINDISFARNE
EDINBURGH Odeon: MADDY PRIOR BAND
EDINBUGH Tiffany's: RIKKI & THE LAST DAYS OF EARTH/SATAN'S RATS
GLASGOW Theatre Royal: JOE PASS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: BLACK SABBATH
HUDDERSFIELD Town Hall: SUPERCHARGE
KEIGHLEY Nikkers Club: LANDSCAPE
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LEEDS Guildford Hotel: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHNNY G.' AFFAIR
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRAIGHT 8/SORE THROAT
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FRAN-KENSTEIN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BERNIE TORME
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
LONDON KILBURN National Club: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GEORGE BENSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BEANO
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: JAB JAB/HANDBAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
NUNEATON 77 Club: THE ONLY ONES
OXFORD New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
READING Hexagon Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: CRYER
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: HARRY CHAPIN
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: CHEAP FLIGHTS
WHITNEY Town Football Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: SYDNEY DEVINE
ABERDEEN Raffles Club: SLADE
ALDERSHOT Princes Hall: GNASHER
AYLESBURY Britannia: GNASHER
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: MARTIN CARTHY
BATH Pavilion: THE MOTORS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ONLY ONES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: STAG
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD University: ROY HILL BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: SATELLITES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
COVENTRY City Centre Club: PIN-UPS
COVENTRY College of Education— GRUPPO SPORTIVO
CUMBERNAULD The Kestral: CHARLEY BROWNE
DORKING Halls: JASPER CARROTT
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: NEW DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET
EDINBURGH Clouds: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / EATER
FOLKESTONE Arts Centre: SWIFT
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HARRY CHAPIN
GLASGOW Cinders: THE VALVES
GLOUCESTER King's School: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HANLEY Out Of Town Inn: THE ACCELERATORS
IPSWICH Royal William: GYPP
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: REGGAE REGULAR / ABBRAKA
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: THE VIOLINS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden— HEADWAITER
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: JAB JAB
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FISH CO.
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON N.1 Old Red Lion: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: OVERSEAS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES "SHOWCASE"
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS / THE RIVVITS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: EARTH TRANSIT
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: MADDY PRIOR BAND
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: THE VYE
NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / THE PIRATES / THE SMIRKS
OXFORD New Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
PLYMOUTH Metro: AC/DC
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: STEEL PULSE
READING Hexagon Theatre: THE CHIEFTAINS
READING University: LINDISFARNE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHEND Zhivago's: THE REAL THING
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE Jollees: GENE PITNEY (for four days)
SWANSEA Top Rank: IAN DURY & THE BLOCK-HEADS
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: THE LURKERS
WORTHING Balmoral Castle: PTARMIGAN

THE CHIEFTAINS (above) set out this week on an unusual tour, visiting towns and venues rarely covered by the big names and major tour itineraries. They're at Middlesbrough (Thursday), Warrington (Friday), Accrington (Saturday), Bradford (Sunday), Stockport (Monday) and Reading (Wednesday). As far as the principal concert circuit is concerned, they'll be tackling that extensively in the autumn.

HARRY CHAPIN (below) is one of those highly respected singer-composers who abound in the States, and who are the mainstay of the quality music scene. His occasional one-off London gigs always play to packed houses but, for a rare and welcome change, he's now going out on a full country-wide tour. His opening gigs are in Southport (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday). Catch him if you can!

Harvey Goldsmith in association with Albion Management and The Daily Mirror Pop Club present

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Coaches have been organised and tickets for the concert and the coach are available from the following ***R. E. Cords, 8-9 Sadler Gate, Derby 0332 42715 / R. E. Cords, 30 High Street, Burton-on-Trent 0283 42640 / Hardman Radio, Northgate Street, Chester 0244 317667 / Arcade Records, Parliament Street, Nottingham 0602 44932 / Scene & Heard, 11-12 Kirkgate, Leeds 0532 35007.***

Please note: *There will be no London show. Tickets for Bingley available from Harvey Goldsmith office at Chappels, 50 New Bond Street, W1, 01-629 3453. Cost £3 will include return coach trip.*

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22nd	MANCHESTER Band on the Wall
24th	HANLEY The Out of Town Inn
25th	MANCHESTER Rafters
28th	WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel
29th	SUNDERLAND Old 29 Club
30th	NEWCASTLE The Cooperage
JUNE	
2nd	NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper
4th	OLDHAM The Boundary

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CHICAGO If you leave me now
FLEETWOOD MAC Albatros
GERRY & PACEMAKERS You'll never walk alone
HAWKWIND Silver machine
HOLLIES The air that I breathe
MICHAEL JACKSON Ben
JOHN LENNON Imagine
DON McLEAN American pie
MOODY BLUES Nights in white satin
PROCOL HARUM Whiter shade of pale
ROSE ROYCE Car wash
STEPPENWOLF Born to be wild
THIN LIZZY Whisky in the jar
THREE DEGREES When will I see you again?
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Charlie Dore's Back Pocket

THE PEGASUS, STOKE NEWINGTON

CHARLIE'S ON stage checking the sound equipment while the group stand around the bar. Charlie digs the band out of their pints, being her own strawboss. No doubts, Charlie is the leader: Charlie is a lady.

These days she's looking pretty self-assured and with good reason. Since last summer the band's been doing the rounds in and around London and they've built up a strong following. A good proportion of the audience at the Kensington on Thursday and the Pegasus three days later were very partisan, quite a few turning up at both places.

In June the band is taking a rest from the circuit and after that they've got to break out into wider areas — stretch the rope higher and chuck the safety net.

The sound is difficult to define. With pedal steel and electric banjo on a lot of numbers and female vocal lead, it's difficult not to think country rock.

There are times when they recall the Emmylou Harris Hot Band, the one with Albert Lee. But much of the set is rockier than that comparison suggests and any traces of country disappear. West Coast, before it mostly fell asleep, the sort of feel Fairport Convention had in the late '60s when they were into Jefferson Airplane instead of folk.

They're certainly capable of extended instrumental passages of high energy, as in David Whiffen's "Driving Wheel" where first mandolin and then bass pick up and sustain riffs over which pedal steel and slide guitar duet for chorus after chorus.

It's surprising how few cover versions they perform. Almost all of the set comprises originals and most of them were written by Charlie herself. They're good songs and the arrangements diverse without losing the group sound. "Sleepless" begins with a purity that could place it on Emmylou's "Pieces Of The Sky" album, but then the tune takes in a hook that's more solid and commercial, and the whole thing's hauled away by fast, strong guitar from Charlie's long-time sidekick, Julian Littman.

Underpinning it all, drummer Paul Atkinson, late of Bees Make Honey, plays chunky, forceful rhythm and fills in the spaces in a way that's very satisfying.

"Pilot Of The Airwaves" opens with five-part accapella singing by all the front line; "Too Much Too Soon" comes on like a piece of Asleep At The Wheel boogie; 'Pickin' Apples" is country funk and again features fine pedal steel from Gus York.

"How come you know the words to all their songs?" I asked a girl at the Kensington. By Sunday I realised that I was singing along with them myself. It's the kind of melodic, bright songs that Charlie writes. Not just good songs, better than good. A pair of them, "You Say You're Sorry" and "The Walking Song", would be perfect singles for Fleetwood Mac.

"Listening to your show on the radio/And you seem like a friend to me"

Charlie Gillett has twice played their demo tapes on his Radio London *Honky Tonk* programme and they sounded fine. Back Pocket have got to get that record contract negotiated and get out on tour to push it — and themselves.

John Harvey

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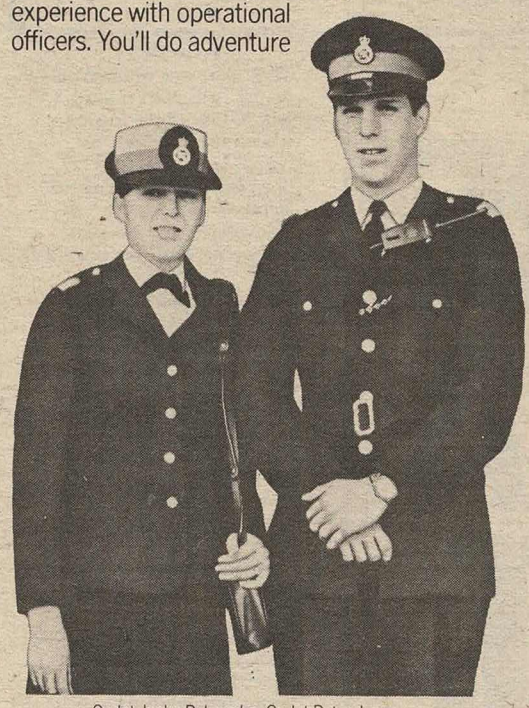

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Maddy Prior

WEMBLEY CONFERENCE CENTRE

"I THINK it was just as hard work for you," said Maddy Prior earnestly after a thoughtful and moody 14-song set at a very much deserted Wembley Conference Centre.

Poor Maddy. She's on her own now (except for her five-piece band, that is), and this was her first headlining gig.

But the place was a ghost town, and a large, spacious ghost town at that.

In Maddy's case it was shame, for she's just written some strong songs and performs them with her usual warm, personable ease to please.

Dressed beautifully in a long white gown and shawl, she was as pretty as she sang.

Starting the evening, though, was downhome **Andy Desmond.**

Backed by a five-man band sporting the usual keyboard and sax, he played a rather bland, lacklustre set of mellow rock and undistinguished folk amidst mediocre moments of beefed-up guitar wailing and belting brass.

A solitary, spotlit finale proved as corny as the silences between songs deadly.

Maddy arrived from the wings singing the opening words of "Rollercoaster", her pleasant enough single from her debut album, "Woman In The Wings".

A sizeable selection from the album followed, including an enchanting song called "Rosettes".

Equally rich was "The Sovereign Prince", an elaborate brew concerning Elizabeth I and highly dependent upon synthesized harpsichord effects.

Which brings us to the band: Chris Stainton (piano and organ), ex-Mealticket guitarist Ray Flacke, bassist Pat Donaldson, drummer John Lingwood, and Kevin Savigar (synthesizer).

Though they undeniably took a back seat to Maddy, they played well enough, competently combining Renaissance folk with contemporary rock.

Aside from the Elizabethan air, Maddy breathed in a slice of German cabaret with a Brecht-Weill number, exhaled apologies for the absence of the Andrew Sisters as backing vocalists on a Swing-ish tune entitled "I Told You So", and happily encored with the Everly Brothers' "Bye Bye Love".

Considering the morgue-like atmosphere, Maddy's show glowed with grace and goodwill.

Marcus Smith

Elkie Brooks

EDINBURGH

THERE ARE many who would agree that Elkie Brooks is one very classy singer. Her name is synonymous with taste, power and finesse.

There's only one man, in fact, who apparently doesn't think this is good enough.

The villain of the piece, sadly both on the album and in concert, is that otherwise very gifted piano player Jean Roussel.

As her "musical director" (red alert, red alert), he has decided to push this most individual and personal singer into the world's most essentially anonymous and fundamentally uninteresting music — disco, no less.

An improvement it is not.

Not that you would guess that there was anything amiss from the first part of this otherwise thoughtful and tasteful show. For some 35 minutes, Elkie eased herself stylishly through a selection of low key atmospheric numbers, ranging from standards like Johnny Mercer's "Drinking Again" through John Martyn's "May You Never" to her own "Just An Excuse", the one moment of unhindered excellence on the new album.

Apart from the overlong and weak opener "I'm Your Puppet", the material was well chosen and a welcome reminder that Elkie Brooks' considerable talents are not restricted to dramatic ballads.

With sensitive support from Roussel on piano (his real strength), Elkie was confident and commanding.

So far, so very good. To borrow a felicitous phrase, she was so good you had to dig her even if you don't dig her.

The second part of the show, complete with electric instruments, more percussion and back-up singers, opened inocuously, though the lightweight material is not exactly the most challenging that could have been chosen.

The dreaded disco, however, set in in earnest with Roussel's own "Jolie". As it became evident the disco was not going to go away, it became increasingly irksome to witness a singer of Elkie Brooks' calibre la-la-ing away ineffectually amid a sea of bongoes.

Why she should choose to go along with this is beyond comprehension.

The three hit singles — including an absolutely superlative performance of "Lilac Wine" — provided a welcome breather of individuality and flair.

They would almost have saved the show too, were it not for the closer, an offensively wishy washy disco version of The Faces' "Stay With Me".

This was not merely a dreadful anti-climax, but an unmitigated disaster in itself.

For someone who won her reputation as an artistic interpreter, such complete disregard for feel and lyrical content was an almost unbelievably ignominious nadir.

It would be a tragedy if a drive for mass acceptability killed the freedom which Elkie Brooks needs to flourish.

Anyone can do disco, but there's only one Elkie Brooks.

Ian Cranna

MEAT LOAF

■ *From page 31*

gave to the album and look what happened to that.

"I have the patience of a cat," purred Meat Loaf, grin, grin, grin, "I'll sit tight and wait until everything is right. Like the album, it went through four labels before everything came together and we released it."

They started out with RCA, who blew a good thing by offering the pair "a famous producer with a tremendous track record, lots of hits, who didn't know what he was talking about when it came to recording us."

See, the twosome had already figured out what they wanted in terms of sound and suchlike, and were in no great hurry to get it, so they reversed the normal record-biz procedure by using a rehearsal studio to audition producers. They'd perform four or five of their songs, "just voice and piano, me and Jim," and ask the visitors what ideas they had for production.

"The producers'd say, 'What do you hear in the songs?', but we never gave it away because we wanted to know what they heard. So they'd say something like, 'Well, sorta like *Jesus Christ Superstar*,, and we'd go 'Right, O.K., next!'

Then when Todd came round and we asked him what did he hear he started laying our own references back at us without us having said anything."

A working relationship arranged between the duo and The Runt, who put up the money to start recording the album, the next obvious step was for them to sign for Bearsville.

"Well, actually, Todd wanted us for his own label, which was gonna be Etheric, but we didn't think he'd get it all together — he was doing too many other things — so we went direct to Bearsville."

The album completed without too many problems, bar some re-mixes of Rundgren's originals, Warner Brothers suddenly stepped in and commandeered the project. That was fine by everybody so once again new deals were arranged when Meat Loaf's manager got a call from Steve Popovich, who'd just left Epic, where he'd been head of A&R, to start an independent production company, Cleveland International.

"Steve said, 'You wanna go with Epic?' Now Epic I've been trying to get with for 10 years. Just because I like the name, no other reason. Think of the name, Epic Records. It's great. I really like the name Epic. I did Ted Nugent's album because it was on Epic. I did about four demos for 'em as well but nothing came of it.

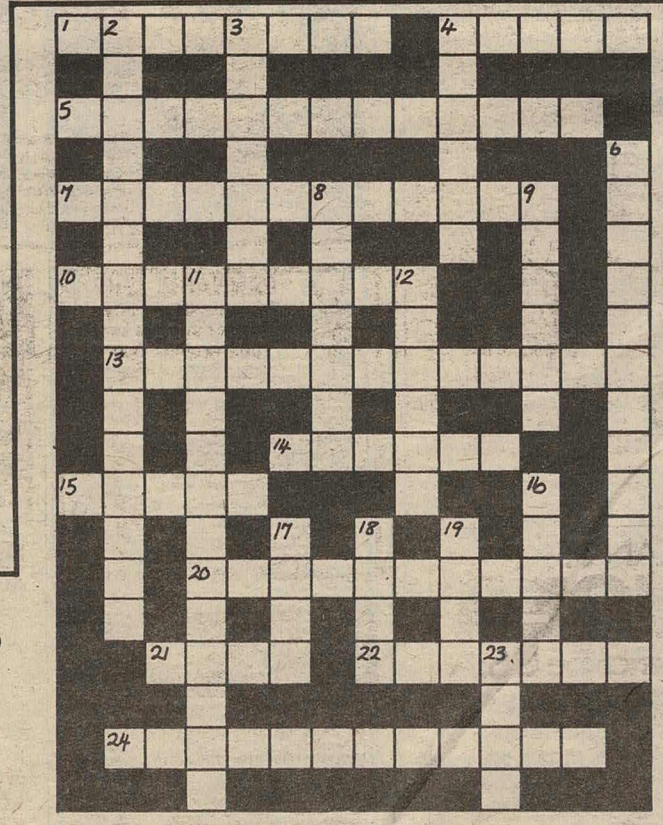
"At the time they were like everyone else, they couldn't hear the sound I wanted. Record company people kept telling me I wasn't rock'n'roll; they said, 'We don't wanna hear it, it's Broadway music.' That's bullshit. I've done about 10 shows on Broadway so I know what I'm talking about; you don't hear music like ours.

"Anyway, in the end CBS/Epic offered us quite a bit more money than Warner Brothers so . . ." Meat Loaf, who'd been in good humour throughout the entire interview, grinned expansively once again and looked as if to say, do I need to complete the obvious? But he did anyway. "So we went with Epic, naturally."

They're now convinced that you're a rock'n'roller, huh?

"Ain't nobody in the world gonna tell me what I'm doing is *not* rock'n'roll. It's just that I'm constantly trying to be different to everyone else; I thrive on being as different as possible. I even try to be different from myself from night to night, which really gets to be difficult after a while. I'll tell ya, I'm not really afraid of anything and I believe wholeheartedly in what I'm doing."

Sounds like a winning combination.



ACROSS

1 They were one of the bands on the Anti-Nazi rally (1,3,4)
4 and 16 One of the leaders among the home-grown reggae bands
5 She sang with Eric Clapton's Band on "461 Ocean Boulevard" and has since had a couple of solo pop hits (6,7)
7 Arrgh, ape mark!!! (anag. 6,6)
10 T.V. personality (sic) in brash biro mixture! (3,6)
13 A.k.a. Eddie of "Do Anything You Want To Do" (6,7)
14 Beat/Powerpop combo as tusk!!
15 Bob/...../Thomas
20 Decidedly last year's rebel! (5,6)
21 Co-respondent of the Week (Courtesy Topical Clues Inc.)
22 See 4 down
24 Cretin hopster, Rockaway beach boy and guitarist in the happy family! (6,6)

DOWN

2 The original was by The Melodians (the *NME* Crossword prefers to draw a veil over Boney M!) (6,2,7)
3 Remember when their music could be described as a "compelling, unique mix of Latin polyrhythms and electric rock"? Now it's a "ragbag of tired cliches"!
4 and 22 Their first album on their own Rolling Stones Records
6 Follow-up to "5 Minutes" (4,1,6)
8 Christine McVie as was — flawless in fact!
9 The Pre-Fab Four!
11 . . . .as opposed to The Fab Four, whose first film this was! (4,4,5)
12 Ron and Russell Mael collectively
16 See 4 across
17 See 18
18 and 17 A British guitar hero (yeah, they're still around!)
19 As in, *we mean it Manfred!*
23 What *kind* of vibrator Brian? Oh, *vibrations!*

ACROSS: "She's So Modern"; 6 Patti Smith; 8 Amp; 9 Kraftwerk; 11 Anarchy; 13 (Neil) Young; 14 Kevin Coyne; 17 Johnny Nash; 18 "(No Woman No) Cry"; 19 Barry White; 21 Eric Carmen; 22 Sonny (Terry). **DOWN:** 2 "Easter"; 4 "Doctor My Eyes"; 5 "No Woman No (Cry"; 3 "Satisfaction"; 7 "My Way"; 10 RAR (Rock Against Racism); 12 Alex Harvey; 15 "Can The Can"; 16 Cortinas; 17 "Jubilee"; 20 (Sonny) Terry.

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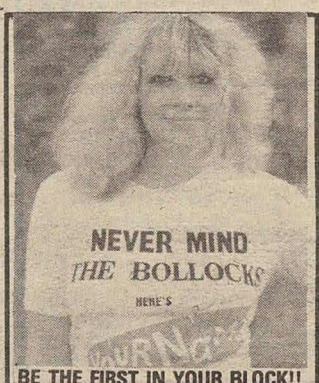

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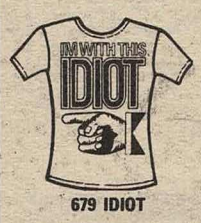

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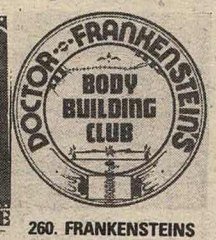

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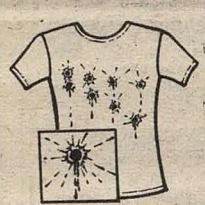
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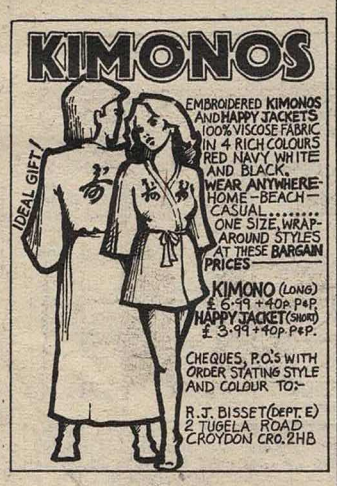

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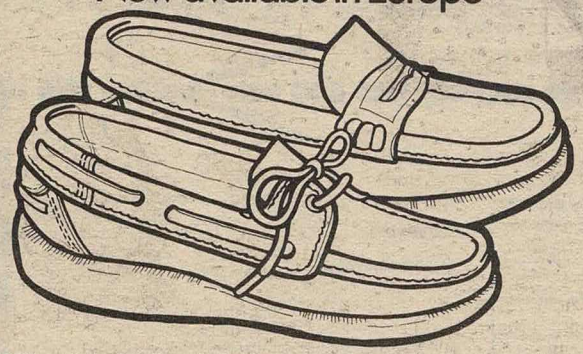

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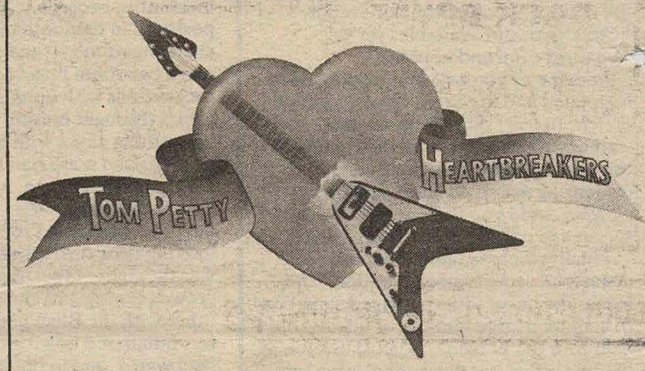

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BAG A WOLF IN SHEEP CLOTHING

DEAR MR. GOLDSMITH, concerning ticket sale arrangements for the forthcoming Bob Dylan concerts.

I am writing, and I believe I write the thoughts and feelings of many thousands, to complain about the disgusting contempt you appear to show for Bob Dylan's fans, and possibly concert- goers in general.

I was among the many who queued at the Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, 7th May. I joined the queue at 7 a.m. and finally received my ticket at 12 midnight, 17 hours later. Some fans did not have to wait this long, but waited much longer.

You knew that you could sell-out six nights at Earl's Court, so you will hardly have been surprised when so many people turned up for tickets. Why were the selling arrangements not better organised? Three sales windows were painfully inadequate, and even a doubling of the staff would cost you little when compared to the turnover and profit you have achieved on these concerts.

Fans were treated as trash, only as a source of income for you organisation. We were subjected to appalling conditions. We were not informed why the delay was occurring, nor even if tickets were still available, yet we remained calm and hopeful.

Imagine, if you will, what would have happened had the event been a football match. In fact, with all the football stadiums in London, with their multiple turnstyles and facilities for quickly dispensing tickets to large numbers of people, could you have not hired the services of one of the many grounds?

Finally, there is one even more distasteful aspect I must mention. The leech-like ticket touts managed somehow to acquire a large number of tickets (did I hear four per person?), almost as soon as the box office was open. The going rate was £25 for a £5, and £60 for a £7.50 ticket. One tout was even seen to disappear into a door at the rear of the theatre and reappear with tickets. Do not ask me how this was done, but please try to stop it.

I hope I enjoy the concert, but more, I hope you can live with your conscience.

As Dylan sings "Money doesn't talk — it swears".

ALAN MANSFIELD, Hertford, Herts.

GASBAG received a whole slew of letters outraged about the ways and means of Dylan ticket allocation. After a phone call to promoter Harry Goldsmith, however, we here at The Bag believe most of the aggrovation was unavoidable. For example, Harvey pointed out that box office staff were dealing with eighteen ticket permutations (six nights times three prices), most of them payed for by cheque. Confusion about the ticket and queue situation was further exacerbated by misleading announcements on Capitol Radio, which suggested people had "vouchers" for tickets, thus causing a rush to the front — in fact the "vouchers" queue markers issued for the earliest campers, and Capital later apologised.

Harvey was also voluble on the subject of the touts — the only way to defeat them, he said, was for the public to refuse to buy from them; otherwise they would always find a way to procure tickets. In fact, the beefy one went so far as to proffer a reward of £100 to anyone who could come up with a viable solution to the tout and ticket allocation problem. Harvey has cause to feel grieved about the touts — he sustained a chipped tooth after a fracas with touts at a Dylan ticket venue last week. Credibility already.

It only remains for The Bag to suggest that perhaps a man with a loud hailer informing the queue of just what was happening makes sense to us. — N.S.

I SUPPOSE this will be one of the many letters written to you by people who attended the ill-fated Vibrators / Depressions concert at Preston Poly last Saturday. Suffice to say that by now the nation's press will be all "Punk Rock Horror Death". What happened really?

Well, I entered the building at 9.30 and the support group — The Depressions — were well into the swing of their high adrenalin set. I settled down with some friends near the back, Preston Arts Centre being somewhat similar to the Roundhouse but with higher elevation on the steps, and also a dance floor at the front. The support set approached its end, when people started getting on the stage obviously carried away with the group's aggressive pyrotechnics.

One of the encroachers found himself within groping distance of the lead guitarist's microphone and in between numbers was exhorting his cohorts about "fuckin' pop stars" and encouraging the crowd to shout "Sham, Sham, Sham". We all know about Jimmy Pursey's disownal of such types but then this stupid moron turned on the lead guitarist and nutted him right on his third eye and then started to welly the shit out of the somewhat surprised victim. Enter the security guards stage right — who separated the mike only to be dragged down into the crowd with our erstwhile cheerleader.

Then an odd thing happened. This event was obviously some sign for two factions of the crowd — one half from Preston and the other from Blackpool judging by the chants of "Seaside Aggro" and "The North End". These football idiots had been waiting for an incident — because of their relative positions in the football league changing round — and what followed was a bar-room brawl of epic Western proportions with upholstered metal chairs (brought in from the foyer) being flung along with glasses, ashtrays and crash barriers.

Being with women, we endeavoured to reach sanctuary in the bar. The last thing I remember, looking back through the bar doors, was the sight of two blood thirsty crowds staring and chanting at each other with the Blackpool lot obviously out-numbered beating their way backwards, and in the middle was some poor sod making feeble (and vain) efforts to lift his incapable body up off the floor.

By the way, police let the people out one by one (600 there!) frisking and taking names. Also there was no refunds, and no Vibrators, and God knows what it will do to future concerts. Anyway, nuff said — draw your own moral concoctions — but to me the blame lies well outside music.

ACE WIMSLOW, Preston, Lancs.

Not one of many letters Ace, but the only one. Thanks for the eye witness account. — N.S.

GENTLEMEN (?) Persons of the press, people, children of the lost tribe of Woodstock, divine beatification of the ginormous lump of incredible power at the end of Mrs P. Ridley's garden, etc, etc, etc.

The Albertos throwing in the towel? Balderdash . . . Why, even as I write teams of highly trained session men are putting the finishing touches to our next album. A tour of the British Isles will follow midway through June, and you have the unmitigated audacity to sit there with your imperialist bosses of the I.P.C. plotting who you can overthrow this week. Well it won't work I tell you. You don't think I know what you're up to but you can't catch me out for I shall stay awake all night and talk to my friends the shoes. They will help me and say who are the heels.

Actually we're not splitting, we're busy working on an album and a book, we've just got back from two weeks in Germany, and if you want a fight tell Paul Morley he can come round our house any time he likes and he can have a go at any one of us, provided it's all at once.

I beg to remain your humble etc.,

C. P. LEE, Berts HQ, Manchester.

Hey Paul, it didn't work, the Berts are still together. — N.S.

Ah well, we'll get 'em when they do the film, right. — PAUL MORLEY.

AND THEN there were three, and then there were two, and then there was one, and then there was none, and then they were still making records.

PAUL WEASEL, The Saddle Bar, England.

Even more amazing, people still kept buying them. — N.S.

TO THE BLOKE who said that people only went to the Carnival Against The Nazis to see the bands I can only say that I am surprised that he could actually think this. If that was the case (and it bloody well wasn't), they would have gone straight to the park and not bothered with the five mile walk from Trafalgar Square.

The atmosphere on the march was amazing — all those thousands of people: punks, skins, students, blacks, whites, gays, socialists, commies and ordinary kids, all joined together for a day against the Front was something I'll never forget. The whole feeling of unity became too much and I cried my eyes out.

Even if cynics like you didn't believe, I did, and so did 80,000 other people.

EMOTIONAL PERSON.

Of course, lots of people DID go straight to the concert, but far far more went on the march first — which was also infinitely more enjoyable. — N.S.

LAST WEEK your music rag informed an unsuspecting world that Devo are in fact Mormons (hands up all those who don't read *Teazers* 'cos it's at the back and 'cos it's too long etc.) and that, asked the question "Do you wear (and I quote) the 'Legendary Mormon Chastity Combinations' " they answered in the affirmative.

Being a good little Mormon, and a very intelligent one at that, I shall disclose to you that the "Legendary etc." are in fact Temple garments; you have to go through a temple before you can wear one, ya see?

And suddenly realising that I was onto a breakthrough in the history of New Wave I also discovered that (and brace yourselves, Devo-tees) to wear one of the Temple Garments you have to be either:

a) Be married (which means there'd be five Devo-spouses lurking somewhere in the background), or

b) Have served the customary two years as a Mormon missionary!

So, depending upon the ages of Devo, you may have had the selfsame people knocking upon your door within the last five or six years (at the outside, I'd say) to tell you about the Church Of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints and would you like us to call back later?

Forget the Osmonds, here's Devo — five bright and wholesome young Mormons who reside in the state of Ohio, United States of America. Modern music from the greatest religion this side of the Millenium.

JOYCE McKINNEY, Somewhere in Burnley.

Devo have trouble with their Mormon chastity garments.

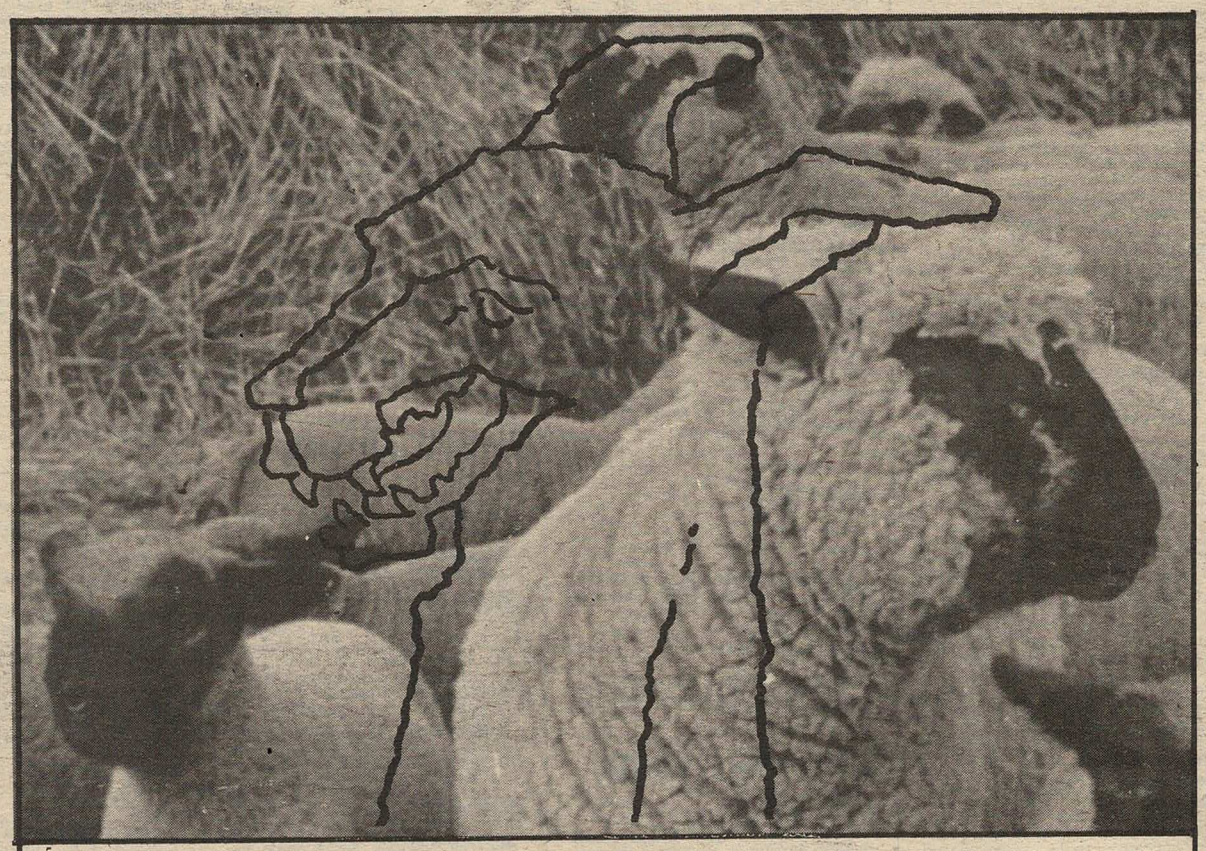
You sell your religion like others sell vacuum cleaners; if only it was half as useful. Your remark about Devo being "bright and wholesome" rings depressingly true and is surely the kiss of death for any rock band. And here was us thinking we'd got rid of the Osmonds. — N.S.

A FEW MONTHS ago you printed some letters from some cocky Gillingham F.C. fans, spouting about going to Division 2. They may have done the double over Cambridge Utd. this season, but we've gone up instead. What does Humble Pie taste like, you Kentish jerks.

GEOFF, C.U.F.C. Fan, Darkest Cambridgeshire.

Hrrrmmphh, gurgle, choke, blaach — Mossy Smut.

Clapometer: NEIL SPENCER



* Headline courtesy Big Youth Talk-In Inc.

GIVE NATTY DREAD BAD NAME*

Chelsea/Patrik Fitzgerald/King Sounds & Brimstone

MUSIC MACHINE

After reading Andy Gill's review of the Gladiators in last week's ish, NME's Penny Reel penned this review by way of reply. Equal rights and justice for all. — N.S.

OF LATE, I-man have been nursing a nagging ambivalence towards rock.

On the one hand, there are white trash, *demi-monde* youth with spiky locks, leather jackets and MPLA badges who have resisted electric nipple propaganda and expressed their unequivocal distaste for divisive NF dissemination, and occasions like the recent Anti-Nazi festivities in Victoria Park, both of which give the impression of the positive force the music might provide within this country's inviable, meaningless ongoing political situation at this moment in time.

On the other hand, however, there's a plethora of doubts about the whole *Schtick* which (sadly for Chelsea) predominate in this *iwah*.

For one thing, the greed-motivated, payola-riddled, drug-pushing voyeuristic nature of the UK music industry, combined with the ligging-in-the-Jamaican Sheraton and Frank Sinatra free best seats for sycophantic journalists, while I and I idren remain enslaved in concrete jungle economic pressure — required to keep all-night vigils for the dubious privilege of seeing our heroes onstage. I mean, with all the shekels he's accruing, maaaan, surely Bob Dylan should be able to hire Wembley Stadium for half-a-dozen shows.

Come to that (he wrote, getting into his stride), any culture / democracy / whatever which reckons a sow like Brenda Hanover could be *remotely* connected with Albion's monarchy has *got* to have a rather suspect sense of values.

And what value is an ideology of liberation which perpetuates macho prototypes through its male performers, and treats all female artistes as sex objects and designates the black race the role of nigger entertainers?

About rock packaging, I'll say nothing exept that "The Bakunin's new single, a batch of which *accidentally* left the pressing plant with a wrong B-side and different group on the pic sleeve etc. etc." syndrome smacks of manufactured rarity for purposes of cheap publicity in equally cheap music publications, likewise "reissue" of status singles following some two-year legend-building promo.

That said, there *are* certain rock records for which I reserve undiminished affection — Brett Ansell's "That's Where Lonesome Lives", Wreckless Eric's "Semaphore Signals", Ral Donner's "She's Everything (I Wanted You To Be)", and some of the two — Van/Jim — Morrisons' stuff, for instance.

All of which is an attempt to explain why I wasted a oncer at the Music Machine last Thursday — where a guest list was filled with names known and otherwise, the majority of whom didn't even bother to sow — and failed to find anything remotely entertaining in the performances of either Chelsea or Patrik Fitzgerald.

The latter came on like Keats stood tiptoe upon a little hill, recited an elegy for punk entitled "The Make It Safe", and sung "I've Got A Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart" to acoustic accompaniment. He also informed us of a forthcoming album: "Patrik Fitzgerald Sings Max Bygraves' Greatest Hits" on the Woolworths label. Such Drydenesque irony! Mr. Fitzgerald might reasonably anticipate a *Snouds* front-cover in the near future.

Chelsea, as was to be expected, were louder and more enthusiastically received than Pat, but not necessarily of finer poetic sensibility. Their lead singer bore a passing resemblance to Malcolm Macdonald, which passed upon removal of his shirt.

Twelve-piece reggae outfit Brimstone provided the most musical entertainment of the evening, even though they were unrehearsed and fairly uneven in projection. Led by King Sounds, they paced the length of "Band Of Dread", "Spend One Night In A Babylon", "They Keep Us Down In Poverty" and The Heptones' "Book Of Rules". There was no encore.

Penny Reel

teazers

A WEEKLY DECEPTION

YOU GOTTA LOTTA nerrrrrrrve t' say ya gotta **Dylan** ticket to sell: following the recent upsurge in Zim-queueing replacing dole-queueing as the hippest way to stand in line, all manner of touts and scalpers are lining up to try and turn the situation to their advantage.

For the past week, *NME's* classified ads department has been turning down ads from greed freaks and bleed freaks trying to use our columns to sell Dylan tickets for sums upwards of thirty quid a throw: the most outrageous being a geezer asking no less than £70 per ticket. **Jah** knows we all want to see ol' Bob, but occurences like this are turning the whole thing sour in advance. All we here at *Teazers* can say is that after all this, the gigs better be good, the acoustic disadvantages of Earls Court notwithstanding. . .

Pull the triggers, liggers (New York Division): **Bowie, Eno** and **Bianca** (whaddya mean Bowie who, Eno who and Bianca who???) espied slumming at CBGB checking out yet another **Devo**-type band (we don't know if they're Mormons or not, tho') and on departing they discovered that someone had — wait for it — slashed the tyres on their limos (Oh no! Shaaaaaaame!) so they had to get home by cab just like common folk. . .

Pull the triggers, liggers (London division): when **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders** played the Marquee for two nights last week, visiting celebs included **Billy Idol** (astoundingly), **Paul Cook** and **Steve Jones** (surprisingly) and **Bob Geldof** (inevitably); the Thursday night gig climaxed by a cast-of-thousands performance of "Got My Mojo Working" involving **Blast Furnace** and **Lemmy** (guitars), **The Heatwaves' Skid Marx** and **S.A.L.T.'s Little Stevie** (harps) and others with assorted percussion instruments. It was certainly extremely loud. . .

After the recent shooting of two blacks in Wolverhampton, **Steel Pulse** took a gun onstage last week at Birmingham Top Rank; the two wounded are friends of theirs and Pulse announced from the stage that any similar incidents would meet with personal action. . .

And more vi-ee-o-lence: enthusiastic "fans" chucked tear gas bombs at **Be Bop Deluxe** in Minneapolis last week. *(Isn't that near Hounslow? — Ed. No, it's in America — Other Ed)* 300 "fans" and Be Bop bassist **Charlie Tumahai** were taken to hospital, the latter being released the following day. . .

And still more: when **Radio Stars** returned to Birmingham's Barbarellas they were warned not to include any **Andy Ellison** calisthenix on stage. After the show they were locked in the dressing room and told that their fans had done some damage. "We got a bit annoyed," said Andy "and kicked the door in." Other damage was done to the room and R. Stars don't expect to be invited back. . .

Fun while it lasted: we hear from our normally reliable sources **(H.P. Source** and the bottle of ketchup in the corner caff) that **Dave Vanian** has left **The Doctors** (yawno). . .

Contrary to reports in *Monotony Maker,* **Tom Robinson** has no intention of playing the Young Communists convention in Cuba later this year due to the persecution of gay people in the country since **The Bearded One** came to power. . .

Meanwhile in Hollywood, **Joan Jett** has issued a denial that **The Runaways** are splitting up. "Now that we've dropped that old tart **Fowley** we're in a better position than we've ever been," she sez. Fowley who???. . .

YES FOLKS another fab **NME** *exclusive blah blah blah. Here for the first time, before your very eyes, are three quarters of the zingy new rock combo, as fronted by John Lydon who these days is no more rotten than anyone else. Pictured right to left, we have Jah Wobble alias The Ride Man (bass) and drummer Keith Walker. The missing member is guitarist Keith Levine. All three are old friends of the former Rotten, and the foursome have been hard at work rehearsing for some time. Almost all the featured material is apparently new, and eye witnesses thus far have been highly impressed. Keith Levine, incidentally, was a member of The Clash for the first few weeks of their existence, but we won't hold that against either Keith or The Clash.*

Don't bother remembering where you read it first, we've already forgotten. Pix: CAPTAIN SNAPS

More on **TRB**: with keyboard player **Mark Ambler** movin' on, Tom's been eyeing up (musically speaking, of course) **Pekoe Orange's** angel-faced ivories-whacker **Pete Botsford. . .**

Dear oh dear, those National Front funsters are having a tough time of it. Not only did they lose their deposits all over the shop during the recent local council elections *(Shame! — A. Hitler),* but all is not well between the two Big Cheeses of the NF, **Martin** 'Fat Boy' **Webster** and **John Tyndall** — they're barely on talking terms. Still, Tyndall has cheered himself up by becoming a Furry Fuhrer following an £800 hair transplant in Paris . . .

Next week's *Panorama* should be intriguing. It's a special on Argentina and, according to *Private Eye,* part of the deal whereby the BBC has rights to transmit World Cup matches all over Europe is a 'better image' for the Argentinian animals, er sorry, 'government'. Another person working hard on behalf of the junta is **Peter West** (of *Come Dancing* and cricket commentary fame) whose marketing consultancy firm numbers among its clients both FIFA (international soccer's ruling body) and the generals. Still, one man at least will be able to hold his head high throughout the shin-dig *(Believed to be a reference to Bruce Rioch — Ed)* — West German goalkeeper **Sepp Maier** has signed an Amnesty International petition calling for the release of all political prisoners in Argentina . . .

Sympathy for the cretins: **Patti Smith** will be schlepping **The Ramones** around the USA as support (and does she ever need it) on her next round of gigs, recitals, concerts and portable turmoil sessions. Da Brudders also participated in the series of CBGB benefit gigs for **Dead Boys'** drummer **Johnny Blitz,** recently injured in a knife fight, along with **Blondie, The Erasers, The Dictators, The Sic Fuc*s** and **The Senders** (not the **Solid Senders:** these guys are the mushy Senders). **Tommy Ramone** played his final gigs, **Jerry Nolan** jammed with everybody, $8,000 was raised for Johnny Blitz and a good time was had by all (i.e. no-one got killed) . . .

Hot flash for *NME* watchers: **Nick Kent's** leather pants (with Nicky inside them if he remembers to show up) will be appearing on BBC2's *Don't Quote Me* this Saturday at 8 pm, along with **Steve Harley,** *(who? — Ed),* **Graham Parker, Ian Anderson** *(Oh, him! — Ed),* **Bob Geldof** *(oh no — Ed),* **Al Clark** *(thirty year old Spanish born — Ed), (Oh, shut up — Other Ed),* **Dave Robinson, Freddie Mercury, Joe Strummer, Rick Wakeman** *(Gawd! — Ed)* and a host of lesser celebs *(Are there any? — Ed).* Kent (for it is he) will be defending the music press *(Hurray! — Ed).* In a prepared statement, Nick told *Teazerz,* "I will, like **Hercules,** slay all opposition single-handed. My aim is true." Yea, yeah, sure . . .

Ex-**Kilburns** bassist **Humphrey Ocean** returns to vinyl — it says here — with an **Ian Dury** composition entitled "Whoops A Daisy" on Stiff — where it belongs . . .

The same gang of senile funsters assure us that their compilation album of bands from new cult hot spot Akron, Ohio *(whattakarzi! — Ed)* will have a scratch'n sniff sleeve that will release the smell of burning rubber. How wonderful, man. The last scratch'n'sniff sleeve that we here at *Teazerz* can recall was a 1972 **Melanie** album that gave off a horrible strawberry incense vapour that had all the hay fever victims in the office sniffing and scratching for weeks afterwards . . .

XTC were due to play in Zagreb *(we think that's in Yugoslavia — Ed)* but got blown out when the local Communist Party decided to move their rally to the Exhibition Centre were Swindon's finest (with the possible exception of a couple of other groups) were playing. Damn good job too: all this rock and bleeding roll has been sapping the morale and vitality of our nation's youth for far too long and we're glad that the Yugos have finally woken up and faced facts . . .

The Automatics are certainly lacking in neither enterprise nor niagaras: they produced their own poster for last week's Empire Pool gig. "Tonight!" it screamed, "Automatics plus special guests **Queen.**" The Autos then did a freebie in the car park as the punters came streaming out . . .

A certain **Mr John Lennon,** formerly of this parish, and without a recording contract, is currently hard at work on some sort of musical project in New York's Record Plant studios while representatives of various record companies (including CBS and Warners) swan around trying not to fall over each other's wallets. We here at *T-zers* say he should put it out on his *own* label . . .

Not that it matters to anyone who isn't three parts deaf, but **Adny Shernoff** has *not* left The Dictators and is indeed featured on the forthcoming elpee "Blood Brothers" . . .

Tom Robinson, a bit shy on **Mervyn Bargg"**s *South Bank Show* last Saturday, particularly after Merv had scrapped the original interview. "I don't think rock'n'roll should be discussed on art programmes like this," said Tom. "So why are you appearing on it?" asked Bargg. "For the exposure". End of round one. Incidentally, when *T-Zers* ran that bit about TRB fan club (no gays need apply) the other 16 applicants thought they'd been disqualified for being hetero. The new full-time TRB info personage is **Pip Turner,** a female *(Oh Wow — Ed.)* TRB's new bulletin, number 10, available at new address: TRB, Box 4XT, London W1A 4XT. SAEs only please . . .

Late extra item that came in while *Teazerz* was having its lunchie-poo: **Nicky Headon** and **Paul Simonon** of **The Clash** were charged with shooting three racing pigeons on Wednesday at Clerkenwell Magistrates Court. Three friends of the group, *Zigzag* scribe **Robin Crocker** plus **Steven** and **Peter Barnacle** were also charged with criminal damage. All five of 'em were remanded on bail until June 5 . . .

Fiiiiiiinally (gasp) and further to **C.P. Iee's** letter on t'opposite page, **Bob Harding** of **The Albertos** has also sent us a very witty and urbane little note restating the case and also informing us that he's in the process of making what he describes as a "disco / talkover record" *(yeeeeeeuccchhh — Ed)* entitled "I Want To Be Your Automatic Toaster."

Check ya next week . . .

STOP PRESS EXCLUSIVE

DYLAN TO PLAY EXTRA GIG??

At the time of going to press, *NME* was told by promoter Harvey Goldsmith that he had "asked Dylan's management to play an extra, open air gig, to give everyone who didn't get tickets a chance to see Dylan."

Dylan's response was not known at this time.

Fans are advised to keep alert for further developments, and keep watching the skies.

BETTER BADGES

	This	last week	TOP TEN
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20p Coney Lou, Black Slate,	2	(5)	CLASH/POLICE
Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle,	3	(9)	DEVO QUOTE
Lazy Sod,	4	(4)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
25p Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff	5	(2)	COSTELLO
Little Fingers, Overdose,	6	(8)	BLONDIE
Princess Margaret, Operation	7	(7)	999
Julie (3).	8	(–)	STEEL PULSE
Deluxe 30p Wayne County, Gaye	9	(3)	SHAM ARMY
Advert, Plastic Bertrand,	10	(–)	NEVER MIND, ETC
Siouxsie Overground.			

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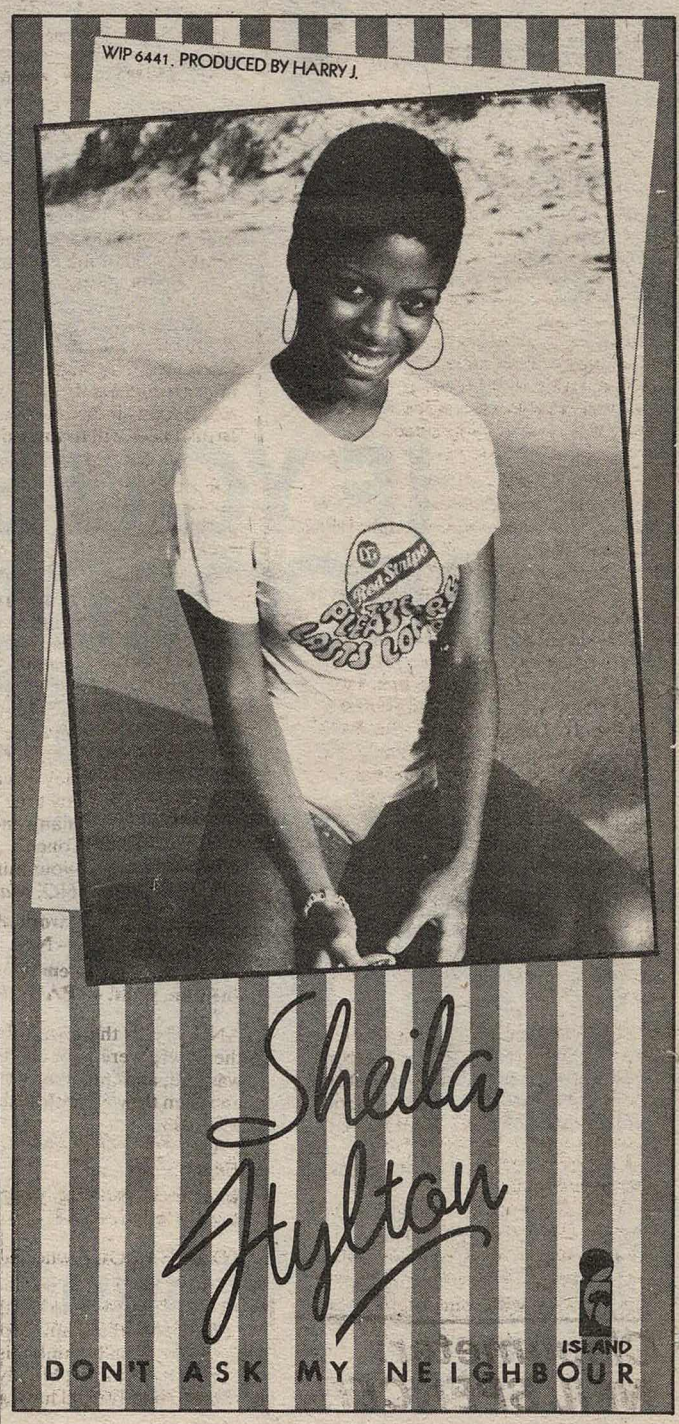

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

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